

# SONGS OF THE PENTECOST

FOR THE  
FORWARD  
GOSPEL  
MOVEMENT.

EDITED BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR

INTERNATIONAL

INTERDENOMINATIONAL

PUBLISHERS:

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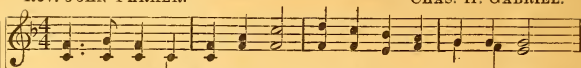
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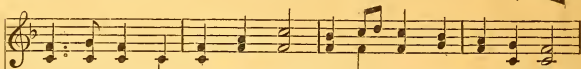
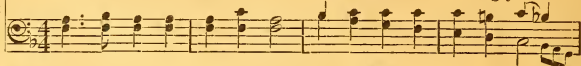
## ONWARD, UPWARD.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

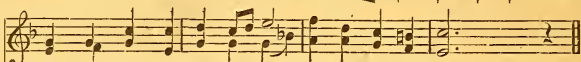
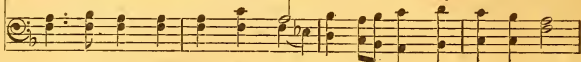
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



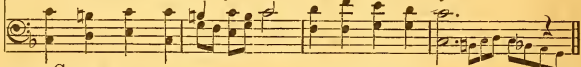
1. Onward, upward, soldier true, Jesus loves to trust in you
2. Onward, upward, soldier true, All you can you ought to do
3. Onward, upward, soldier true, Jesus gave His life for you;
4. Onward, upward, soldier true; Mansions are a-waiting you!



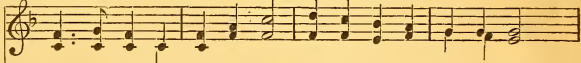
All the treasures of His cause, All the purchase of His cross;  
For the hon - or of His name, For the glo - ry of His fame;  
He is watching from a - bove, — Give Him all your life and love:  
Bravely bear His white flag on, Soon the vic - t'ry will be won.



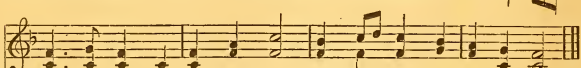
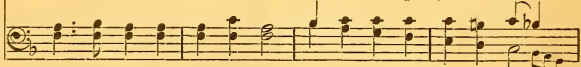
For the suc - cor of His saints, He confides in you!  
For His kingdom's large increase, He confides in you!  
For His ban - ner's vic - to - ry, He confides in you!  
Would you wear His royal crown? He confides in you!



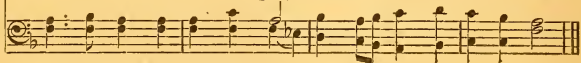
### CHORUS.



Courage, soldier, Christ is near, He will conquer, nev - er fear!



Faithful children of the light, Ye shall walk with Him in white.





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# SONGS

OF THE

# PENTECOST

FOR THE

Forward Gospel Movement,

INTERNATIONAL, INTERDENOMINATIONAL.

ADAPTED TO ALL

CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS, ESPECIALLY TO AGGRESSIVE REVIVAL  
WORK, CAMP MEETINGS, CONVENTIONS, SABBATH  
SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUE AND CHRIS-  
TIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTIONS

AND FOR

Social Worship in the Church.

EDITED BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, AND REV. ISAAC NAYLOR,

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL,  
CHICAGO, 1894.      ISAAC NAYLOR.

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# SONGS OF THE PENTECOST.

## No. 1.

## PRAISE HIS NAME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All the way my Lord is lead-ing me; Praise His name, praise His name!  
2. When I faint, His grace upholdeth me; Praise His name, praise His name!  
3. Cares of life have o - ver-tak-en me, Praise His name, praise His name!

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The bass staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

With His heav'nly man - na feed-ing me; Praise His ho - ly name.  
When I fear, His arms en-fold-eth me; Praise His ho - ly name.  
Yet He nev - er has for-sak - en me, Praise His ho - ly name.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

### CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu-jah! This is my song, Je - sus, Je-sus, the whole day long;

The chorus begins with a new musical phrase in the treble staff, while the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And the cho - rus, might-y and strong,—Praise His ho - ly name.

The chorus concludes with a final musical phrase in the treble staff, while the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

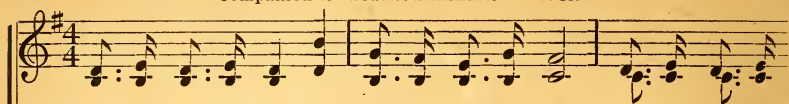
# No. 2.

# BE A GOLDEN SUNBEAM.

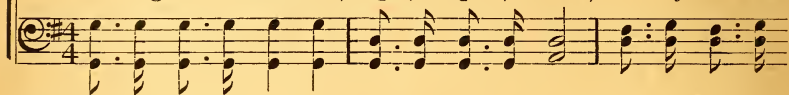
ISAAC NAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

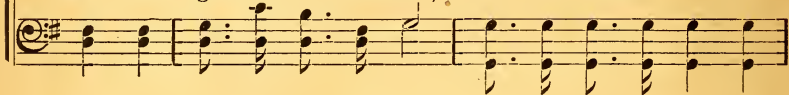
Companion to "Scatter Sunshine." No. 115.



1. Be a gold - en sun-beam, ra - di - ant and bright, Chasing from life's
2. When the way is gloom-y, cheer it with a song,— Ban - ish mist and
3. Be a gold - en sun-beam, bright, and pure, and fair; With thy smiles and



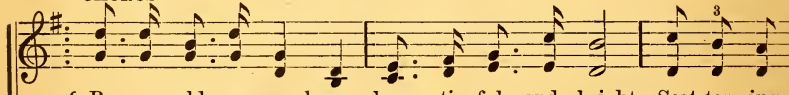
path - way sor - row's frowning night; With thy gold - en sun - light  
shad - ow as you march a - long; In the place of bri - ars,  
son - nets light - en hu - man care; With the sweet - est mu - sic



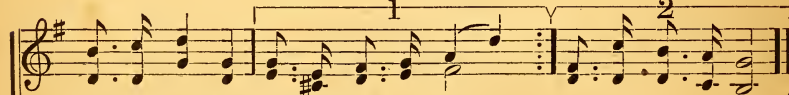
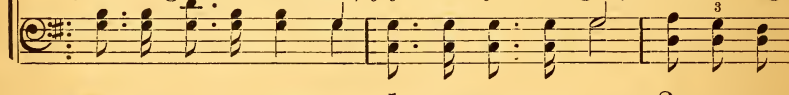
dry the dew-y tear, Scat-ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.  
strew the fairest flow'rs, Wreathing brows with roses pluck'd from heav'nly bow'rs.  
from the harp of love, Lure the sad and wea - ry to our home a - bove.



## CHORUS



{ Be a gold - en sun-beam, beau - ti - ful and bright, Scat-ter - ing  
{ Be a gold - en sun-beam, joy - ful - ly and glad, Scat-ter - ing



clouds and darkness with thy shining light:  
rays of sun-light

when the way is sad.





## No. 3. IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place, a - bove all oth - ers, Where my spir - it loves to be;
2. On the cross my Sav - ior suffer'd, That He might a - tone for me;
3. When my heart is full of troub - le, Then I love, on bend - ed knee,
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt hear me When I make my earn - est plea,

The first system of musical notation for "The Rose Tree". It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 4/4. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the staff.

'Tis with-in the sa - cred shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
And I love the bless-ed shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
To approach Him, in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
If I kneel with-in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the cross,                  In the shad-ow of the  
of the cross,

---

cross,      There my spir-it loves to be,    In the shad-ow of the cross.  
of the cross,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

## No. 4.

## PURITY.

Dr. E. H. STOKES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou art pure, O God, my Fa - ther, Like Thy-self, may I be pure;  
 2. Thou art pure, O, Ho - ly Sav - ior, White-robed, spotless, I would be;  
 3. Thou art pure, E - ter - nal Spir - it, Breathe Thy Spir - it in - to mine;  
 4. Fa - ther, Son, E - ter - nal Spir - it, Ev - er bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

Doubt-ing nev - er, but the rath - er, Make me of my cleans-ing sure.  
 Free from sin, O, bless - ed fa - vor, Make, O make me pure like Thee.  
 Let me now, from Thee, in-her - it Per - fect pu - ri - ty di - vine.  
 Faith o'er-comes my doubts' demer - it, I take Thee, O take Thou me.

## CHORUS.

Make me pure, All - Per - fect Fa - ther, Thou art a - ble, cleanse me so:—  
 4th v. Praise, O praise, All - Per - fect Fa - ther, Thou hast cleansed me, this I know;

That I may be, hence, for - ev - er, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow;  
 Keep, O keep me, hence, for - ev - er, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow,

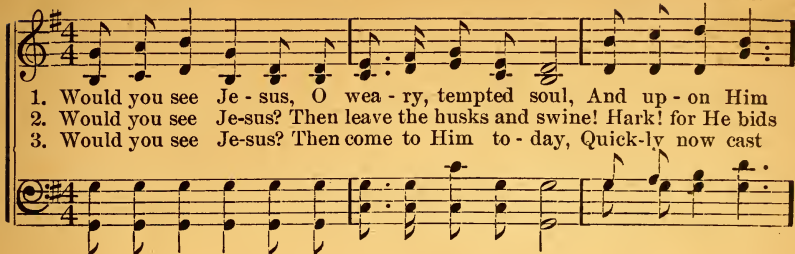
Make me pure, O make me pure, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow.  
 Keep, O keep me ev - er pure, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow.

# No. 5.

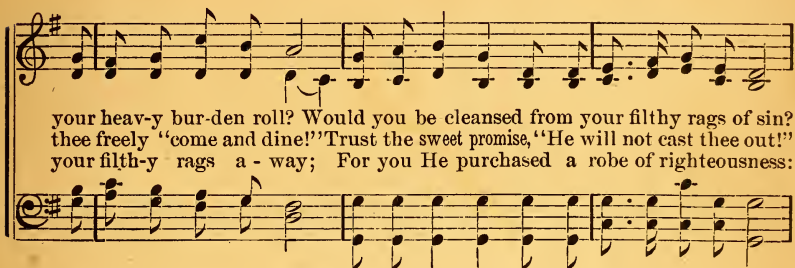
# WOULD YOU SEE JESUS?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

GEO. H. CROSBY.

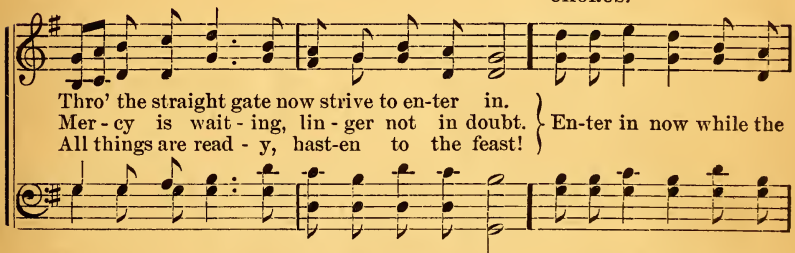


1. Would you see Je - sus, O wea - ry, tempted soul, And up - on Him  
 2. Would you see Je-sus? Then leave the husks and swine! Hark! for He bids  
 3. Would you see Je-sus? Then come to Him to - day, Quick-ly now cast



your heav-y bur-den roll? Would you be cleansed from your filthy rags of sin?  
 thee freely "come and dine!" Trust the sweet promise, "He will not cast thee out!"  
 your filth-y rags a - way; For you He purchased a robe of righteousness:

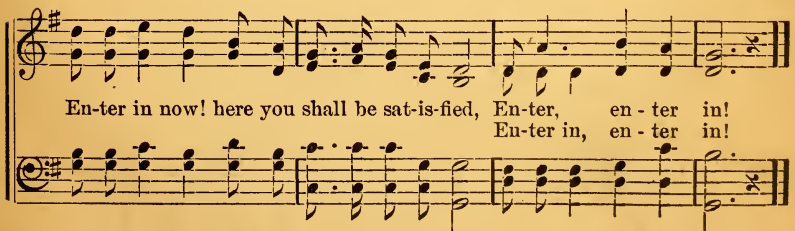
CHORUS.



Thro' the straight gate now strive to en-ter in.  
 Mer - cy is wait - ing, lin - ger not in doubt. } En-ter in now while the  
 All things are read - y, hast-en to the feast! }



gates are o-pen wide; Seek your heart's cleansing in Je - sus' riv - en side;



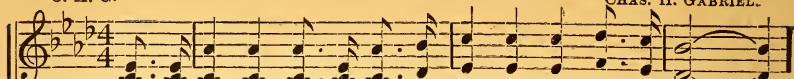
En-ter in now! here you shall be sat-is-fied, En-ter, en - ter in!  
 En-ter in, en - ter in!

# No. 6.


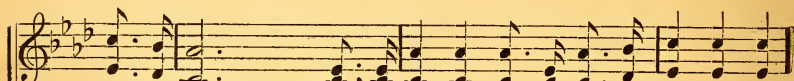
# SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G.

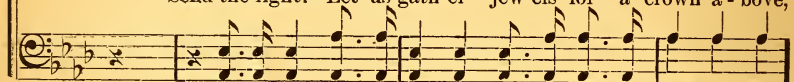

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



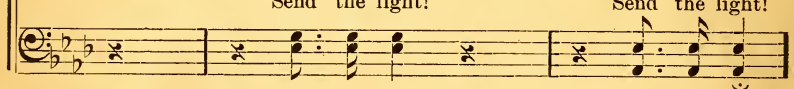
1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do - nian call to - day,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!


Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,  
And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found;  
Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a - bove,

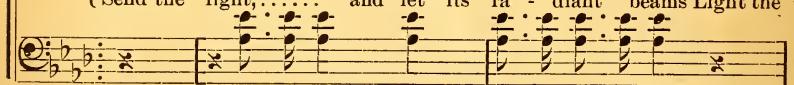
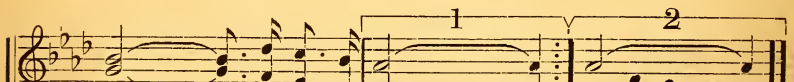
Send the light!..... Send the light!.....  
Send the light! Send the light!



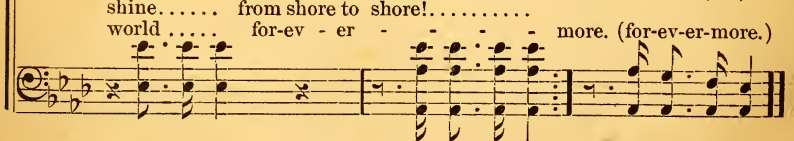
## CHORUS.



{ Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it  
{ Send the light,..... and let its ra - diant beams Light the

shine..... from shore to shore!.....  
world..... for-ev - er - more. (for-ev-er-more.)



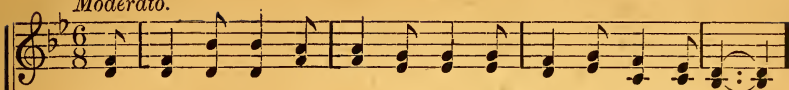


# No. 7.

# LIVING IN CANAAN.

ISAAC WATTS.  
*Moderato.*

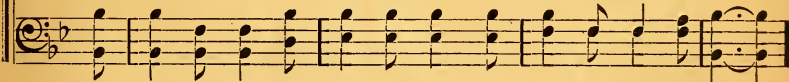
Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



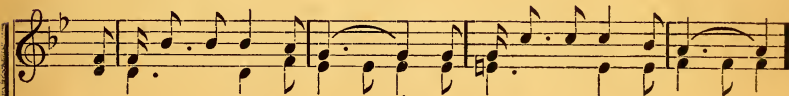
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels'round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name



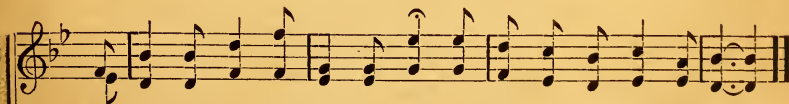
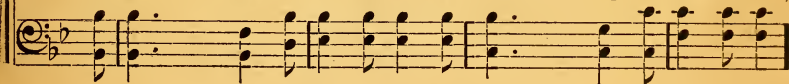
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."  
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine!  
 Con-spire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thine endless praise.  
 Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb!



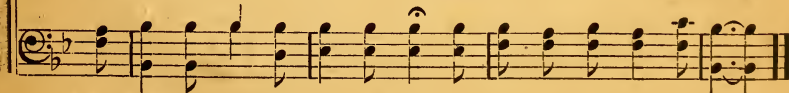
CHORUS. *Faster.*



I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now,.... I'm living in Ca-naan now;....  
 I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now, I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now;



The blood's applied, I'm just - i - fied, I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan now.

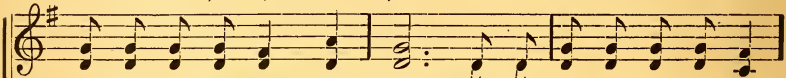


W. A. O.

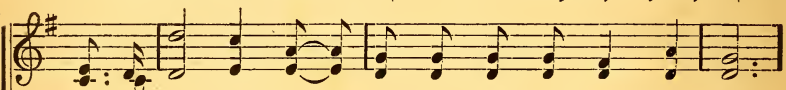
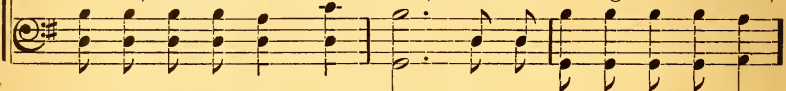
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The  
 2. I've a mes - sage full of Love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A  
 3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -  
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To



mes - sage un - to you I'll give; 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,  
 mes - sage, oh, my friend, for you; 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,  
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,  
 Je - sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on His name,



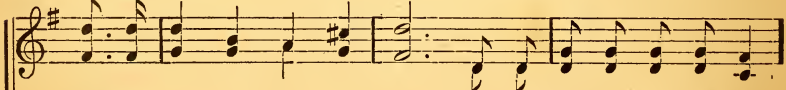
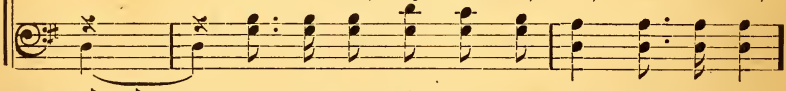
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and He saved my soul.



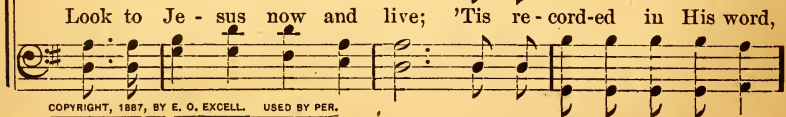
## CHORUS.



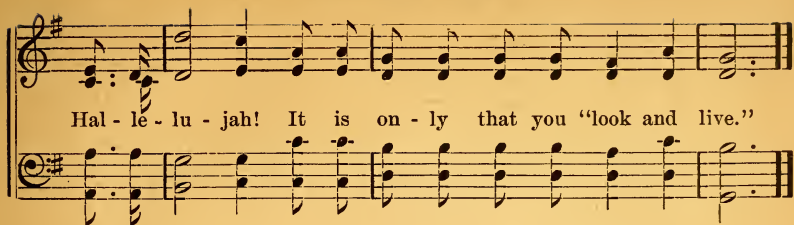
"Look and live," ..... my broth - er, live,  
 "Look and live," my broth - er, live, "Look and live,"



Look to Je - sus now and live; 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,



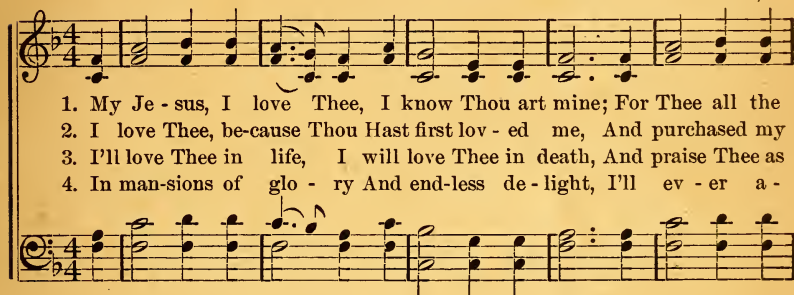
# Look and Live.



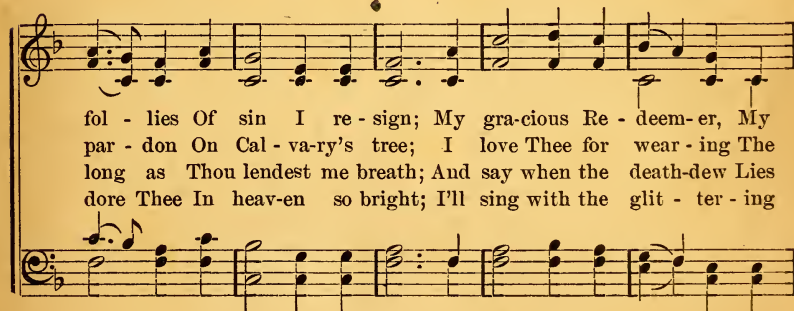
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

## No. 9. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON,



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou Hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My  
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The  
 long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death - dew Lies  
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

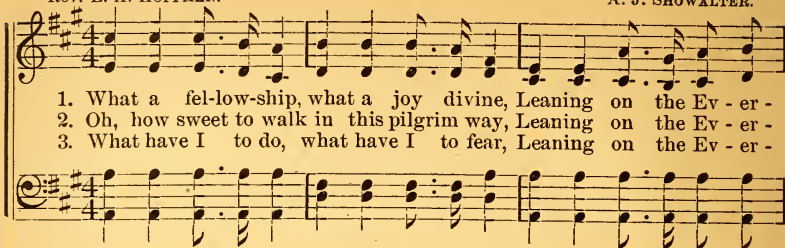


Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

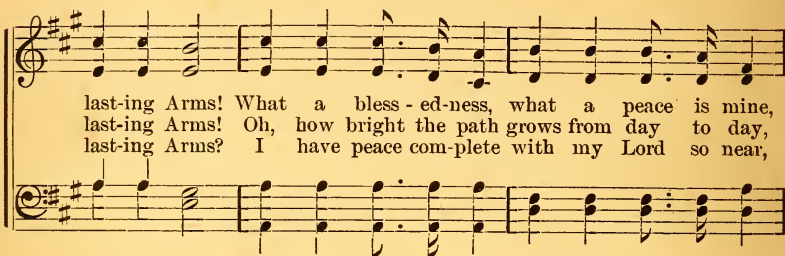
# No. 10. THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ev - er -  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -  
 3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev - er -

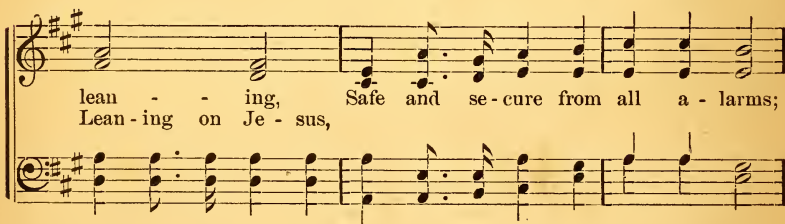


last-ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing Arms? I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,

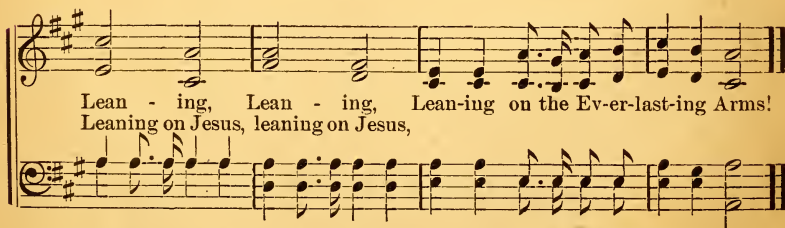
## CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean - - ing,  
 Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.  
 Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

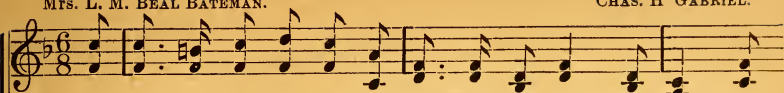


Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,



MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

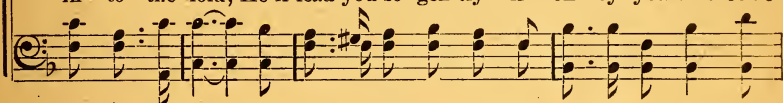
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



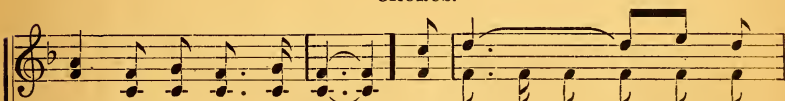
1. The Shep-herd is call-ing His wan-der-ing sheep, Come in, come
2. The Shep-herd is call-ing, Oh, why do you wait? Come in, come
3. Too long you are wait-ing, Oh, do not de-lay, Come in, come
4. The pas-tures are green, and the wa-ters are still, Come in, come



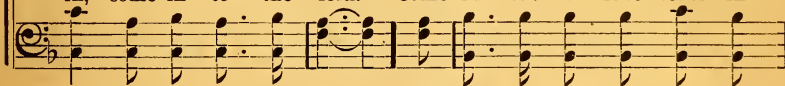
in - to the fold; The wil-der-ness maz-es are tangled and deep, Come  
 in - to the fold; He call-eth so ten-der - ly ear - ly and late, Come  
 in - to the fold; The mo-ments are fly-ing, oh, come then to - day, Come  
 in - to the fold; He'll lead you so gen-tly if on - ly you will Come



## CHORUS.



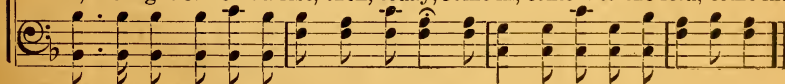
in, come in - to the fold. Come in,..... come  
 in, come in - to the fold. Come in tho' al - lure-ments in -



in,.... Come in,..... come in,..... Be -  
 vite you to stray, Tho' scorn and de - ris-ion would drive you a-way,



hold, the night cometh! a-rise, then, today, Come in, come into the fold, come in.

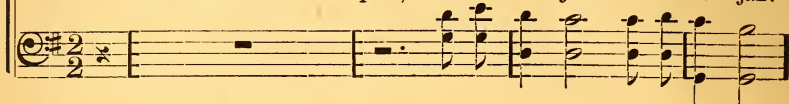


Dr. BONAR.

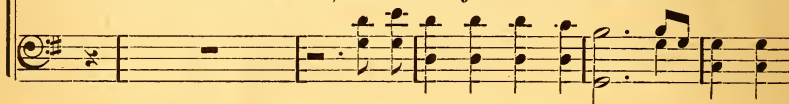
J. R. DUNHAM.



1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!  
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!  
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!



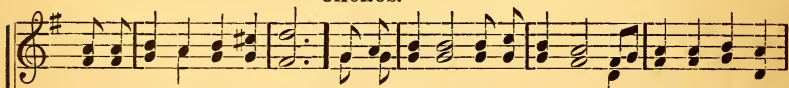
De-fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The winds of  
 Its triumphs let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The grace of  
 Our sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! So 'round the



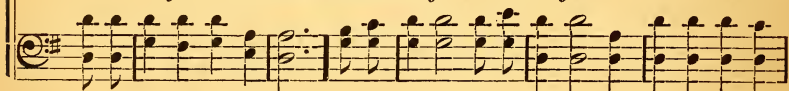
hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown,  
 God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone,  
 cross we sing Of Christ, our of-fer-ing,—Of Christ, our liv-ing King,



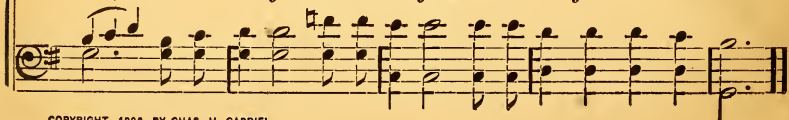
## CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suffer



loss, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

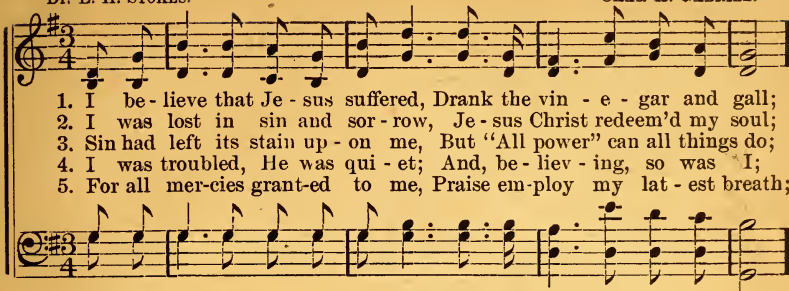


## No. 13.

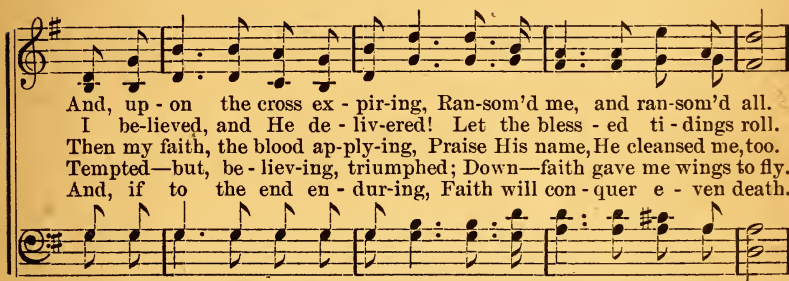
## FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

Dr. E. H. STOKES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I be-lieve that Je-sus suffered, Drank the vin-e-gar and gall;  
 2. I was lost in sin and sor-row, Je-sus Christ redeem'd my soul;  
 3. Sin had left its stain up-on me, But "All power" can all things do;  
 4. I was troubled, He was qui-et; And, be-liev-ing, so was I;  
 5. For all mer-cies grant-ed to me, Praise em-ploy my lat-est breath;




And, up-on the cross ex-pir-ing, Ran-som'd me, and ran-som'd all.  
 I be-lieved, and He de-liv-ered! Let the bless-ed ti-dings roll.  
 Then my faith, the blood ap-ply-ing, Praise His name, He cleansed me, too.  
 Tempted—but, be-liev-ing, triumphed; Down—faith gave me wings to fly.  
 And, if to the end en-dur-ing, Faith will con-quer e-ven death.

## CHORUS.



Lift a-loft the blood-stained banner, Still ex-alt it, lift it high,



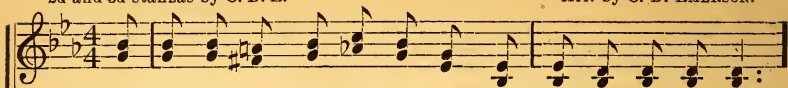
High-er still, and high-er, high-est O-ver all be-neath the sky;



Always high, for-ev-er high-est O-ver all be-neath the sky.

2d and 3d stanzas by C. D. E.

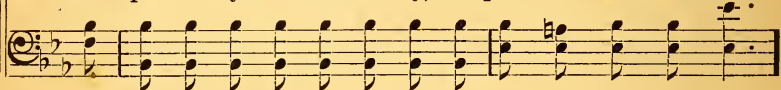
Arr. by C. D. EMERSON.



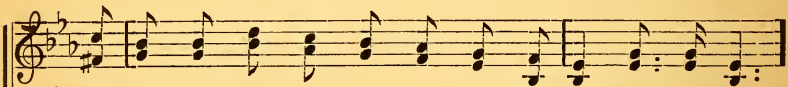
1. We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring with prais-es to our King,
2. In cheer-ful lays our voic-es raise to Him our songs of praise;
3. His name so sweet, His love complete we own, and kiss His feet;



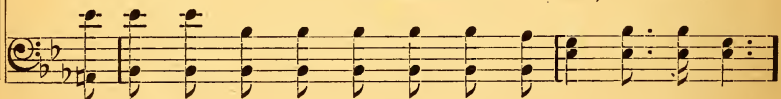
Who bled and died, was cru-ci-fied that He might par-don bring;  
 We loud pro-claim His bless-ed name, and won-ders of His ways,  
 To pu-ri-fy and sanc-ti-fy, His prom-i-ses are meet!



His blood can save a soul, can cleanse and make it whole—  
 While this, the sto-ry sweet, we joy-ful-ly re-peat,—  
 All glo-ry to His name with rapt-ure we pro-claim—



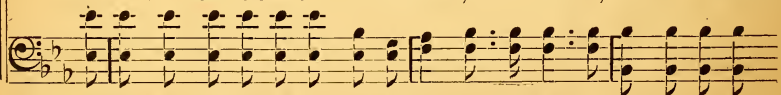
The blood of Je-sus cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow!



## CHORUS.



The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus





# The Blood of Jesus.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow! I bless the hap - py day when He  
washed my sins away, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

## No. 15.

## BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-neath His wing I sweet-ly rest, While balmy peace reigns in my breast;
2. A-midst all dangers, seen or known, His guardian wing is o'er me thrown;
3. This heav'nly wing, so widely spread, Is o - ver me wher-e'er I tread;
4. When wasting on the bed of death, I still can sing with dying breath;

I nev - er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o'er me spread.  
It soothes me with its magic pow'r, And turns to light the darkest hour.  
It ban - ish - es all gloom and fear To feel assured His wing is near.  
For round me I can clear-ly see Christ's wing of love o'er-arch-ing me.

### REFRAIN.

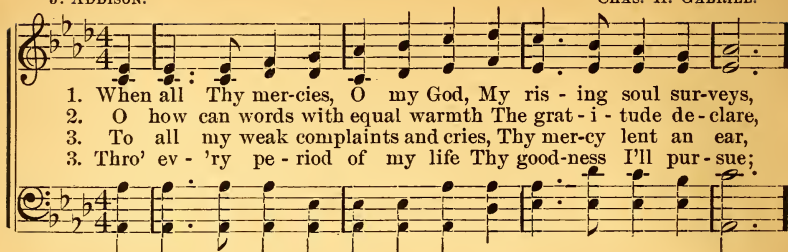
*Repeat softly.*

Be - neath His wing, be-neath His wing.  
Be - neath His wing my heart doth sing, be-neath, be-neath His wing.

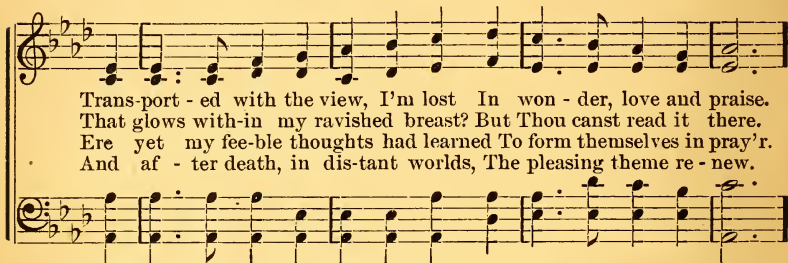
# No. 16. THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.

J. ADDISON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,  
 2. O how can words with equal warmth The grat-i - tude de-clare,  
 3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,  
 3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue;

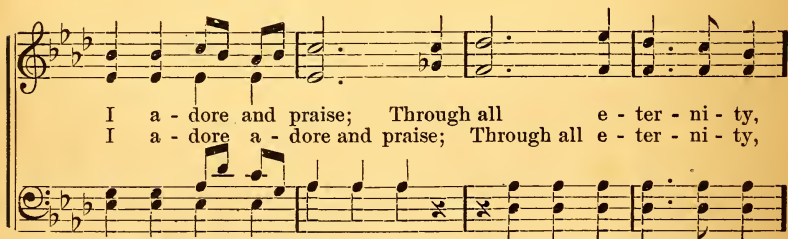


Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.  
 That glows with-in my ravished breast? But Thou canst read it there.  
 Ere yet my fee-ble thoughts had learned To form themselves in pray'r.  
 And af - ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleasing theme re - new.

## CHORUS.



Through all e - ter - ni - ty, through all e - ter - ni - ty Will  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Through all e - ter - ni - ty Will



I a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 I a - dore a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,



Through all e - ter - ni - ty, A joy - ful song I'll raise.  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty,

Words and Melody by ISAAC NAYLOR.

1. In yon land of light and glo - ry, On yon bright im-mor-tal shore,  
 2. In yon land so pure and changeless, Where no pain or anguish come,  
 3. In yon land so rich with treasure, In yon pal - ace home a - bove,  
 4. In yon land that knows no sadness, In yon clime so fair and bright,  
 5. In yon land we'll meet to nev - er Sin or grieve our Sav-ior more;

Where they sing the old, old sto - ry, There we'll dwell for-ev - er-more.  
 In yon land so bright and stainless, There we'll rest at home, sweet home.  
 There we'll live in end-less pleasure, Bath - ing in our Sav-ior's love.  
 There the saints with joy and gladness, Bask in heav'n's resplendent light.  
 There we'll meet and ne'er shall sever, Where the toils of life are o'er.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

By and by, by and by, We shall rest o - ver  
 By and by, by and by,


yon-der by and by. We are marching to the land  
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

*Rit.*


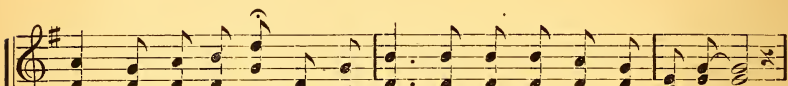
Of the hap-py white-robed band, We shall rest o-ver yon-der by and by.

EMMA PITT.

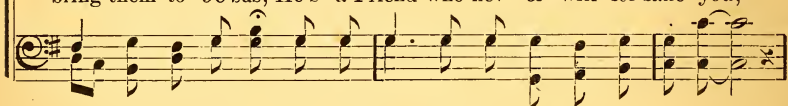
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



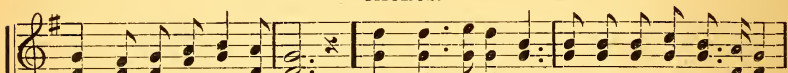
1. Do life's cares and bur-dens oft op-press you? Bring them to Je-sus,  
 2. Are your lov'd ones wand'ring from the Sav-ior? Bring them to Je-sus,  
 3. Do tempt-a - tions oft - en o - ver-take you? Bring them to Je sus,

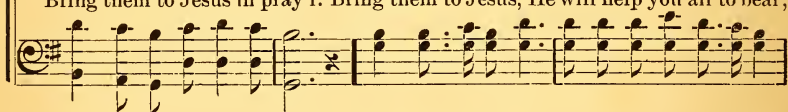

bring them to Je-sus; Does your sin and weakness oft dis-tress you?  
 bring them to Je-sus; Do you long that all may seek His fa - vor?  
 bring them to Je-sus; He's a Friend who nev - er will for-sake you;



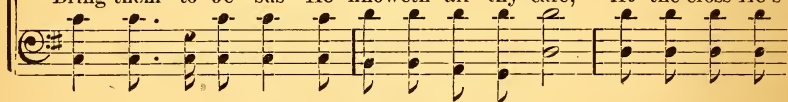

## CHORUS.



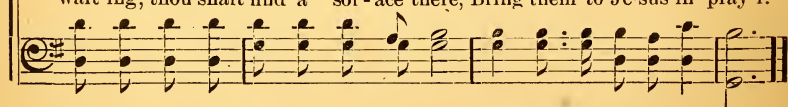
Bring them to Jesus in pray'r. Bring them to Jesus, He will help you all to bear;

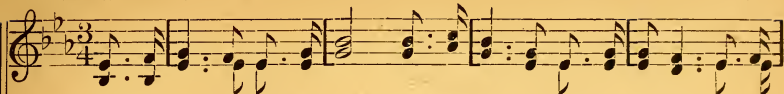
Bring them to Je - sus—He knoweth all thy care; At the cross He's

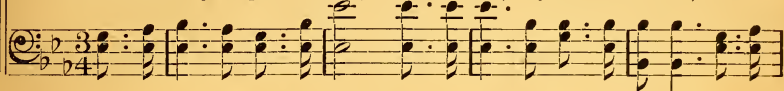
wait-ing; thou shalt find a sol - ace there, Bring them to Je-sus in pray'r.



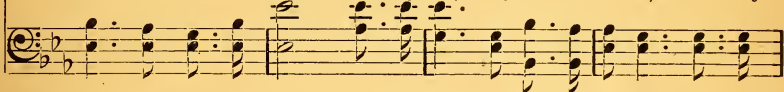




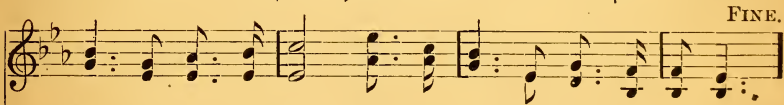
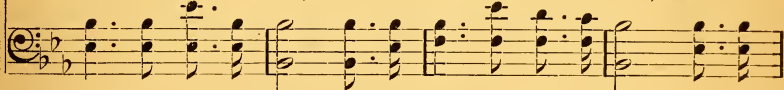
1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er. All are
2. Sin and sor - row are no more, Just beyond, beyond the river; Death comes
3. There we shall with Je - sus meet, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; And the
4. In that cit - y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; All at



good and hap - py there, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; Streets of  
 not up - on the shore, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; None are  
 good in glo - ry greet, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; Lives whose  
 last may gath - er there, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; We may



gold are shin - ing bright, An - gels walk the plains of light, And there  
 sad with want or care, Pain or sick - ness none shall bear, All are  
 tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old, Mar - tyrs  
 meet to part no more, — All our trou - bles will be o'er, When we



FINE.

nev - er com - eth night, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.  
 hap - py "o - ver there," Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.  
 with their crowns of gold, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.  
 reach that "shin - ing shore," Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.



REFRAIN.

D.S.




Just be - yond. . . . . the riv - er, Just be - yond. . . . . the riv - er.  
 Just beyond the riv - er, Just beyond the riv - er.





# No. 20. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.



J. M. BLACK.




1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no  
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting


more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the  
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His  
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

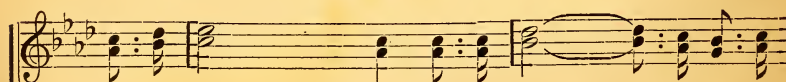
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the  
 chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the  
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the



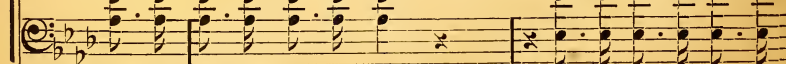
CHORUS.



roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is  
 roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is  
 roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



# When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

## No. 21.

## HAVE MERCY.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!  
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.  
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

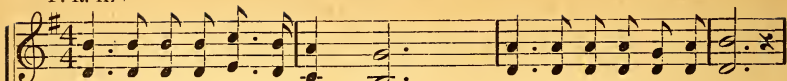
### CHORUS.

O Lord, have mer - cy, O Lord, have mer - cy,

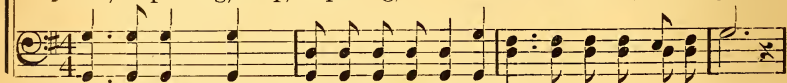
O Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy on me.

F. R. H.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



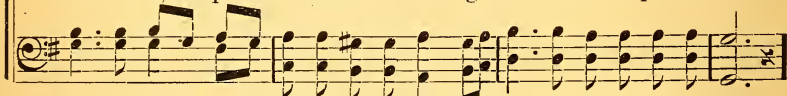
- |                                           |                                    |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Now, the sowing and the reap - ing,    | Working hard and waiting long;     |
| 2. Now, the Spirit, con - flict riv - en, | Wounded heart's unequal strife;    |
| 3. Now, the training, strange and lowly,  | Unexplained, and tedious now;      |
| 4. Now, the pruning, sharp, unspar - ing, | Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot; |



- |                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Now, the sow - ing,   | sowing and the reaping,       |
| 2. Now, the spir - it,   | spir - it, conflict riv - en, |
| 3. Now, the train - ing, | training, strange and lowly,  |
| 4. Now, the prun - ing,  | pruning sharp, unsparing,     |



Af - ter - ward, the golden reap - - - ing, Harvest Home and grateful song.  
 Af - ter - ward, the triumph giv - - - en, And the victor's crown of life.  
 Af - ter - ward, the service ho - - - ly, And the Master's "Enter thou!"  
 Af - ter - ward, the plenteous bear - - - ing Of the Master's plenteous fruit.

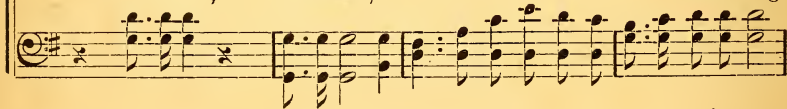


Af - ter - ward, the golden, golden reap - ing,  
 Af - ter - ward, the glorious triumph given,  
 Af - ter - ward, the service, service low - ly,  
 Af - ter - ward, the plenteous, plenteous bearing,

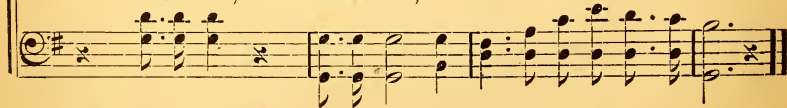
## CHORUS.



Af - ter - ward, af - ter - ward, The glorious song of triumph we shall sing!  
 Afterward, afterward, shall sing!



Af - ter - ward, af - ter - ward, With - in the palace of the King!  
 Afterward, afterward,





(YORKSHIRE DOXOLOGY.)

Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. I'll praise Thee, Savior, Prince of peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease;
2. I'll praise Thee for the crimson flood, For cleansing in Thy precious blood;
3. I'll praise Thee for salvation's might, That turns my darkness in - to light;
4. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear, 'Mid sorrow's frowns I will not fear;
5. I'll praise Thee in a loft - y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re - frain;
6. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death;



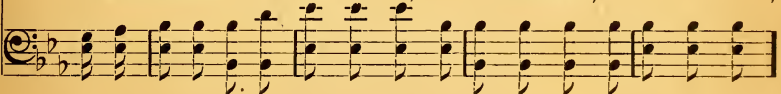
'Till time and life and tho't en-dure, I'll praise Thee, Sav-ior, ev - er - more.  
 I'll praise Thee for Thy Spirit's pow'r, That fills and keeps me hour by hour.  
 That scat-ters all my gloom and sin, I'll praise Thee, O, my Sav-ior King.  
 In dark - est night I'll raise my song, And roll the glo-rious strains a long.  
 I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell, For Thou art do-ing all things well.  
 I'll praise Thee as I mount a - bove, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love.



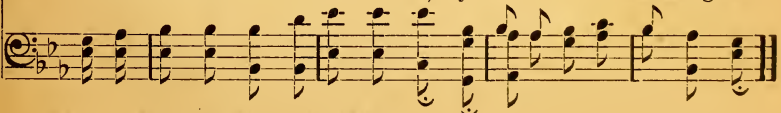
## CHORUS.



And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,



And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.



## No. 24.

## SUNSHINE BY AND BY.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There are clouds, but high above them Shines undimmed the faithful sun;
2. Dark - est clouds have sil - ver lin - ings, E - ven though no shin - ing rim
3. Do not droop and sigh and question, Grop - ing on in doubt and fear;
4. Nev - er mind how dark it may be, How the winds may threat'ning cry;



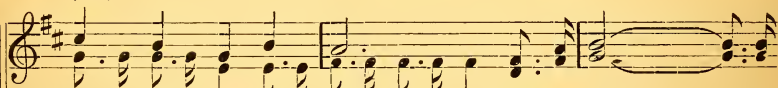
Then look up; it may be bright - er Long, be - fore the day is done.  
 May ap - pear to clos - er vis - ion, Weak and oft by tears made dim.  
 Look a - loft! a - bove the mountain See the rainbow arch ap - pear.  
 Lift your eyes, and trust His prom - ise, Your re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh!



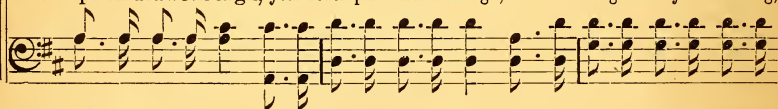
## CHORUS.



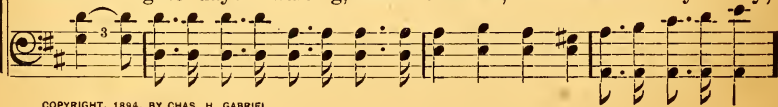
Do not lin - - - ger in the shad - - ows, Your re -  
 Do not lin - ger in the shadows, Do not lin - ger in the shadows, Your re -



demp - tion draw - eth nigh; There are bright - - er  
 demption draweth nigh, your redemption draweth nigh; There are brighter days in waiting,



days in wait - ing, There'll be sunshine by and by.....  
 there are brighter days in waiting, There'll be sunshine, There'll be sunshine by and by;



# Sunshine By and By.

There'll be sun - - - shine, blessed sun - - - shine When the  
There'll be sunshine by and by, bless-ed sunshine by and by, When the

mists have roll'd a - way;..... There'll be sun - - - shine,  
mists have roll'd, when the mists have roll'd away; There'll be sunshine by and by,

bless-ed sun - - - shine, When the mists have roll'd a - way.  
bless-ed sunshine by and by,

## No. 25.


## O FOR A HEART.

C. WESLEY.



S. WEBBE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—
2. A heart resigned, sub mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
3. O for a low-ly con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true and clean;
4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;


A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly shed for me:—  
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak,—Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within:—  
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.




1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, Hal-low'd cross, bless-ed cross,  
And shall I fear to own His cause, Here be - low, here be - low,  
2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies, Car - ried on, car-ried on,  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize Of His love, wondrous love,  
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign Ev - er - more, ev - er - more,  
I'll bear the cross, en-dure the pain All the way, all the way,

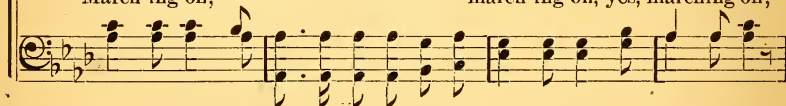

Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb? }  
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease, }  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' bloody seas? }  
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age Lord! }  
I'll bear the cross, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. }




## REFRAIN.



March - ing, we're marching to Zi-on, we're march-ing, yes, march - ing;  
March-ing on, march-ing on, yes, marching on;

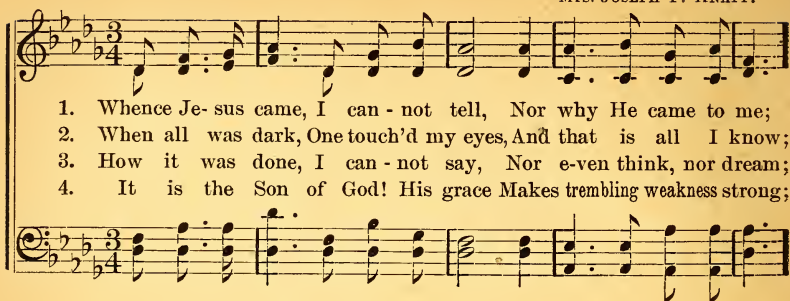



March - ing, we're march-ing to Zi - on, And Je - sus is our song.  
March-ing on,

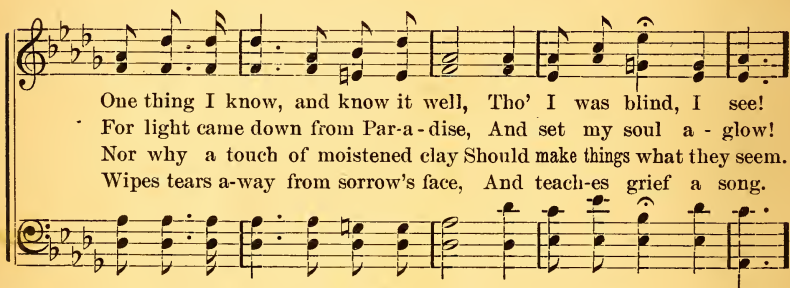






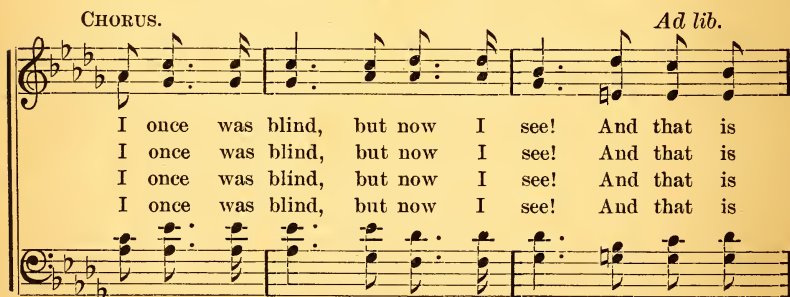


1. Whence Je- sus came, I can - not tell, Nor why He came to me;
2. When all was dark, One touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know;
3. How it was done, I can - not say, Nor e-ven think, nor dream;
4. It is the Son of God! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong;



One thing I know, and know it well, Tho' I was blind, I see!  
 For light came down from Par-a-dise, And set my soul a - glow!  
 Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.  
 Wipes tears a-way from sorrow's face, And teach-es grief a song.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*



I once was blind, but now I see! And that is  
 I once was blind, but now I see! And that is  
 I once was blind, but now I see! And that is  
 I once was blind, but now I see! And that is

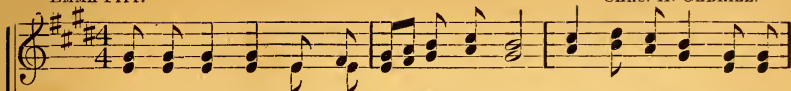
*A tempo.*




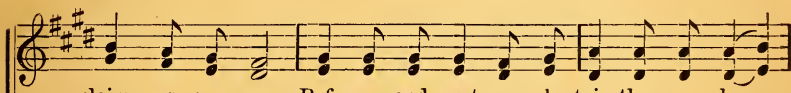
news e-nough for me, And that is news e - nough for me.  
 light e-nough for me, And that is light e - nough for me.  
 truth e-nough for me, And that is truth e - nough for me.  
 joy e-nough for me, And that is joy e - nough for me.

EMMA PITT.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



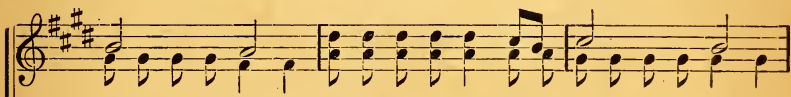
1. Rich - es un - told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can  
 2. Rich - es un - told—they are priceless, di - vine, Pur - er than gold from the  
 3- Rich - es un - told now a - wait us a - bove, Kept for us there in the

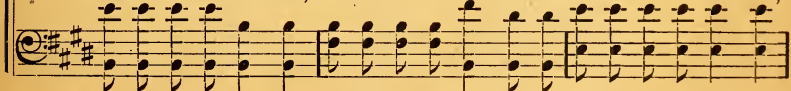
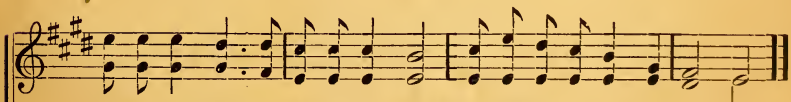
claim as our own; Ref - uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone  
 world's greatest mine; Bright - er than sun - light our spir - its shall shine,  
 store - house of love, End - less, in - fi - nite, the meas - ure will prove,



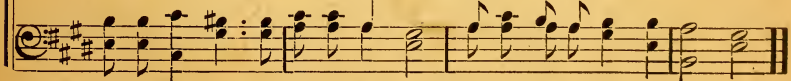

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. Sit - ting at the feet of  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. at the

Je - - sus, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - - sus,  
 bless - ed feet of Je - sus, at the blessed feet of Je - sus,

Rich - es un - told, exhaustless are mine, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.



# No. 30.

# GLAD TIDINGS.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

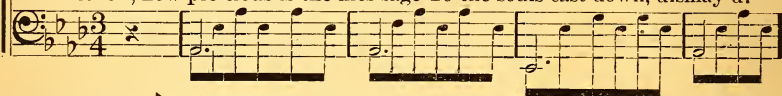
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET. SOPRANO or TENOR and ALTO.

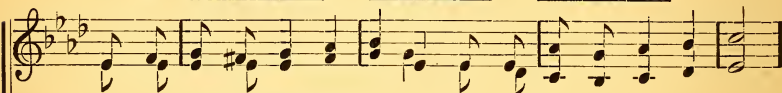
*Andante.*



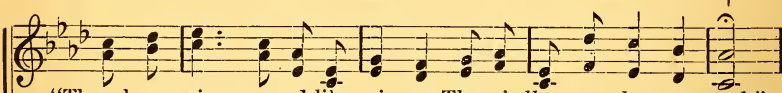
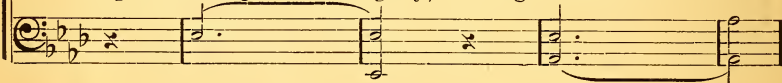
1. Oh, how faith - ful is the say - ing, Ev'ry word with hope a - glow -
2. Oh, how bless - ed is the prom - ise To the bur - den'd and oppress'd:
3. Oh, how pre - cious is the mes - sage To the souls cast down, dismay'd:



"Though your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow."  
 "Come, come un - to me, ye wea - ry; Come, and I will give you rest.  
 Hark! "Let not your heart be troubled, Neither let it be a - fraid."



To the guilt - y heart these ti - dings Are of peace and par - don full;  
 Come and take my yoke up - on you; Of the meek and low - ly learn;  
 Help is laid up - on the Might - y; Noth - ing is too hard for God:



"Though your sins are red like crimson, They shall e - ven be as wool."  
 Ye shall find my bur - den eas - y, — Find the rest for which you yearn."  
 Fear not, for He that redeemed thee Comforts both with staff and rod.



CHORUS. *Faster.*

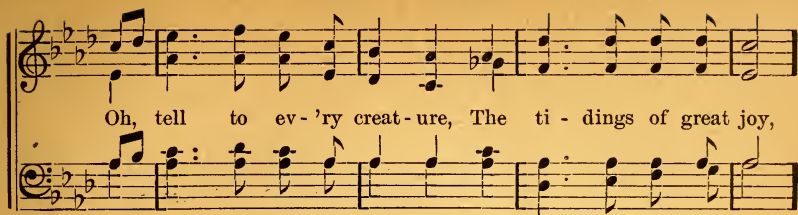


Glad ti - dings of great joy! Glad ti - dings of great joy!





# Glad Tidings.



Oh, tell to ev-'ry creat-ure, The ti-dings of great joy,

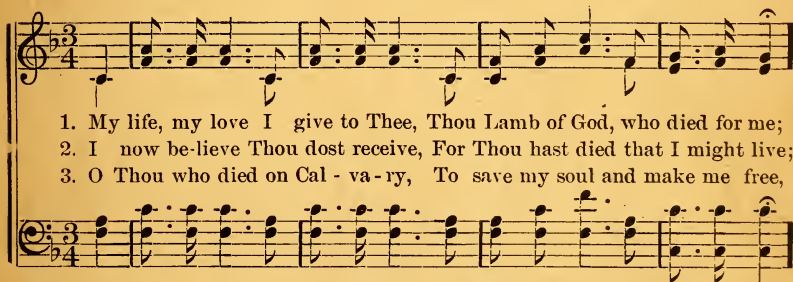


Yes, tell to ev-'ry creat-ure The ti-dings of great joy.

## No. 31.

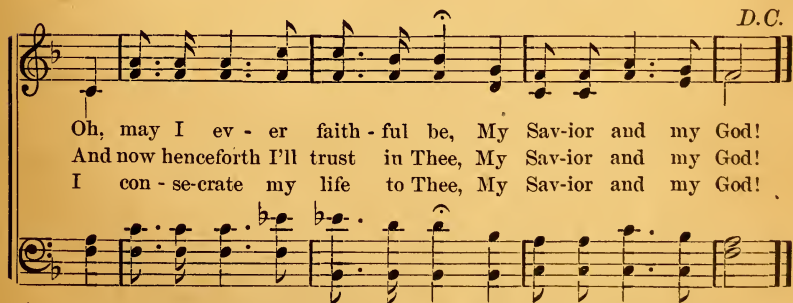
## I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

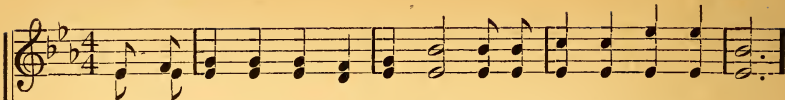


Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!  
 I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

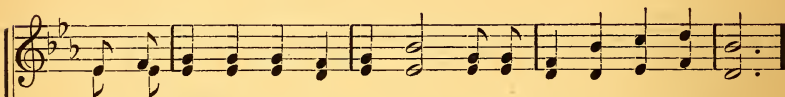
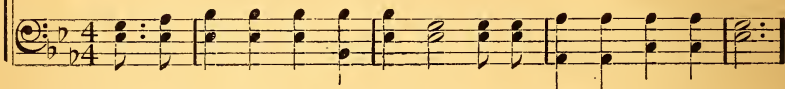
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

F. G. BURROUGHS.

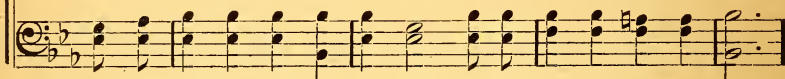
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



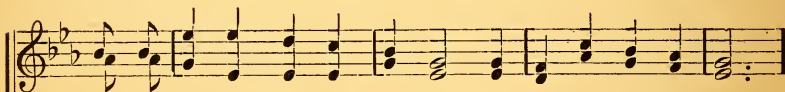
1. Once, a slave, I toiled in bond-age To my soul's great en - e - my;
2. He be-held me in my bond-age, Weeping 'mid sin's cru-el mart,
3. Can I ev - er cease to love Him; Ev-er fail that love to show
4. Nev - er will I leave His serv - ice, But will always praise the grace



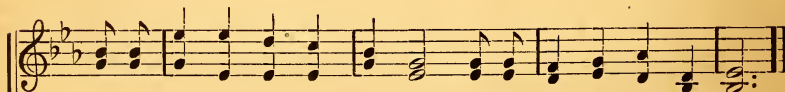
Now by Christ I am re-deem - ed,—He has bought my lib - er - ty.  
 And in love and ten - der pit - y, He redeem'd my bro-ken heart.  
 For my bless-ed Lord and Mas - ter, Who redeem'd me from such woe?  
 Of my won - der - ful Re-deem - er, Who once suffer'd in my place.



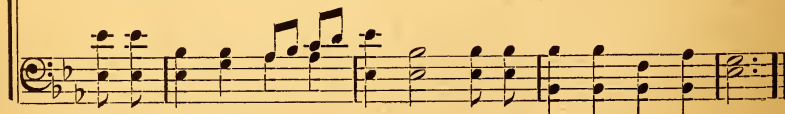
## CHORUS.



He redeem'd me! He re-deem'd me From death to life and light;



He redeem'd me! He re-deem'd me! I am pre-cious in His sight.



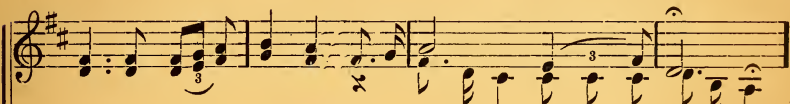
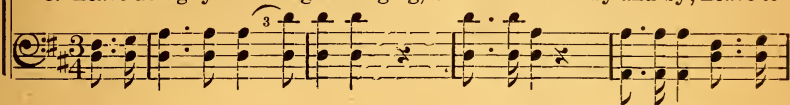
# No. 33. WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



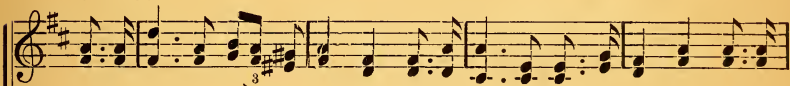
1. For the sighing and the weeping, There'll be time by and by; For the
2. For the wea-ry-ing and fret-ting, For the
3. Leave till age your wrongs revenging, There'll be time by and by; Leave to



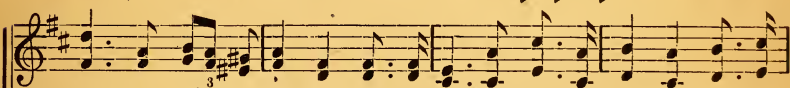
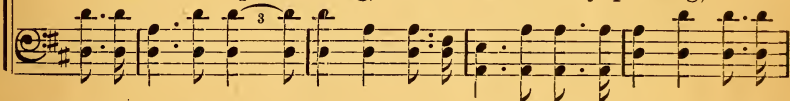
dreaming and the sleep-ing, Time enough by and by.  
 hat - ing and re - gret-ting,  
 death your weak a - veng-ing, Time enough, time enough by and by.



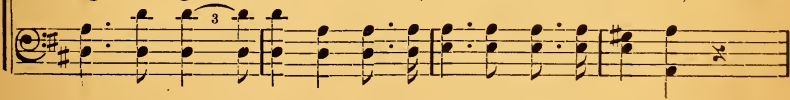
## CHORUS.



Be awake! be up and doing, Noblest works and ways pursuing; Hours of



strength and glad en-deav-or Can-not, will not last for - ev - er; Time to

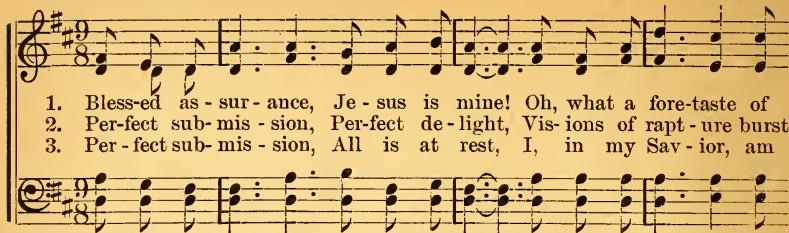


rest by and by, Time to rest by and by.  
 Time to rest by and by, Time to rest, time to rest by and by.

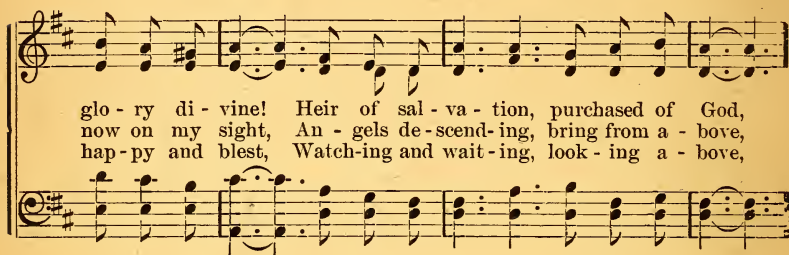


FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

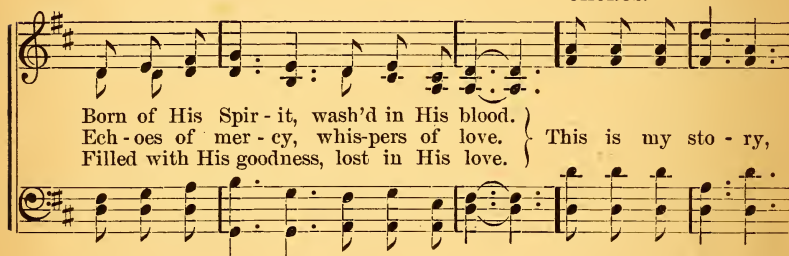


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, Per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure burst  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, All is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior, am

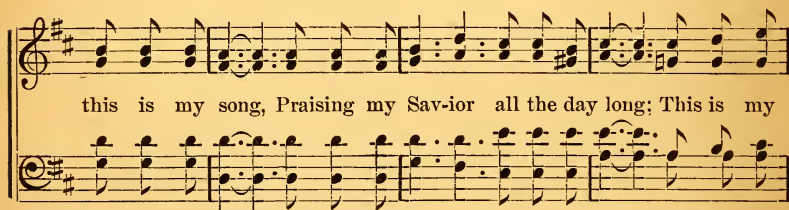


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God,  
 now on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove,  
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

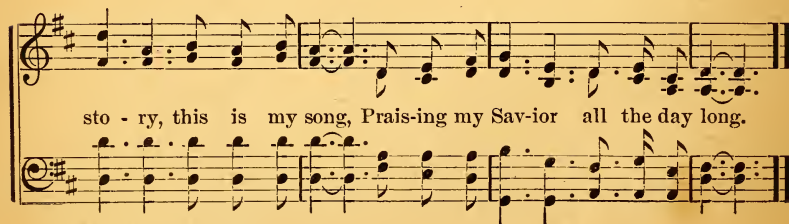
## CHORUS.



Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.  
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry,  
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If you come to Je - sus, trust His love and grace; If you  
 2. He will be your Sav - ior, He will be your friend, Be your  
 3. None so weak and sin - ful but He will for - give, None so

read the Bi - ble, and the truth em - brace, You will find your  
 guide and help - er—from the foe de - fend; And the Ho - ly  
 full of sor - row but He will re - lieve; And if you un -

spir - it thrill with peace di - vine—Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.  
 Spir - it will your soul re - fine—Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.  
 to Him all your heart re - sign— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.

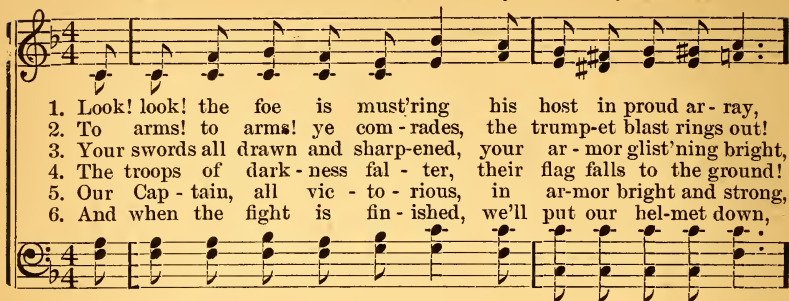
## CHORUS.

Trust Him then, my brother, O trust Him, Trust the Lord di - vine;

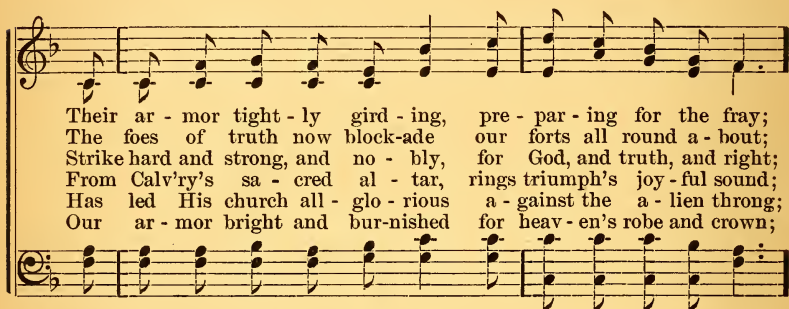
Trust Him, then, my brother, O trust Him, And He will be yours as He is mine.

# No. 36. UNDER THE BANNER OF LOVE.

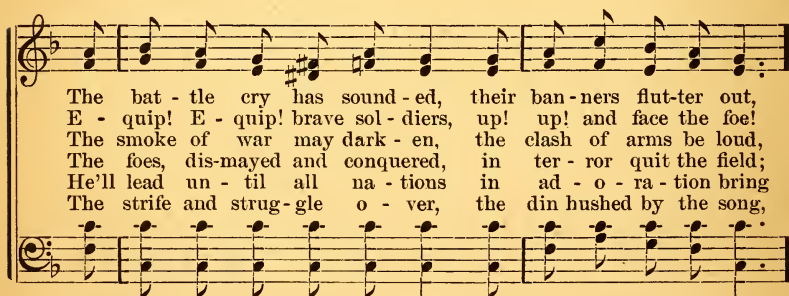
Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



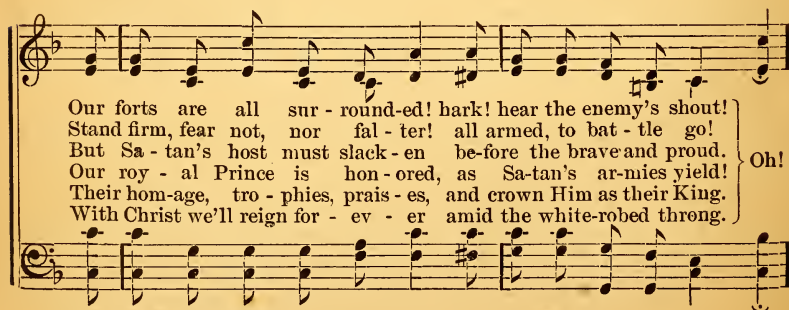
1. Look! look! the foe is must'ring his host in proud ar-ray,  
 2. To arms! to arms! ye com-rades, the trump-et blast rings out!  
 3. Your swords all drawn and sharp-ened, your ar-mor glist'ning bright,  
 4. The troops of dark-ness fal-ter, their flag falls to the ground!  
 5. Our Cap-tain, all vic-to-rious, in ar-mor bright and strong,  
 6. And when the fight is fin-ished, we'll put our hel-met down,



Their ar-mor tight-ly gird-ing, pre-par-ing for the fray;  
 The foes of truth now block-ade our forts all round a-bout;  
 Strike hard and strong, and no-bly, for God, and truth, and right;  
 From Calv'ry's sa-cred al-tar, rings triumph's joy-ful sound;  
 Has led His church all-glo-rious, a-gainst the a-lien throng;  
 Our ar-mor bright and bur-nished for heav-en's robe and crown;



The bat-tle cry has sound-ed, their ban-ners flut-ter out,  
 E-quip! E-quip! brave sol-diers, up! up! and face the foe!  
 The smoke of war may dark-en, the clash of arms be loud,  
 The foes, dis-mayed and conquered, in ter-ror quit the field;  
 He'll lead un-til all na-tions in ad-o-ra-tion bring  
 The strife and strug-gle o-ver, the din hushed by the song,



Our forts are all sur-round-ed! hark! hear the enemy's shout!  
 Stand firm, fear not, nor fal-ter! all armed, to bat-tle go!  
 But Sa-tan's host must slack-en be-fore the brave and proud. Oh!  
 Our roy-al Prince is hon-ored, as Sa-tan's ar-mies yield!  
 Their hom-age, tro-phies, prais-es, and crown Him as their King.  
 With Christ we'll reign for-ev-er amid the white-robed throng.

# Under the Banner of Love.

CHORUS.

Un-der the banner of love we'll fight our way to glo-ry! Un-der the  
 banner of love we'll conquer or we'll die! Un-der the banner of love we'll  
 spread the gospel story; Our Je-sus and sal-va-tion shall be our battle cry.

No. 37.

## COME, THOU FOUNT.

Rev. R. ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH FINE.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;

*D.C.*—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.


*D. C.*  
 Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-b-ove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home;  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.



3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

THOMAS KELLEY.


ELISHA S. RICE.




1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"  
 2. Filled with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, Let us vie with those a - bove;

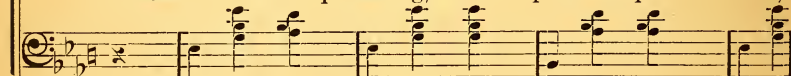

All in heav'n their tribute bringing, Rais - ing high the Sav - ior's name.  
 Sweet the theme, a free sal - va - tion, Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.




DUET.



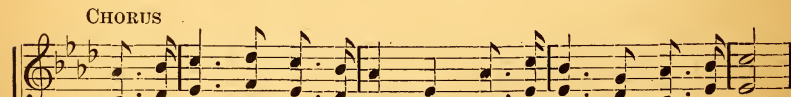
Ye for whom His life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long;  
 End - less life in Him possess - ing, Let us praise His pre - cious name;


Come, as - sist the choirs of heav - en; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.  
 Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing, Be - for - ev - er to the Lamb.



CHORUS



Crown the Sav - ior, an - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;





# Glory to the Lamb.

In the seat of pow'r enthroned Him, Crown the Savior King of Kings!

No. 39.

## THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

ANNE STEELE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thou ref-uge of my soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise, On  
 2. To Thee I tell my grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal; Thy  
 3. But oh, when doubts pre-vail, I fear to call Thee mine; The  
 4. Yet, Lord, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And

Thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.  
 word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.  
 spring of com - fort seems to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.  
 still my soul would cling to Thee, Tho' pros - trate in the dust.

CHORUS.

On Thee, on Thee, on Thee, My hope re - lies,  
 On Thee, on Thee, My hope re - lies,

On Thee when waves of sor-row roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.

# No. 40. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET for TENOR and ALTO.

1. "Let not your heart be trou-ble-d," Oh, words of com-fort sweet! We  
 2. "Let not your heart be trou-ble-d," Tho' dark the way may be; Cast  
 3. "Let not your heart be trou-ble-d," For to His glorious home—The

bow, O bless-ed Sav-ior, A - dor-ing at Thy feet; Thy cheer-ing words so  
 all thy care up-on Him, And He will care for thee. His wis-dom still will  
 place He is pre-par-ing, His own at last shall come. Oh, teach us, lov-ing

ten - der, Our hearts would gladly heed; Our will-ing feet would  
 guide thee, His lov - ing hand up - hold; His mer - cy keep thee  
 Sav-ior, To walk the nar-row way; And all a - long the

CHORUS.

fol - low Where'er our Lord shall lead. }  
 ev - er, Safe, safe with-in His fold. } Let not your heart be troubled, Let  
 journey, Still may we hear Thee say: }

not your heart be troubled, As ye be-lieve in the Fa-ther, Be -

# Let Not your Heart be Troubled.

lieve in me; Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be a -

fraid. As ye believe in the Fa - ther, Be - lieve in me.

## No. 41.

## JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with - in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## No. 42.

## AT THE CROSS.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!  
 Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

## CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

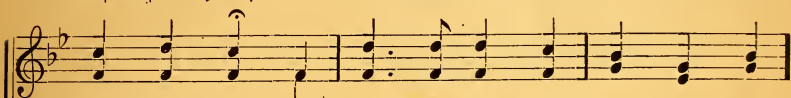
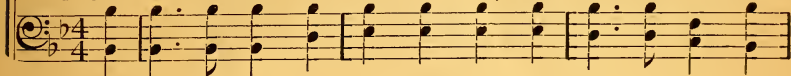
bur-den of my heart rolled a-way— It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.





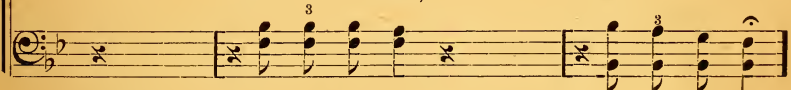
1. Why go a - round with troub - led soul! There's One that makes the
2. How - ev - er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy
3. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Dark and un - scrut - a -
4. Sure He who sets the mount - ain fast, When all earth's clouds are



wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll:—  
 dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light,  
 ble to thee, He rules on high your des - ti - ny,—  
 driv - en past, Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last,



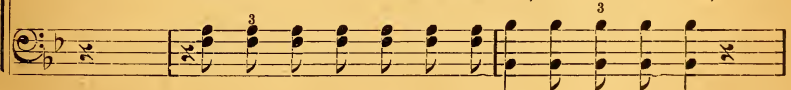
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him,.....  
 Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.



## CHORUS.



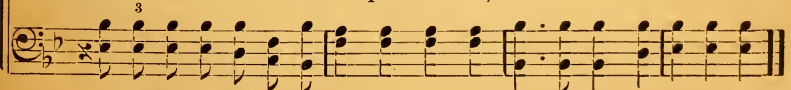
Leave it to Him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who  
 Leave it to Him who knoweth all, Leave it to Him,



## D.S.

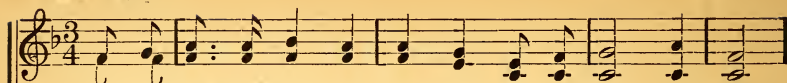


marks..... the sparrow's fall,..... Who list - ens to the raven's call,  
 Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,





F. E. HAVERGAL.


Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;  
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow,  
 3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;  
 4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,  
 5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall.

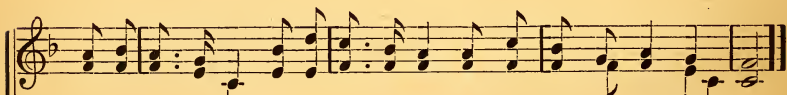
Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 For Thy grace and ten - der par - don Trust - ing now.  
 Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.  
 I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.




## REFRAIN.



I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust-ing on - ly Thee,

I am trusting Thee, fully trusting Thee; I am trust-ing on - ly Thee.

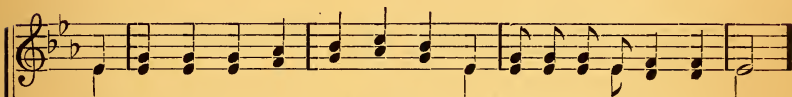


# No. 45. A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



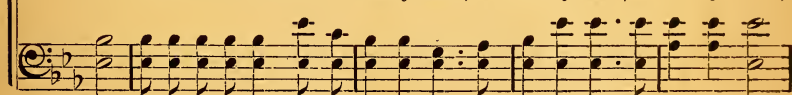
Se-cure what-ev - er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
No fears a - larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
We'll never leave this safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



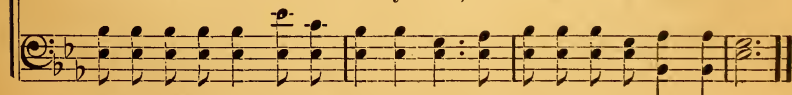
## CHORUS.



Oh, Jesus is a rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;

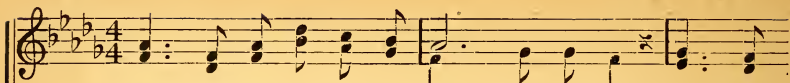


Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

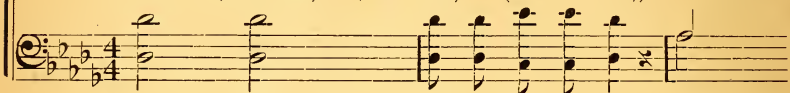


F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,) Gen - tly  
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, (of my soul,) When life's  
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, till at last, (till at last,) When the



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -



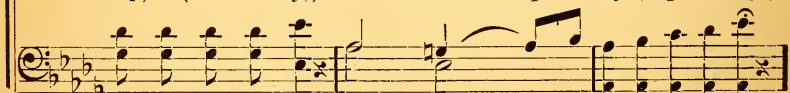
- lead me all the way; (all the way;) I am safe when by Thy  
 storm-y bil-lows roll, (bil-lows roll,) I am safe when Thou art  
 storm of life is past, (life is past,) I shall reach the land of



- tly lead me all the way; I am



- side, (by Thy side,) I would in Thy love a - bide. (love a-bide.)  
 nigh, (Thou art nigh,) On Thy mer - cy I re - ly. (I re ly.)  
 day, (land of day,) Where all tears are wip'd a-way. (wip'd a-way.)



- safe when by Thy side, I would..... in Thy love abide.

## CHORUS.



- Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray:.....

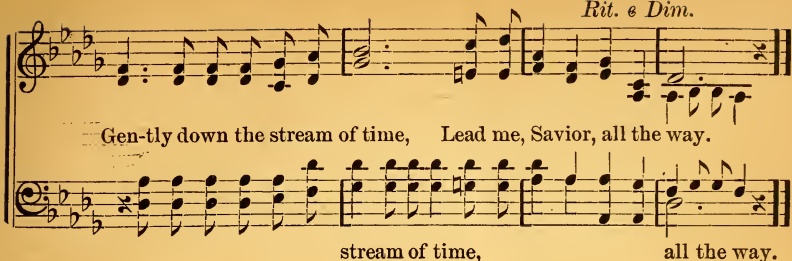


- Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, lest I stray;



# Lead Me, Savior.

*Rit. e Dim.*



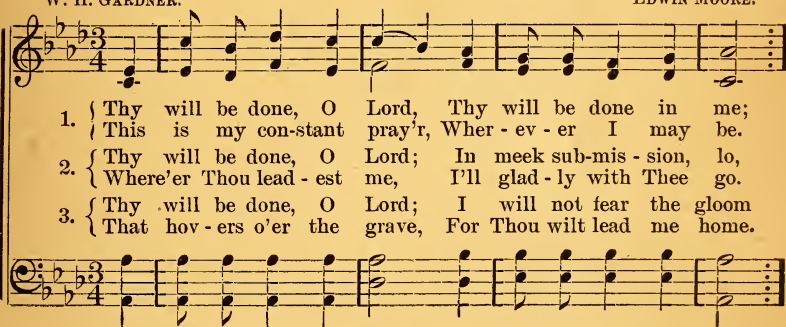
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.

stream of time, all the way.

## No. 47. THY WILL BE DONE.

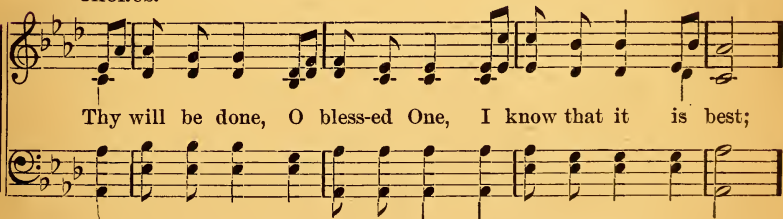
W. H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.

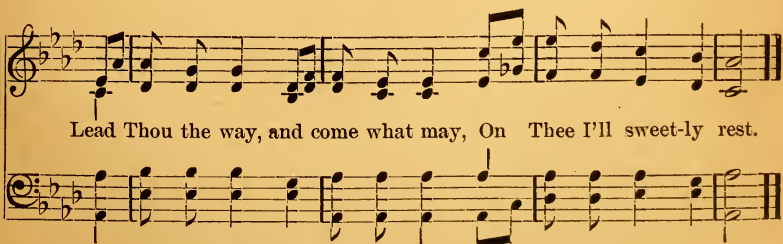


1. { Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done in me;  
This is my con-stant pray'r, Wher - ev - er I may be.
2. { Thy will be done, O Lord; In meek sub-mis - sion, lo,  
Where'er Thou lead - est me, I'll glad - ly with Thee go.
3. { Thy will be done, O Lord; I will not fear the gloom  
That hov - ers o'er the grave, For Thou wilt lead me home.

### CHORUS.



Thy will be done, O bless-ed One, I know that it is best;

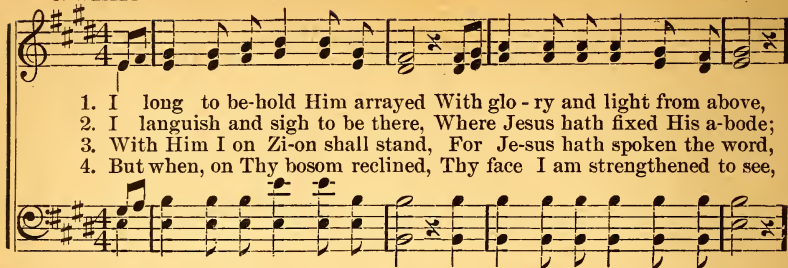


Lead Thou the way, and come what may, On Thee I'll sweet-ly rest.

# No. 48. "I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM."

C. WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE.

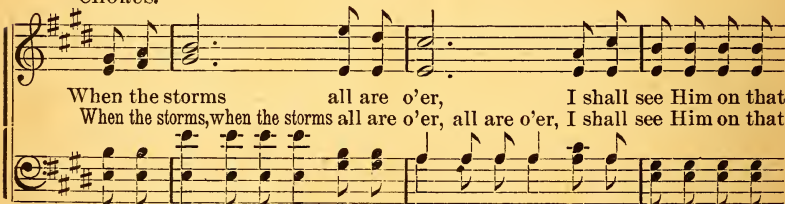


1. I long to be-hold Him arrayed With glo - ry and light from above,  
 2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed His a-bode;  
 3. With Him I on Zi-on shall stand, For Je-sus hath spoken the word,  
 4. But when, on Thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see,

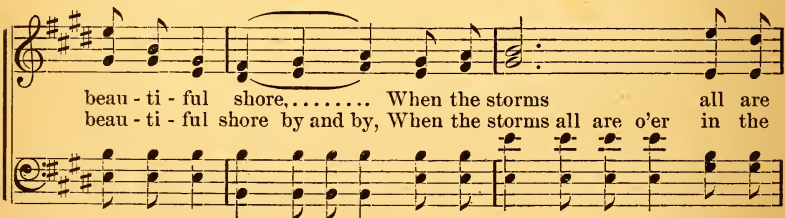


The King in His beau-ty displayed, His beau-ty of ho - li - est love.  
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!  
 The breadth of Im-man-uel's land Sur-vey by the light of my Lord.  
 My full-ness of rap-ture I find, My heav-en of heavens in Thee.

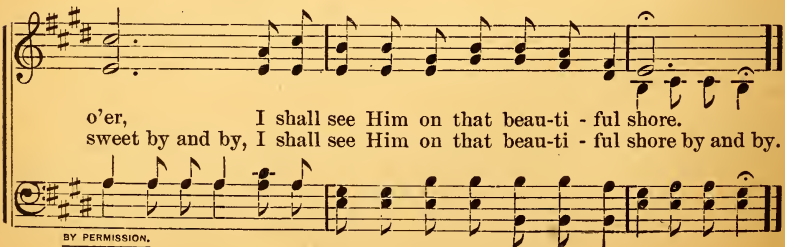
## CHORUS.



When the storms all are o'er, I shall see Him on that  
 When the storms, when the storms all are o'er, all are o'er, I shall see Him on that




beau - ti - ful shore, ..... When the storms all are  
 beau - ti - ful shore by and by, When the storms all are o'er in the





o'er, I shall see Him on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 sweet by and by, I shall see Him on that beau - ti - ful shore by and by.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



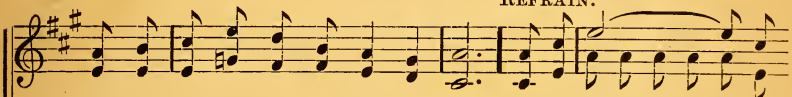
1. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, There are ho - ly ones a-  
 2. At the land-ing, on the far - ther shore, My Re-deem-er stands to  
 3. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, Is a man-sion that was

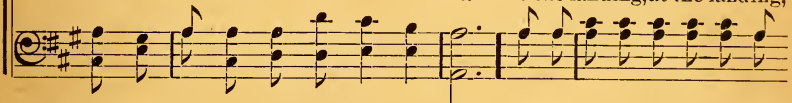
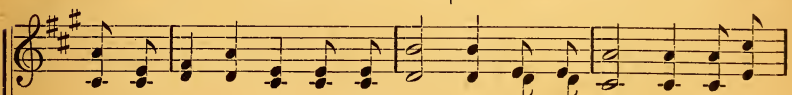
wait-ing me; I can see a - cross the tide, To the oth - er side,  
 bear me o'er; I can see His form di - vine, In its glo - ry shine,  
 built for me; I shall soon be fer - ried o'er, To the far - ther shore,



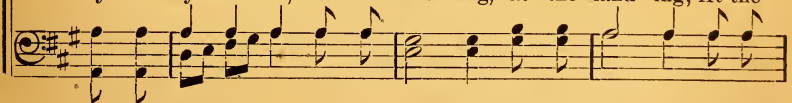
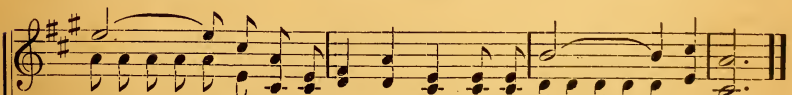
## REFRAIN.



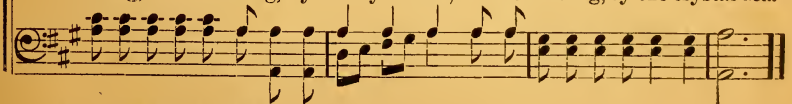
To the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea. At the land - - ing,  
 At the land-ing, on the far - ther shore.  
 To the man-sion that was built for me. At the landing, at the landing,

by the crys - tal sea, At the land - ing, at the land - ing; At the

land - - ing, by the crystal sea, By the crys - - tal sea.  
 landing, at the landing, by the crystal sea, At the landing, by the crystal sea.

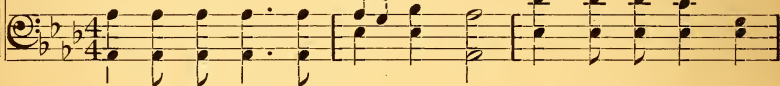


GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the
4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-



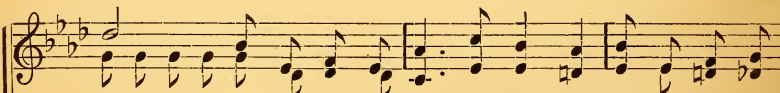
still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly,  
 voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind care re - pay?  
 clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re - ceive,  
 bond - age live? I wait, but He does not for - sake;  
 out de - lay: Vain world, fare - well, from thee I part;



## CHORUS.



And still my soul in slum - ber lie? Call - - ing, oh hear Him,  
 He calls me still; can I de - lay?  
 And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?  
 He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!  
 The voice of God has reached my heart. God is call - ing yet,



Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing yet, oh, hear Him  
 God is call - ing yet,





# God is Calling Yet.

call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - ing,  
God is calling yet, God is call-ing yet,

oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.

## No. 51.

## HALLELUJAH.

Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le-

lu - jah, a-men, A-men, a-men, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O the new bright clime of heav - en, Land of promise, Home of rest!
2. Friends from whom 'twas death to sever, There again shall clasp the hand;
3. Christ who saved us by His dy - ing We shall see in tri-umph there;
4. With the ransom'd we'll a-dore Him, And His glo-rious prais-es sing;



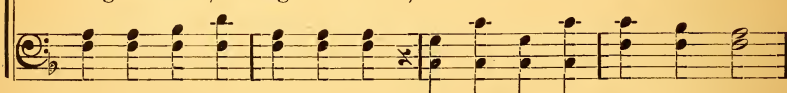
There for mourning, joy is giv - en, Sweet re-lease to souls op-press'd.  
 There shall meet to dwell for-ev - er, In the ra-diant sum-mer land.  
 And with saints and an-gels vy - ing, All His wondrous grace de-clare.  
 With arch-an-gels bow be - fore Him, Christ the ev - er - last - ing King.



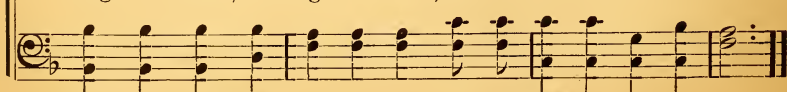
## CHORUS.



Sing, sing of heav'n, Land of promise, Home of rest.  
 Sing of heav'n, O sing of heav'n,



Sing, sing of heav'n, Land of promise, Home of rest.  
 Sing of heav'n, O sing of heav'n,

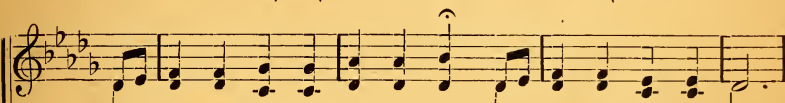
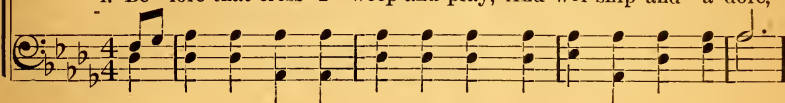


Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

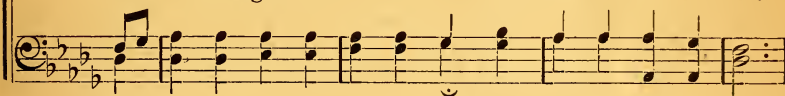
Rev. J. H. WELCH.



1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re-deem-er gave His blood To ran-som me from sin,
3. Up - on that cross, that bit - ter cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that cross I weep and pray, And wor-ship and a-dore,



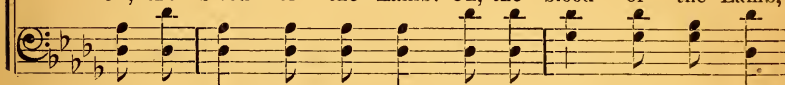
Who was the bear-er of my sin, God's well-be - lov - ed Son.  
 And made an end of all my guilt, And brought redemption in.  
 Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.  
 And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for - ev - er - more.



## CHORUS.



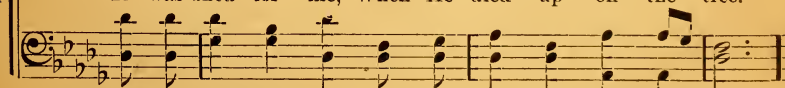
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb,



That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,

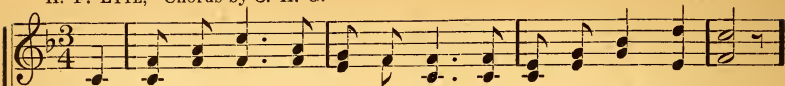


It was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

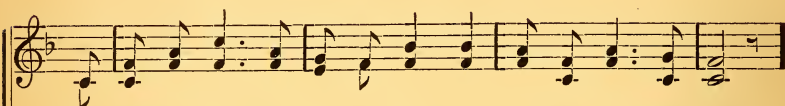


H. F. LYTE, Chorus by C. H. G.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
2. The least and fee - blest there may hide, Un - in - jured and un - awed;
3. The an - gels watch him on his way, And aid with friend - ly arms;
4. A hand al - might - y to de - fend, An ear for ev - 'ry call,



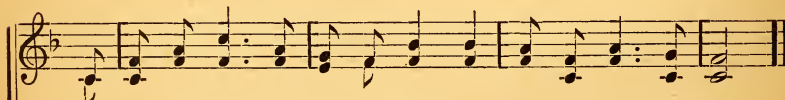
Pre - served for all the heirs of grace: O be that ref - uge mine!  
 While thousands fall on ev - 'ry side, He rests se - cure in God.  
 And Sa - tan, roar - ing for his prey, May hate, but can - not harm.  
 An hon - ored life, a peace - ful end, And heav'n to crown it all.



## CHORUS.



O bless - ed place, O safe re - treat! To thee I fly for rest,  
 I fly for rest,



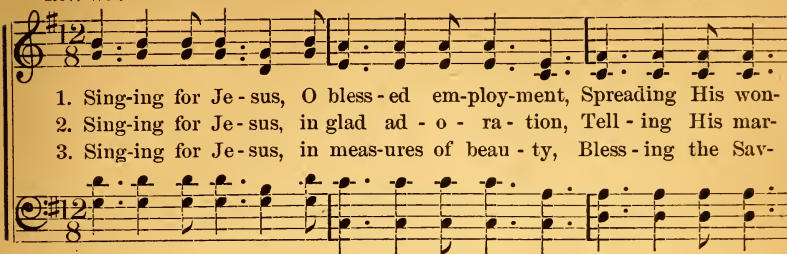
With Je - sus, in com - mun - ion sweet, I am di - vine - ly blest.



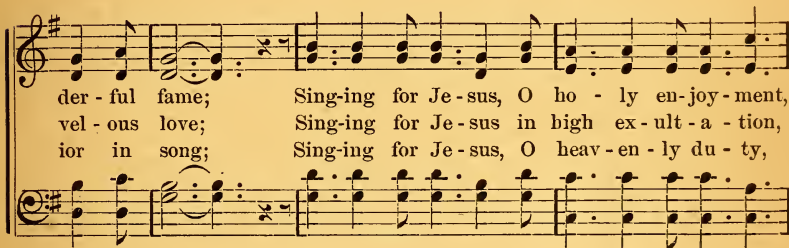


Rev. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

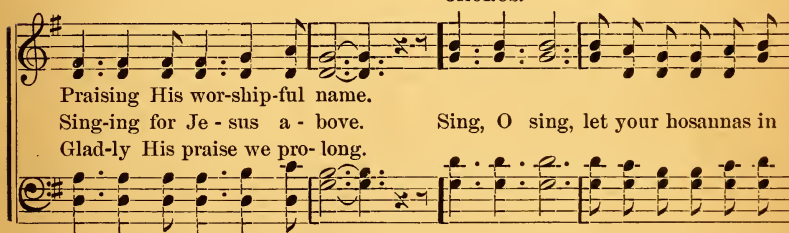


1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, O bless - ed em-ploy-ment, Spreading His won-  
 2. Sing-ing for Je - sus, in glad ad - o - ra - tion, Tell - ing His mar-  
 3. Sing-ing for Je - sus, in meas-ures of beau - ty, Bless - ing the Sav-

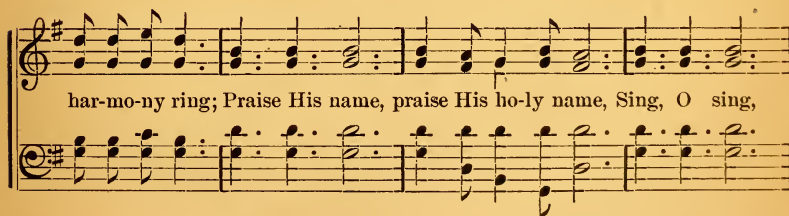


der - ful fame; Sing-ing for Je - sus, O ho - ly en-joy-ment,  
 vel - ous love; Sing-ing for Je - sus in high ex - ult - a - tion,  
 ior in song; Sing-ing for Je - sus, O heav - en - ly du - ty,

## CHORUS.



Praising His wor-ship-ful name.  
 Sing-ing for Je - sus a - bove. Sing, O sing, let your hosannas in  
 Glad-ly His praise we pro-long.



har-mo-ny ring; Praise His name, praise His ho-ly name, Sing, O sing,



Let your hosannas in harmony ring, Sing of the blessed, blessed Jesus.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am saved in the blood of the dear Lamb of God, Who suf-fered my  
 2. I am free from my sin by the cru - ci - fied One, He paid all my  
 3. O the bless-ing that flows from His par-don di-vine, What peace and re-

soul to re-deem. Now sweet-ly I'm rest-ing at peace in His love,  
 ran-some for me, And at His right hand I shall praise Him on high,  
 joic-ing un - fold; I'll cast all my needs at His dear bless-ed feet,

## CHORUS.

And find my sweet com-fort in Him. Saved in the  
 His face in His glo - ry I'll see.  
 In glo - ry His face I'll be-hold. Saved in the blood, I'm

blood, I'm saved in the blood of my Redeemer, All glo-ry to Je-  
 saved in the blood,

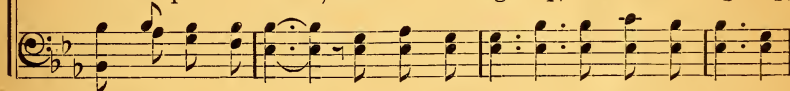
sus, my par-don is sure, For I'm saved in the blood of my Re-deem-er.



1. Mo-ment by mo-ment, mo-ment by mo - ment Je - sus is mine,
2. Mo-ment by mo-ment, mo-ment by moment, I'm rest-ing in Thee,
3. Mo-ment by mo-ment, mo-ment by moment, He keeps me from sin,
4. Just in a mo-ment, all in a moment, He sanc - ti - fied me,
5. Just in a mo-ment, one lit - tle moment, The last trump will sound,

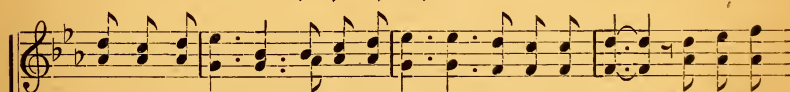
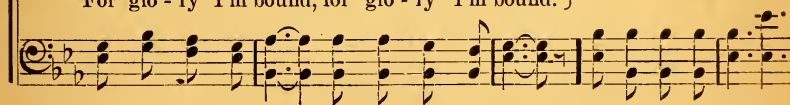


the Al - tar di - vine; Sanc - ti - fies whol - ly, fills me with glo - ry,  
I'm rest-ing in Thee; Sweet - ly con - fid-ing, in the Rock hid-ing,  
all ho - ly with-in; By faith I'm find-ing, each mo-ment find-ing  
He sanc - ti - fied me; Mo-ment by mo-ment, mo-ment by mo-ment  
the trumpet will sound; Then I'll be caught up, with Je-sus caught up,

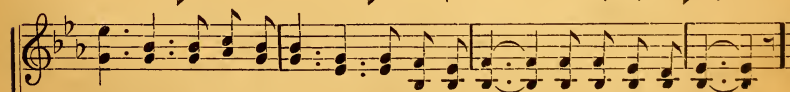
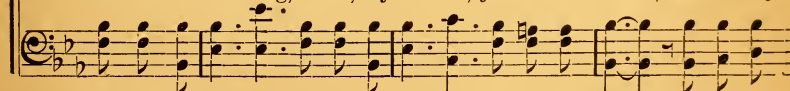


A - bid-ing in Him, the true liv - ing Vine.  
This moment I'm dwelling, dwelling in Thee.  
That Je - sus, my Sav - ior, saves from all sin.  
The fire is burn-ing, is burn-ing in me.  
For glo - ry I'm bound, for glo - ry I'm bound.

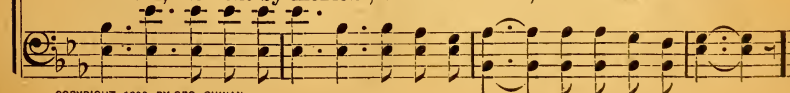
The blood is now cleansing,



this moment cleansing, Jesus, my Sav-ior, just now is mine; Moment by



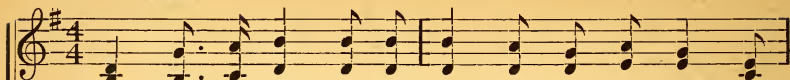
moment, moment by moment, Jesus is mine, The Al-tar di - vine.



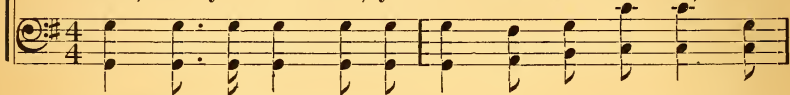
# No. 58. THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

L. M. B. BATEMAN.

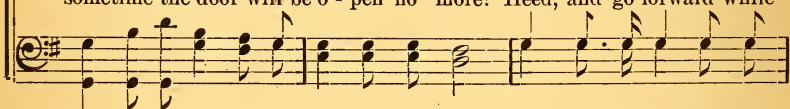
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



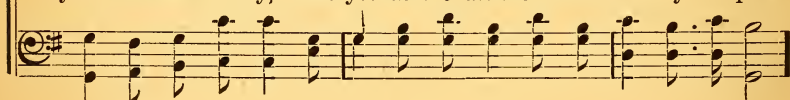
1. You who are called to the feast of the Bride-groom, Oh,
2. Come, you are called! have you heard not the mes - sage So
3. Come, 'tis for you He is wait - ing and plead - ing; Oh,
4. Hark, O ye i - dlers, ye scof - fers and scorn - ers, For



will you be fool-ish, or will you be wise? Will you be up with your  
oft - en re-peat-ed, and will you not heed? Look for the Mas-ter's fair  
hear how His love for you reached from the skies! Look how for you He has  
sometime the door will be o - pen no more! Heed, and go forward while



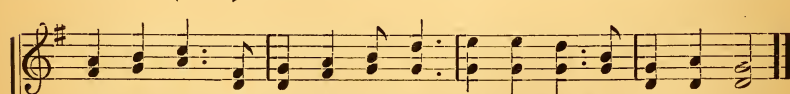
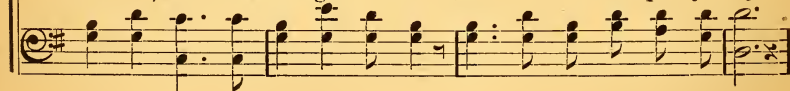
lamp trimmed and burning, Or yet will you tar-ry with slum-ber-ing eyes?  
gar-ments are read - y; A-bund-ance He hath, and so great is your need.  
lived and has suf-fered, —A-rose from the grave that you too might a - rise.  
yet there is mer - cy, Lest you at the last should but vain - ly im-plore.



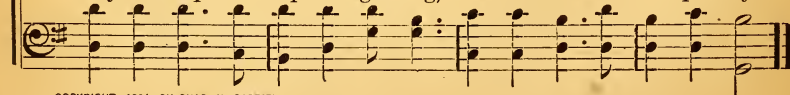
## CHORUS.



Haste! oh, haste! the Bridegroom cometh! Do not let Him pass you by.



Fill your lamps and keep them glowing, Watch and wait with sleepless eye.





CHARLES WESLEY.

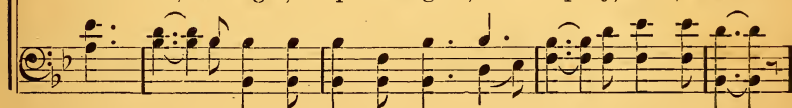
FREDERIC H. PEASE.



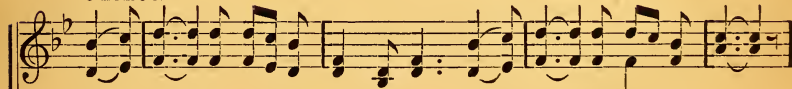
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine;



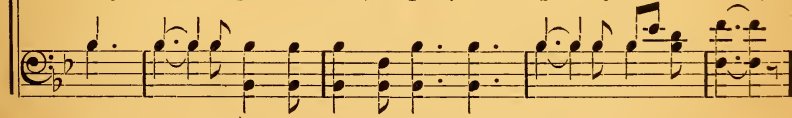
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.  
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a-lone.  
 Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.  
 Per - fect, and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.



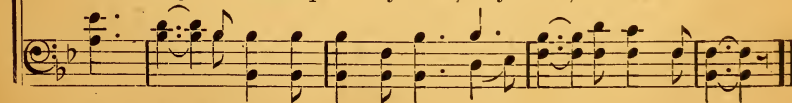
## CHORUS.



Thy na-ture, gracious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a - bove;



Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.



# No. 60. ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?

Rev. J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.



1. Are you walking in the light of the Savior? Does the way seem bright and
2. Are you walking in the light of the Savior? Does His blood cleanse you from
3. Are you walking in the light of the Savior? Are you glad you have this



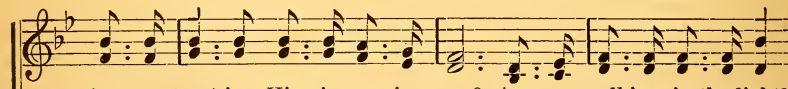
fair? Are you try-ing ev-'ry day to o-bey Him? Do you hope to  
sin? Are you liv-ing ev-'ry day for His glo-ry? Is your spir-it  
light? Will you cast your all upon Him, be-liev-ing He will keep you



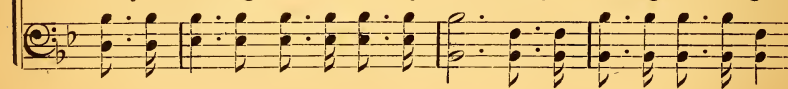
## CHORUS



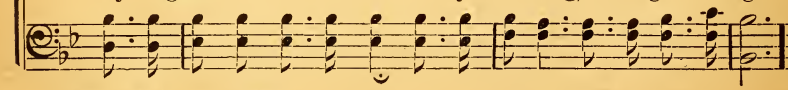
meet Him over there? }  
pu-ri-fied with-in? } Are you walking in the light? Are your garments clean and white?  
spot-less, pure and white? }



Are you trust-ing Him in ev-'ry care? Are you walking in the light?



Are your garments clean and white? Are you walking, walking in the light?

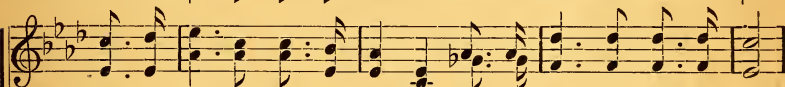
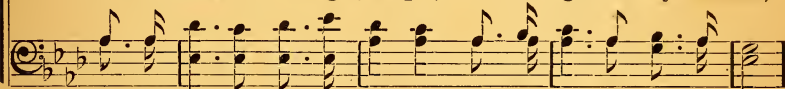




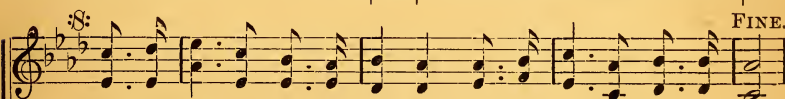
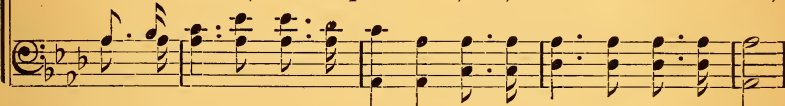
1. Once a - gain I want to hear it, Sto - ry sweet and sto - ry old;
2. Once a - gain the song as - cend - ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a - gain, oh, tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry yet to be,



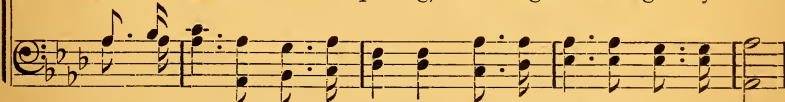
Sweet - er than the sweetest mu - sic, Rich - er far than gems and gold;  
 Let me feel that He is hear - ing! How I long His face to see!  
 O'er the walls of shin - ing jas - per, O'er the bright and crys - tal sea;



Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto - ry of the Sav - ior's love,  
 Mer - cy, mer - cy, like a fountain, Springing up and run - ning o'er,  
 I will list - en, I will praise Him, And, a - mid a world of care,

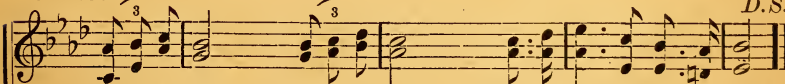


Known on earth, and known in glo - ry, Sweet be - low, and sweet a - bove.  
 Life and love for thirst - y mill - ions, Life and love for mill - ions more!  
 Bear the cross with - out re - pin - ing, Thinking of the glo - ry there!



*D.S.*—First on earth, and first in glo - ry, Still the best and still the same.

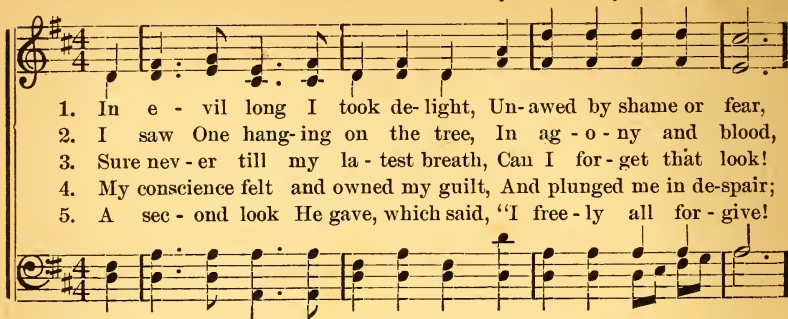
## CHORUS.



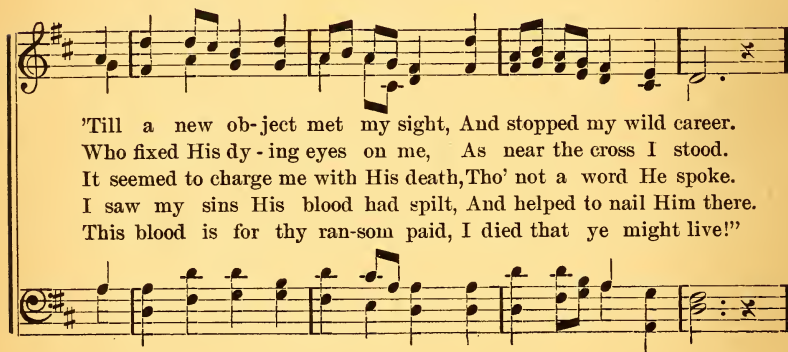
Tell it to me, tell it to me Once a - gain the old, old Name,



Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear,  
 2. I saw One hang-ing on the tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,  
 3. Sure nev - er till my la - test breath, Can I for-get that look!  
 4. My conscience felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me in de-spair;  
 5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give!

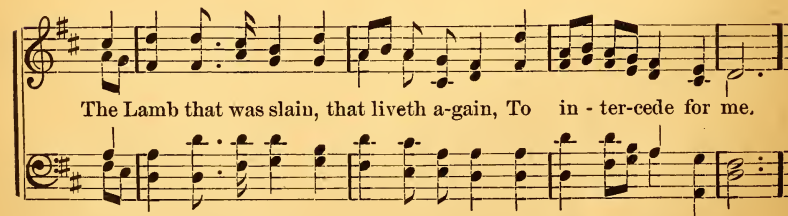


'Till a new ob-ject met my sight, And stopped my wild career.  
 Who fixed His dy - ing eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.  
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.  
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.  
 This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I died that ye might live!"

## CHORUS.



O the Lamb, the ris-en Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!  
 of Cal - va - ry!



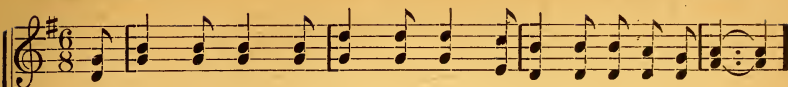
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth a-gain, To in - ter-cede for me.



# No. 63. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER.

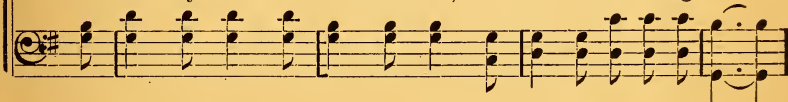
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; I feel like travel-ing on!
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; I feel like travel-ing on!
3. My Fa-ther's home is built on high; I feel like travel-ing on!
4. When from this earthly pris - on free, I feel like travel-ing on!



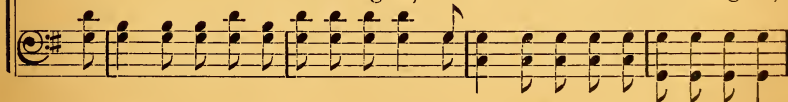
Nor pain nor death can en - ter there, I feel like travel-ing on.  
 That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine, I feel like travel-ing on.  
 Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky, I feel like travel-ing on.  
 That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be, I feel like travel-ing on.



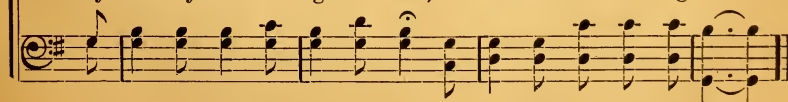
## CHORUS.



I feel like travel-ing on,..... I feel like travel-ing on,.....  
 trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on,

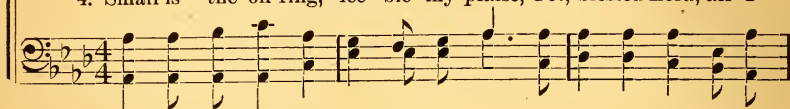


My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el - ing on.





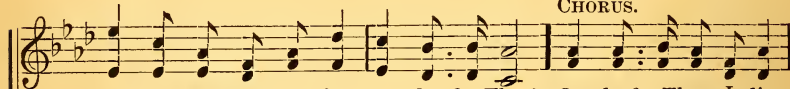
1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, great is Thy love, To give Thy life as a
2. No earth-ly pleas-ure tempteth my soul, All I de-sire, lo, is
3. Frail is the ves-sel, yet for Thy use, Filled with Thy spir-it, I
4. Small is the off'ring, fee-ble my praise, Yet, blessed Lord, all I



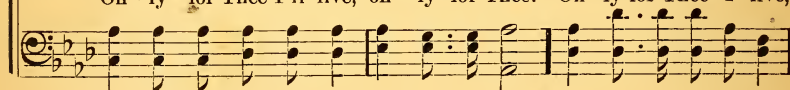
ran-som for me! Now for Thy serv-ice I hence-forth will live,  
hid-den in Thee! Naught but Thy presence can fill me with joy,  
dai-ly may be; Per-fect in weak-ness Thy strength shall be made,  
have is for Thee; 'Tis but Thine own, e'en the all that I give;



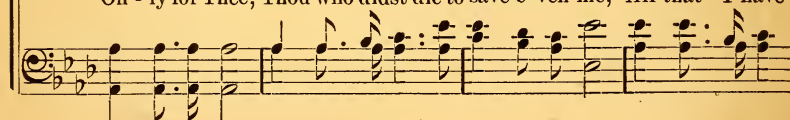
## CHORUS.



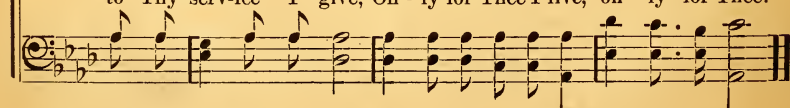
On-ly for Thee I'll live, on-ly for Thee! On-ly for Thee I live,



On-ly for Thee; Thou who didst die to save e-ven me; All that I have



to Thy serv-ice I give, On-ly for Thee I live, on-ly for Thee!

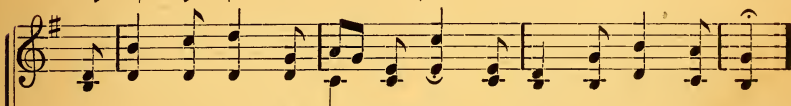


CHARLES WESLEY.

Dr. W. S. PITTS.



1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap - pear;
2. The glo - rious crown of righteousness To me reached out, I view;
3. With me, I feel, I know Thou art; But this can - not suf - fice,
4. Come, O my God, Thy - self re - veal, Fill all this might - y void;



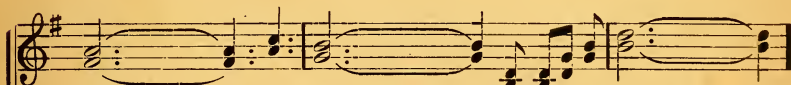
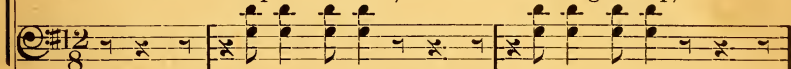
I, e - ven I, shall see His face, I shall be ho - ly here.  
 Con - q'ror thro' Him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.  
 Un - less Thou plant - est in my heart A con - stant Par - a - dise.  
 Thou on - ly canst my spir - it fill; Come, O my God, my God!



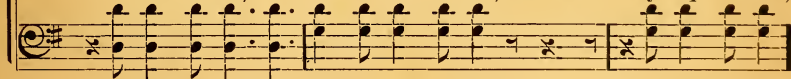
## CHORUS.



The promised land, ..... from Pisgah's top, ..... I now ex -  
 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,



ult. .... to see; ..... My hope is full, .....  
 I now ex - ult, I now ex - ult to see; My hope is full,



O glorious hope ..... of im - mor - tal - i - ty! .....  
 O glorious hope of im - mor - tal - i - ty! .....

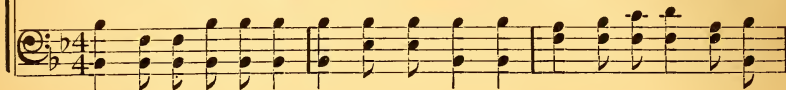


FANNY J. CROSBY.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the perishing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res - cue the perishing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy labor the



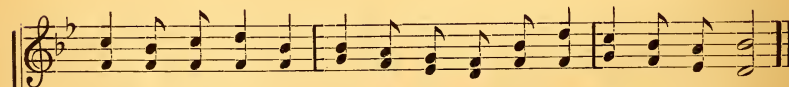
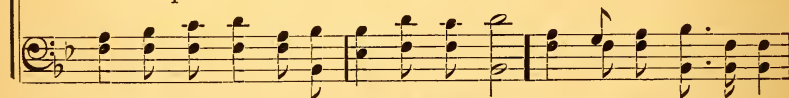
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;  
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



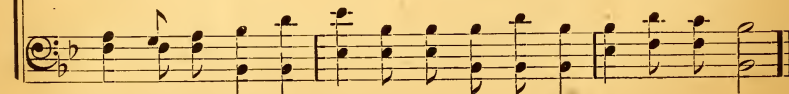
## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.  
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.






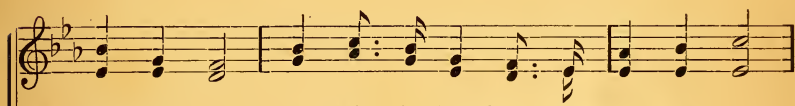
# No. 67. WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR.


E. S. LORENZ.



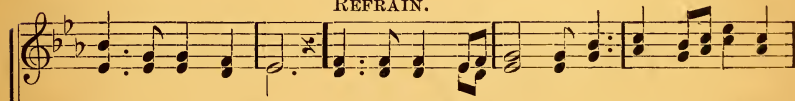
1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where His  
 2. Crownson the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied He who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both  
 4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding  
 5. End - less the sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de -  
 6. Lord, grant us all, we implore Thee, grace, So to a-wait Thee each




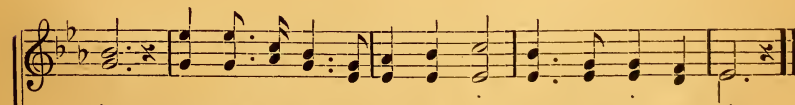
peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,  
 died for men; Splen-did the vi - sion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe; Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,  
 gar-ments dress'd; Ah! well for us, if we stand the test,  
 lud - ed men; Aw - ful that mo - ment be - yond all ken,  
 in his place, That we may fear not to see Thy face,



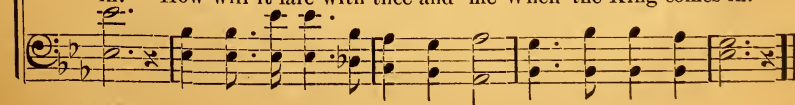
## REFRAIN.



When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

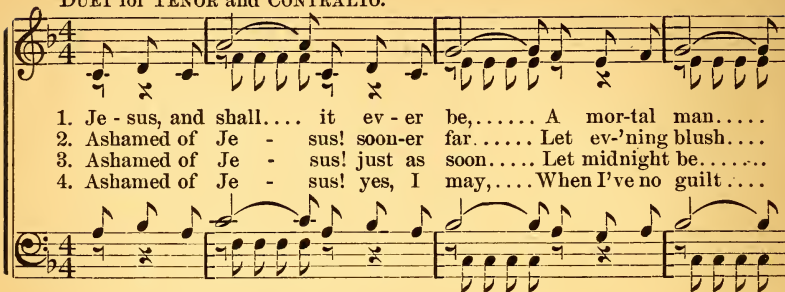


# No. 68. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

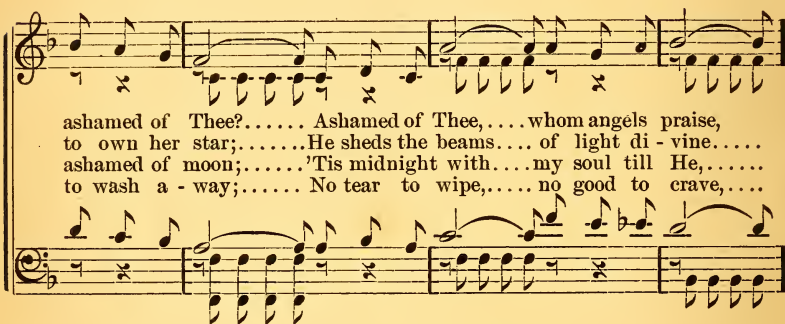
JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET for TENOR and CONTRALTO.

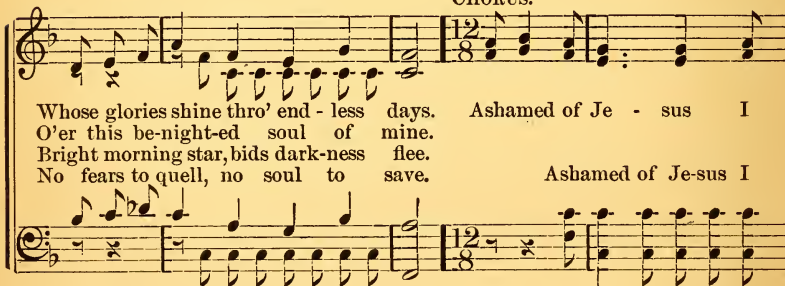


1. Je - sus, and shall.... it ev - er be,..... A mor-tal man....  
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far..... Let ev-'ning blush....  
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon..... Let midnight be.....  
 4. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may,.... When I've no guilt....

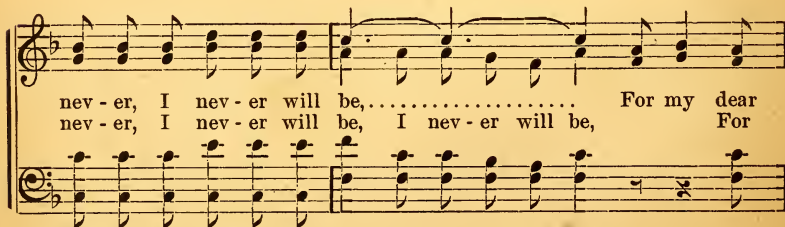


ashamed of Thee?..... Ashamed of Thee,.... whom angels praise,  
 to own her star;..... He sheds the beams.... of light di - vine....  
 ashamed of moon;..... 'Tis midnight with... my soul till He,.....  
 to wash a - way;..... No tear to wipe,.... no good to crave,....

## CHORUS.



Whose glories shine thro' end - less days. Ashamed of Je - sus I  
 O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
 Bright morning star, bids dark-ness flee.  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save. Ashamed of Je-sus I



nev - er, I nev - er will be,..... For my dear  
 nev - er, I nev - er will be, I nev - er will be, For

# Not Ashamed of Jesus.

Sav - ior is not ashamed of me;.....  
my dear Sav - ior is not ashamed, is not ashamed of me;

No, when I blush..... be this my shame,.....  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more re - vere His name.  
That I no more re - vere His name.

## No. 69.

## CROSS AND CROWN.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

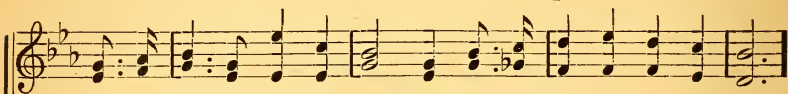
GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
3. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



1. I am trust-ing Je-sus on - ly, Noth-ing else have I be - side;
2. Je-sus on - ly! how I love Him, For I know He first loved me;
3. Je-sus on - ly! Lord and Sav - ior, Guide me with Thy watchful eye;



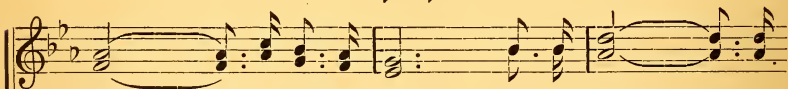
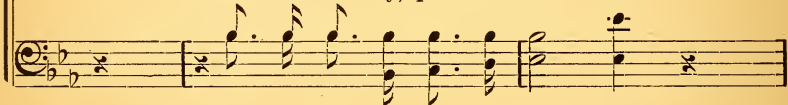
In His love my soul is rest - ing, With His peace is sat - is - fied.  
 Sweetest rest and com-fort gave me, From my sins He set me free.  
 Shelter from the storm a - round me, Be my help when danger's nigh.



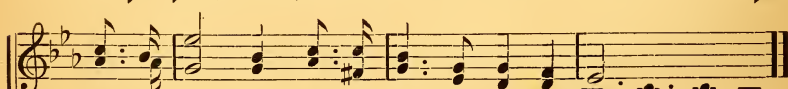
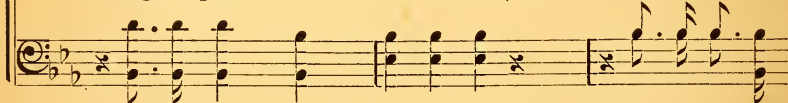
## CHORUS.



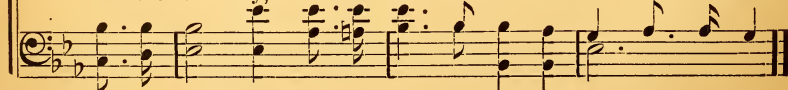
Je - sus on - - - ly, pre - cious Sav - ior! Sing His  
 Je - sus on - ly, pre - cious Sav - ior!



praise..... for-ev - er - more; I will trust..... in  
 Sing His praise for - ev - er - more; I will trust in



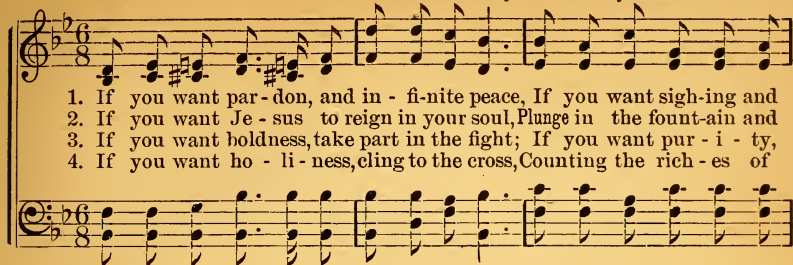
Je - sus on - ly, Till I reach the oth - er shore.  
 Je - sus on - ly, oth - er shore.



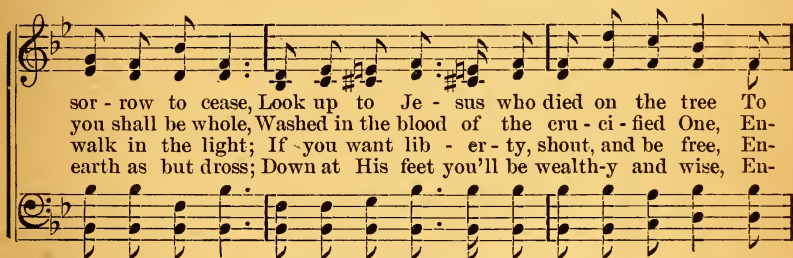


# No. 71. BENEATH THE SHADE OF THE CROSS.

Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.

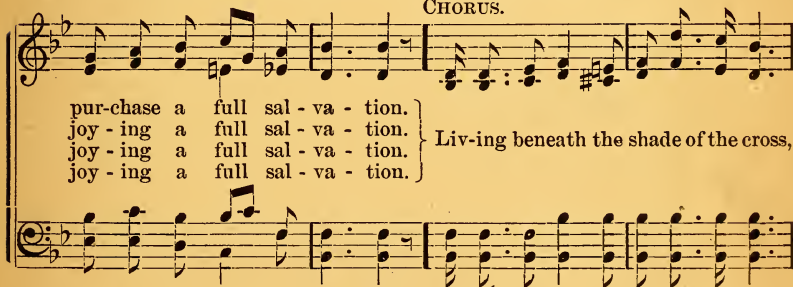


1. If you want par-don, and in - fi-nite peace, If you want sigh-ing and
2. If you want Je - sus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fount-ain and
3. If you want holdness, take part in the fight; If you want pur - i - ty,
4. If you want ho - li - ness, cling to the cross, Counting the rich - es of

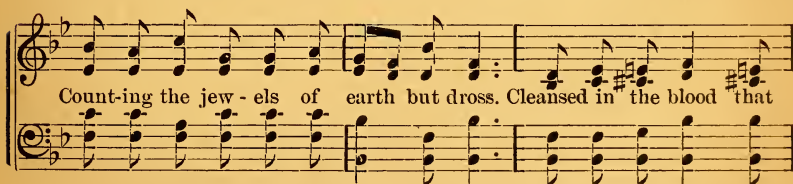


sor - row to cease, Look up to Je - sus who died on the tree To  
 you shall be whole, Washed in the blood of the cru - ci - fied One, En -  
 walk in the light; If - you want lib - er - ty, shout, and be free, En -  
 earth as but dross; Down at His feet you'll be wealth-y and wise, En -


## CHORUS.



pur-chase a full sal - va - tion.	} Liv-ing beneath the shade of the cross,
joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.	
joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.	
joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.	



Count-ing the jew - els of earth but dross. Cleansed in the blood that



flowed from His side, En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.

# No. 72. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, ... I know His
3. I'm now en-rap-tured at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the



*D.S.*—For I am on-ly wait-ing, now, To hear the



pared a place for me; That crowns of vic-to-ry He gives  
blood now speaks for me; I'm lis-tening for a wel-come voice,  
won-der at His love, That He from heav'n to earth was brought  
time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav'n-ly home



summons, "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing, now,

## FINE. CHORUS.



To those who would His chil-dren be.  
To say, "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!"  
To die, that I may live a-bove.  
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.

} Then ask me not to

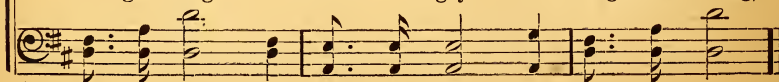


To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."

## *D. C.*



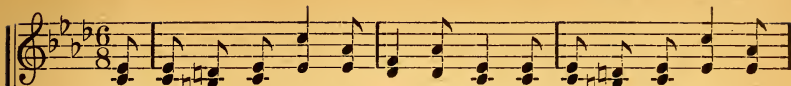
lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,



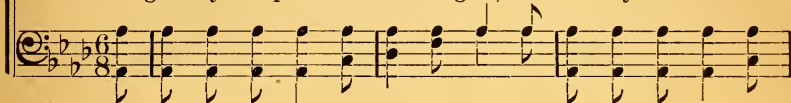
# No. 73. SINNERS ARE COMING HOME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



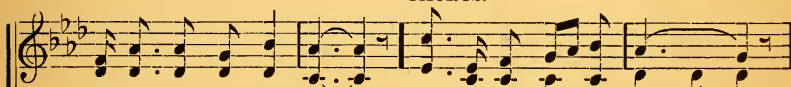
1. Let mountains and hills with joy re-sound, And ech - o the spa-cious
2. Was ev - er a song so full and sweet, Was ev - er a sto - ry
3. Let heav - en with hal - le - lu - jah's ring, And an - gels in joy - ous
4. All glo - ry and praise to Je - sus give, For all may a - bund - ant



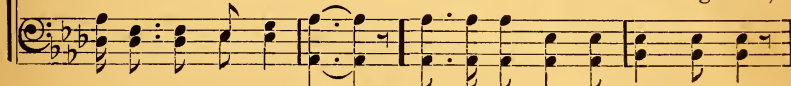
world a-round; The dead is a - live, the lost is found, And  
so com-plete As that of the blood-bought mer - cy seat When  
rap - ture sing The tri-umphs of Je - sus Christ the King, While  
grace re-ceive; A soul from the depths may look and live, For



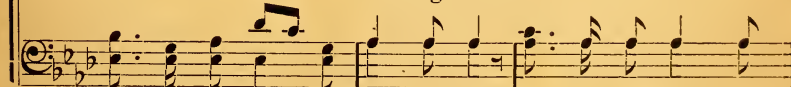
## CHORUS.



sin-ners are com - ing home. Sin-ners are com-ing home,.....  
com - ing home,



Sin - ners are com - ing home!..... Glo - ry we sing ° to  
com - ing home!



Je - sus our King, For sin-ners are com-ing home.....  
com - ing home.



# No. 74. HE LEADS AND GUIDES ME.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

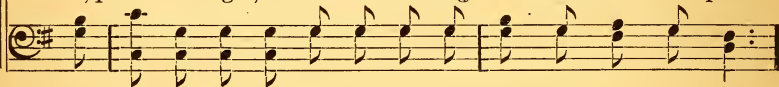
C. D. EMERSON.



1. { Within my breast is peace and rest, For Christ, the Lord, is mine— }  
     { I would not know which way to go With-out His will di - vine; }
2. { Within my breast is peace and rest, Tho' Sa - tan's bat - tles rage; }  
     { My Rock se - cure shall firm en - dure Thro' ev - 'ry clime and age,— }
3. { Within my breast is peace and rest The world can nev - er give; }  
     { His blood so free has purchased me—He died that I might live. }



What-e'er be-tide, I'll trust my Guide At noon, or night, or dawn;  
 And so I lean with trust se - rene Up - on His mer - cy broad,  
 Ob, precious thought, that Christ has wrought In us His work com - plete!



Thro' life's dark wild He'll lead His child, Will lead me safe - ly on.  
 I need not fear while He is near—My Sav - ior and my God.  
 What heights of love all else a - bove Could crown an act so sweet!



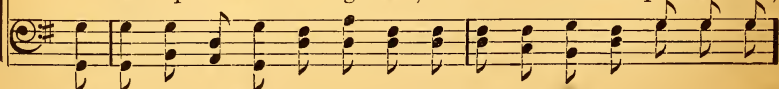
## CHORUS.



He leads and guides me where He will, By day or night is with me still;

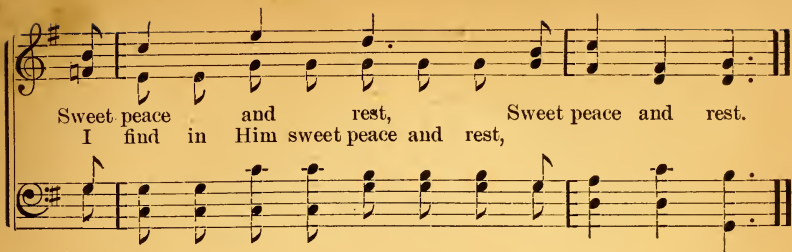


I lean up - on His lov - ing breast, And find in Him sweet peace and rest,





# He Leads and Guides Me.

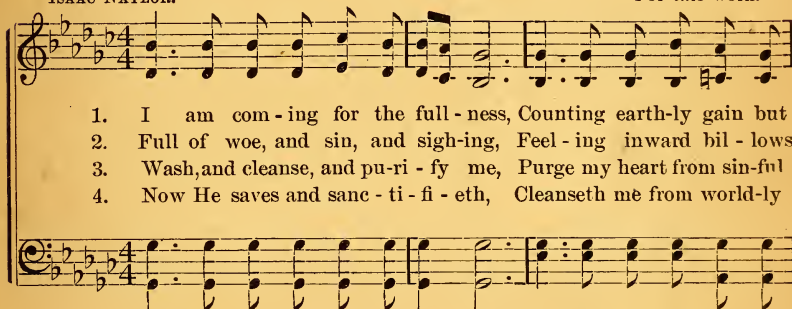


Sweet peace and rest, Sweet peace and rest.  
I find in Him sweet peace and rest,

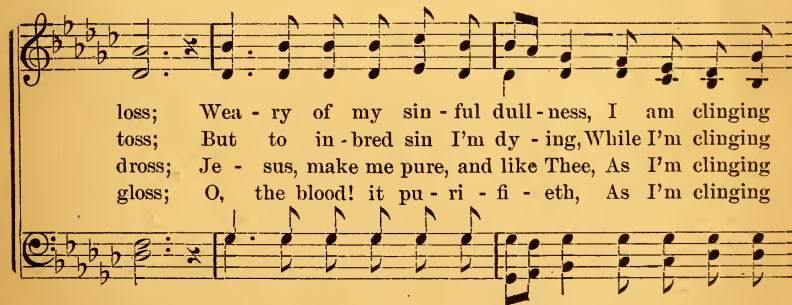
## No. 75. CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

For this work.

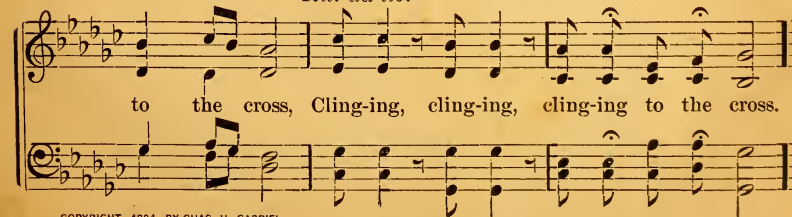


1. I am com-ing for the full-ness, Counting earth-ly gain but  
2. Full of woe, and sin, and sigh-ing, Feel-ing inward bil-lows  
3. Wash, and cleanse, and pu-ri-fy me, Purge my heart from sin-ful  
4. Now He saves and sanc-ti-fi-eth, Cleanseth me from world-ly



loss; Wea-ry of my sin-ful dull-ness, I am clinging  
toss; But to in-bred sin I'm dy-ing, While I'm clinging  
dross; Je-sus, make me pure, and like Thee, As I'm clinging  
gloss; O, the blood! it pu-ri-fi-eth, As I'm clinging

*Rit. ad lib.*



to the cross, Cling-ing, cling-ing, cling-ing to the cross.

# No. 76. WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



1. From E-gypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be-dient to our
2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ran-somed host at



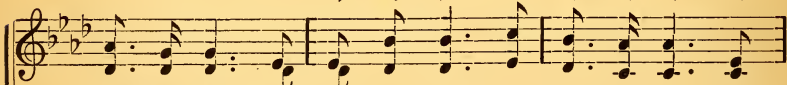
Lord's com-mand, And by His word and spir - it led, We're  
steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove His pre - sence here, The  
need sup - plies; He feeds our hun - gry faint - ing souls With  
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose  
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet From



## CHORUS.



on the way to Ca-naan's land!  
cloud by day, the fire by night!  
dai - ly man - na from the skies! } We're on the way, a  
pre - sence cheers us on the way.  
our dear Lord to Ca-naan's land! }



pil - grim band, We're on the way to Ca - naan's land; Di -



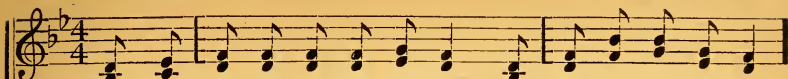
vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.





# No. 77. BEAR THE TORCH OF THE LORD.

WM. H. GARDNER.

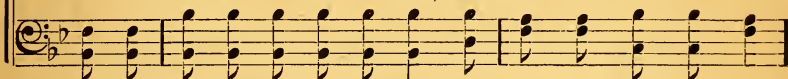
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There are lands now full of dark-ness—They know not of the light  
2. Who will go to tell the sto - ry To lands a - cross the sea?  
3. Who will wear the crown of glo - ry, A palm of vic-t'ry win?




That for all the world is shin - ing, To make each path - way bright.  
Who will bear the bless - ed tid - ings, And set the cap - tives free?  
Who will hast - en to the hea - then, To save them from all sin?



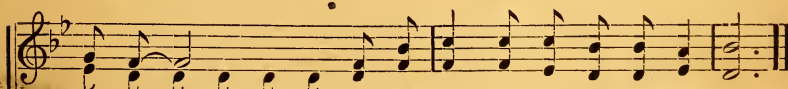
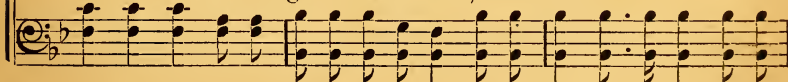
## CHORUS.




Bear the torch of the Lord thro' the dark-ness, Let the  
thro' the dark-ness,



light of God shine in;..... Tell them all of our dear lov - ing  
Let the light of God shine in;




Sav - ior, Who has come to re-deem them from sin.  
lov - ing Sav - ior,



Mrs. M. Bliss Willson.


WARREN W. BENTLEY.



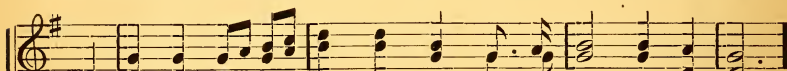
1. The Sav - ior called so lov - ing - ly — I am saved by His blood —  
 2. His lov - ing words came to my ear — I am saved by His blood —  
 3. He that be - liev - eth — hear the word — I am saved by His blood —



I heard His voice from Cal - va - ry — I am saved by His blood —  
 "Come un - to me" and do not fear — I am saved by His blood —  
 Hath life in Je - sus Christ our Lord — I am saved by His blood —



I won - dered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - er - y,  
 And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vile - ness, guilt and sin;  
 On Him thy load of sor - row roll, Be - fore Him lay thy sin - sick soul,



To be from sin and sor - row free — I am saved by His blood.  
 But as I came He let me in — I am saved by His blood.  
 And He will quick - ly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

## REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood;  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



# Saved by His Blood.



Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

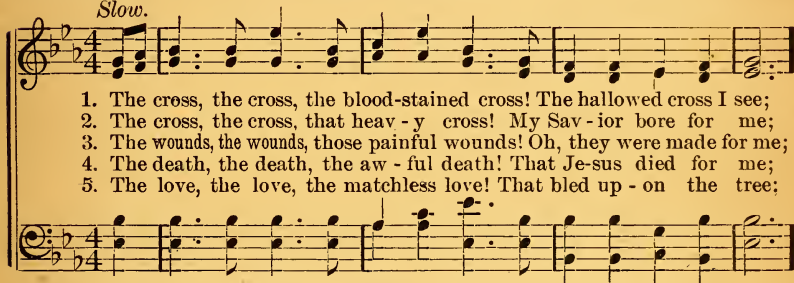
## No. 79.

## THE CROSS.

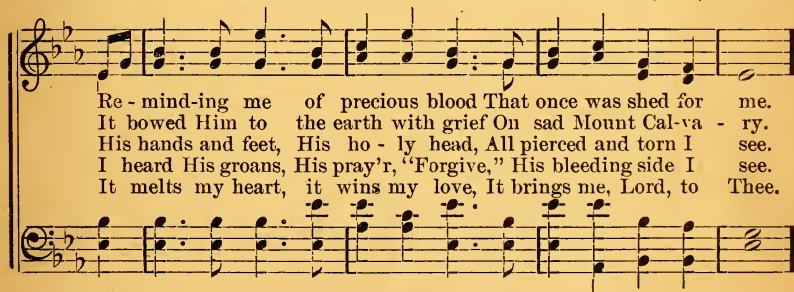
J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

*Slow.*

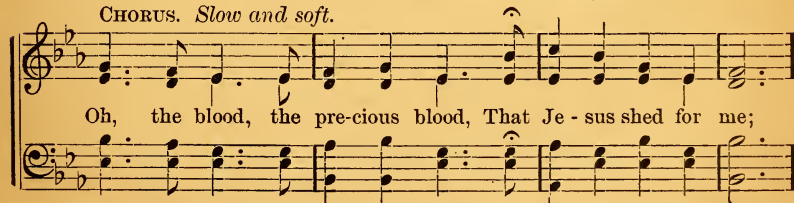


1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross! The hallowed cross I see;
2. The cross, the cross, that heav - y cross! My Sav - ior bore for me;
3. The wounds, the wounds, those painful wounds! Oh, they were made for me;
4. The death, the death, the aw - ful death! That Je - sus died for me;
5. The love, the love, the matchless love! That bled up - on the tree;



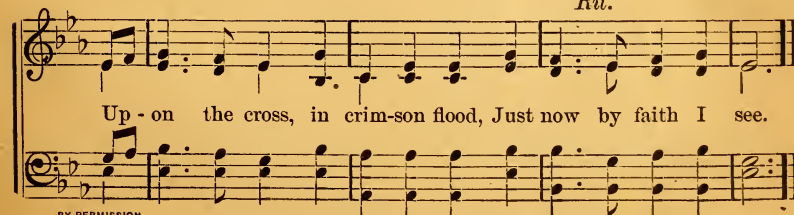
Re - mind - ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.  
 It bowed Him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.  
 His hands and feet, His ho - ly head, All pierced and torn I see.  
 I heard His groans, His pray'r, "Forgive," His bleeding side I see.  
 It melts my heart, it wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*



Oh, the blood, the pre - cious blood, That Je - sus shed for me;

*Rit.*



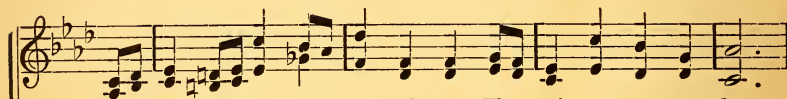
Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

FRANCIS ROUS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.



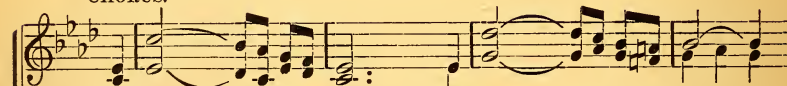
1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta - ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pre - sence of my foes;
5. Goodness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol - low me;



In pas - tures green: He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff they com - fort me;  
 My head Thou didst with oil an - oint And my cup o - ver - flows.  
 And in God's home for - ev - er - more My dwell-ing place shall be.



## CHORUS.



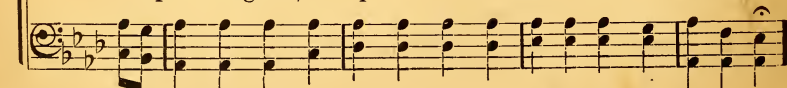
He lead - - eth me, He lead - - eth me;....  
 He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me,



He lead - eth me.....



In pas-tures green, thro' qui-et vales He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me.



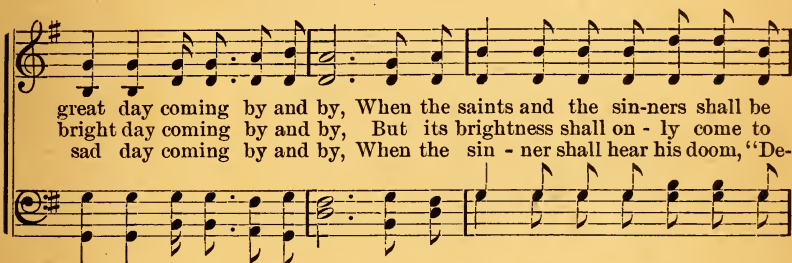
# No. 81. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

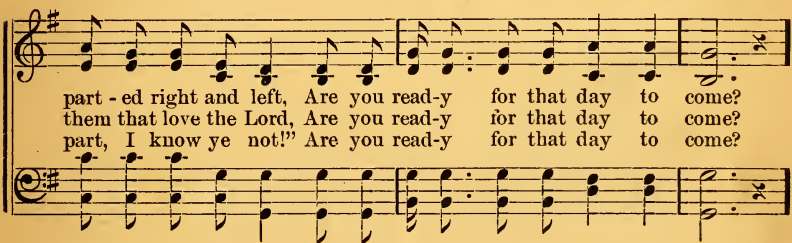
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

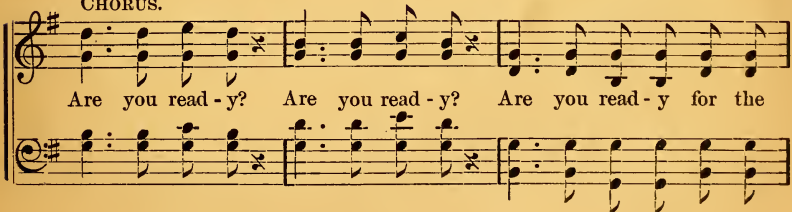


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to  
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

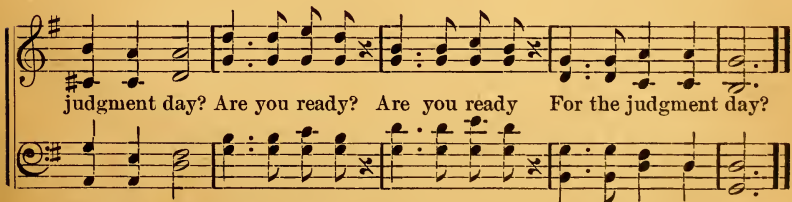


part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not!" Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.



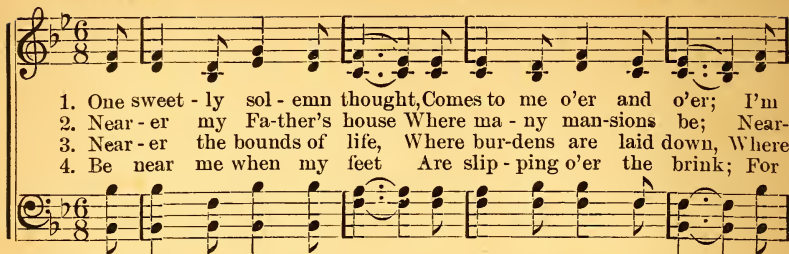
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the



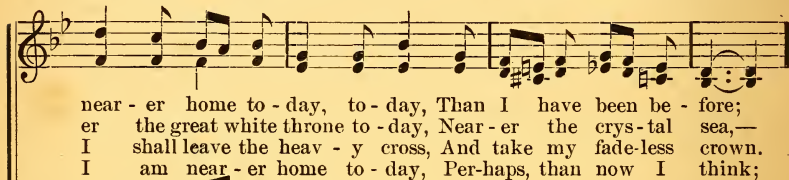
judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?

PHOEBE CAREY.

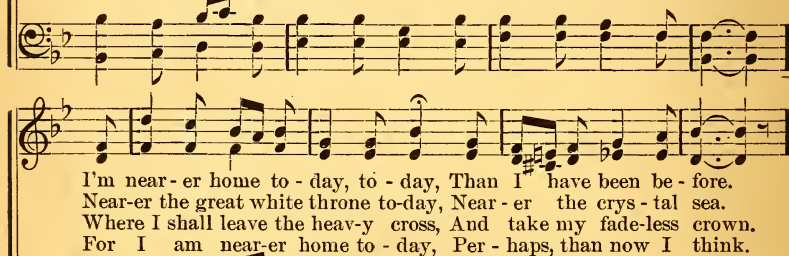
Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near -  
 3. Near - er the bounds of life, Where bur - dens are laid down, Where  
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For



near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore;  
 er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea,—  
 I shall leave the heav - y cross, And take my fade-less crown.  
 I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think;



I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.  
 Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
 Where I shall leave the heav - y cross, And take my fade-less crown.  
 For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.

## CHORUS.



Near - er my home,..... Near - er my home  
 Nearer my home, I'm nearer my home, Nearer my heav'nly home to - day;



I'm near - er my home,..... Than ev - er I've been be - fore.  
 I'm nearer my home, my heav'nly home,

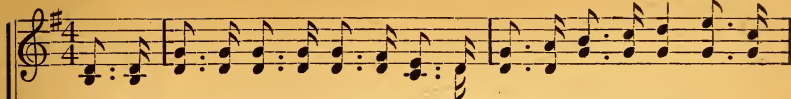


# No. 83.

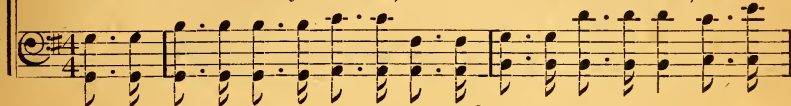
# SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

E. S. L.

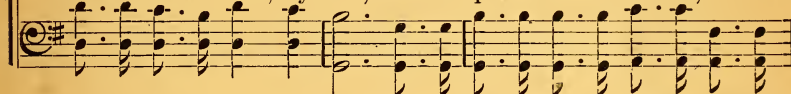
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



1. I am walking with the Savior in the bless-ed nar-row way, I am
2. In my grief He's con-so-la-tion, in my tri-als He's my stay, I am
3. When I fal-ter in my weakness, on His arm He bids me lean, I am



sat-is-fied with Christ, my Lord; Once my soul was in the darkness: now has  
sat-is-fied with Christ, my Lord; With His ten-der arms around me I can  
sat-is-fied with Christ, my Lord; When temptations overwhelm me, with His



*D.S.*—nev - er will for-sake me, but will  
FINE.



dawned the gold - en day, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.  
nev - er know dis-may, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.  
blood He makes me clean, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.



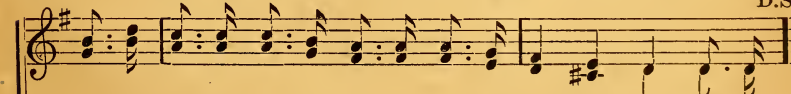
ev - er be my guide, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.  
CHORUS



I am sat - is-fied, yes, I am sat - is - fied,  
I am sat - is-fied with Je - sus, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus,



*D.S.*



I am sat - is - fied to walk with Him the long, long way, For He

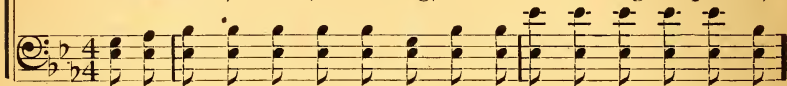


MRS. IDA M. BUDD.

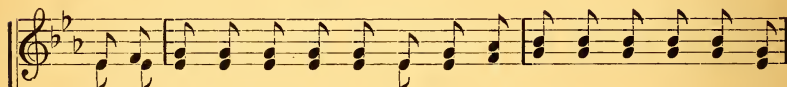
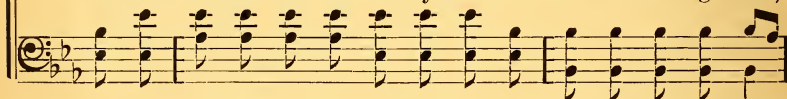
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In the dawn-ing of the morning, when the crystal dew is shin-ing,
2. In the sul-try hour of noon-day, when the hearts and hands are weary
3. In the qui - et hush of ev-'ning, when we're free from care and la-bor,
4. Then at dawn, or noon, or ev-'ning, we will ev - er sing His prais-es,



And the birds their joy-ous mat-ins pour up - on the fra-grant air,  
 With the toil-ing, and the bur-den, and the fer-vent sum-mer heat,  
 When the gold - en sun is sink-ing in his pur-ple cloud-y sea,  
 And His love shall be our sto - ry and our ev - er - last-ing theme,



We will praise our lov-ing Fa-ther who has shown a - new His mer-cy,  
 We will praise Him for His promise of a rest in heav'n re-main-ing,  
 We will of - fer our thanksgiving to the Giv - er of all bless-ings,  
 Till a-mong the just, made per-fect, we shall join the hap - py cho - rus



And thro' all the hours of darkness still has kept us in His care.  
 And of past-ures where a Shepherd kind shall lead our will-ing feet.  
 Praising Him for bless-ed free-dom wherein Christ has made us free.  
 The tri - umph-ant hosts are sing-ing on the banks of Jordan's stream.



# Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, . . . . . oh, praise the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with-  
Praise the Lord, praise Him, O my soul, And all that is with-

in me, bless His ho - ly name; Praise the Lord, . . . . . Oh, praise the  
in me, bless His ho-ly name; Praise the Lord,

Lord, O my soul, And all that is within me, praise His ho - ly name.  
praise Him, O my soul, And all that is within me, praise His ho-ly name.

## No. 85. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

Key of F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

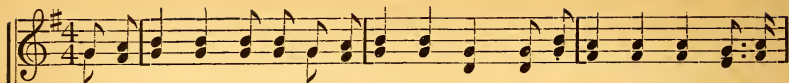
## No. 86. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Tune:-WEBB.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

I. B.

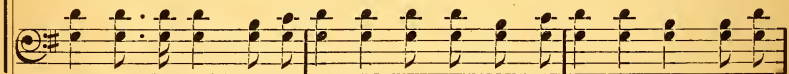
Rev. Is. BALTZELL.



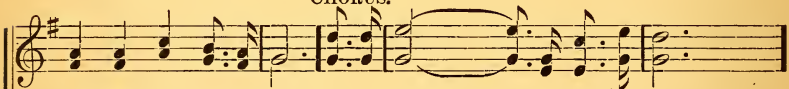
1. I have found redemption in the Savior's blood, I am saved by faith in His
2. Oh, how sweet the story of His wondrous grace, I am saved by faith in His
3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in His
4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a-long, I am saved by faith in His



blood, in His blood; I am sweetly trust-ing in the word of God, I am  
 blood, in His blood; I will trust in Je - sus while I run my race, I am  
 blood, in His blood; I will trust His promise, on His strength re ly, I am  
 blood, in His blood; In my home in glo - ry this shall be my song, I am



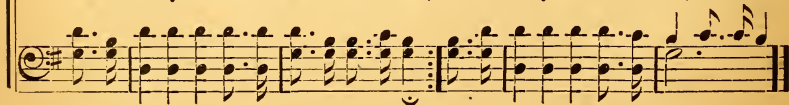
## CHORUS.



saved by faith in His blood. I am saved, . . . . . yes, sweetly saved,  
 I am saved, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved,



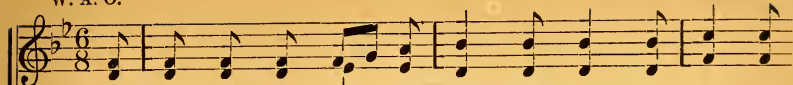
I am saved by faith in the blood He shed for me, I am saved by faith in His blood, in His blood.






W. A. O.


W. A. OGDEN.



1. A fount-ain of life is o - pened wide; It flows, to  
 2. Its wa - ters a - bund-ant are, and pure! For sin and  
 3. Its wa - ters you free - ly may re - ceive, If you will




sin - ners, a cleans - ing tide; Its wa - ters are free, it  
 sor - row a per - fect cure; The lame and the blind may  
 on - ly on Christ be lieve; O broth - er, I pray you




flows for me, And I may drink and be sat - is - fied.  
 heal - ing find, And who - so drink - eth shall thirst no more.  
 come to - day, And take the wa - ter that Christ will give.

## CHORUS.



Oh! that fount-ain flow - ing free, Burst-ing forth from Cal - va - ry,



Where the guilt-y soul may flee, And drink of the cleans-ing tide.



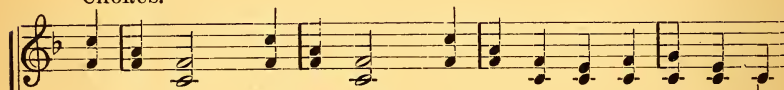
1. Yes, I will bless Thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleet-ing days,
2. Nor shall my tongue a-lone proclaim, The hon-ors of my God;
3. Nor will I cease Thy praise to sing, When death shall close my eyes;



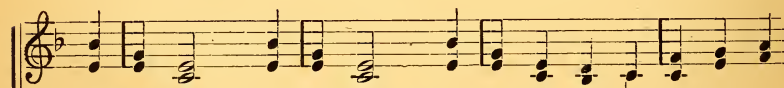
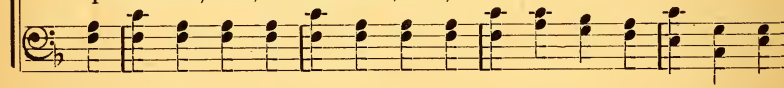
And to e-ter-ni-ty pro-long Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.  
 My life, with all its act-ive pow'rs Shall spread Thy praise a-broad.  
 My tho'ts shall then to no-bler heights, And sweet-er rapt-ures rise.



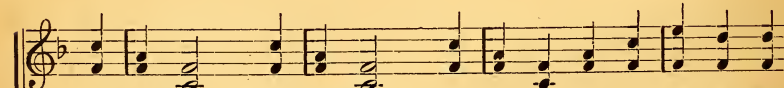
## CHORUS.



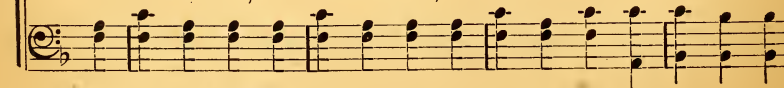
I'll praise Thee, I'll bless Thee, I'll tell Thy hon-ors all a-broad,  
 I'll praise Thee, Lord, I'll bless Thee, Lord,



I'll own Thee, I'll serve Thee, My great Re-deem-er, and my God.  
 I'll own Thee, Lord, I'll serve Thee, Lord,



Thy prais-es, Thy blessings, I'll tell to all the world a-round,  
 Lord, Lord,



# Perpetual Praise.

That na - tions in dark - ness May hear the joy - ful sound.  
long veiled

## No. 90. THE BOOK OF LIFE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. If my poor name be writ - ten With - in the book of life,  
2. Oh, let my name be writ - ten, With - in that bless - ed book;  
3. Dear Lord, by ear - nest striv - ing, I wait to do Thy will;

How calm - ly will I suf - fer All sor - row, pain and strife;  
In mer - cy gra - cious Sav - ior, Up - on Thy serv - ant look,  
By prayer and sup - pli - ca - tion, Thy pur - pose to ful - fill.

Let fear from ev - 'ry re - gion, En - com - pass me a - round,  
Who dai - ly mourns in sor - row, The ten - den - cy to stray  
I heed not, tho' Thou lead me Thro' sor - row, pain, and strife,

If my poor name be on - ly Up - on its pag - es found.  
From Thee, Thou bless - ed Sav - ior, The Life, the Truth, the Way.  
If my poor name be writ - ten With - in the book of life.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Keep me near Thee night and day;  
 2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Grant me this, my heart's de - sire;

Hold my hand in Thine, dear Sav-ior, For I need Thee all the way.  
 Speak, oh, speak to me, dear Sav-ior, And my faint-ing soul in - spire.

Ma - ny are the hid-den dan-gers, And the pit-falls are un-known;  
 Let me feel the gen-tle pres-sure Of Thy hand, when danger's near;

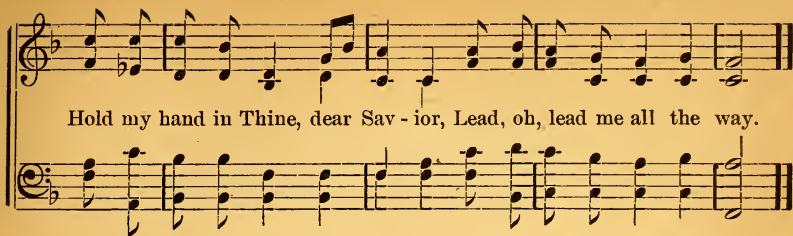
Hold my hand and lead me, Sav-ior, For I dare not go a - lone.  
 Lead me in - to light e - ter - nal, —Lead me, O my Sav - ior dear.

## CHORUS.

Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, Nev - er let me from Thee stray:



## Near to Thee.

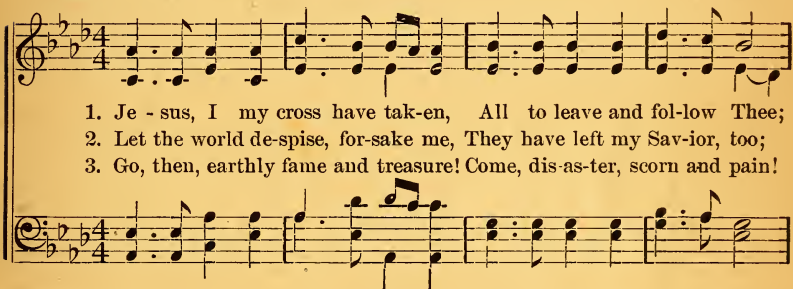


Hold my hand in Thine, dear Sav - ior, Lead, oh, lead me all the way.

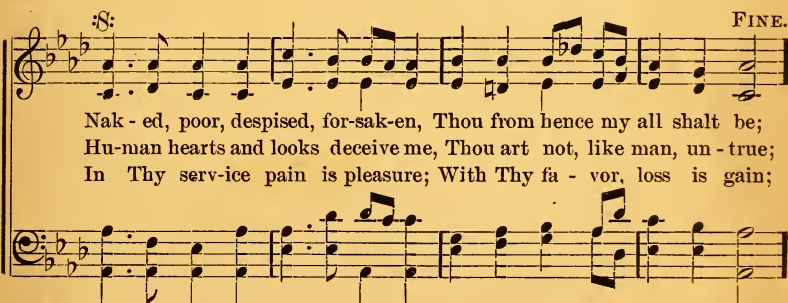
## No. 92. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE.

MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise, for-sake me, They have left my Sav-ior, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, dis-as-ter, scorn and pain!

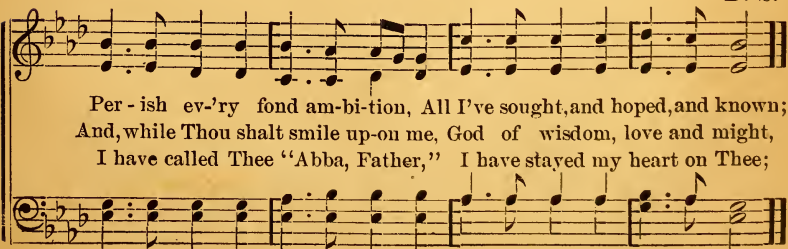


FINE.

Nak - ed, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;  
 Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;  
 In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain;

*D.S.*—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.  
 Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

*D. S.*




Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
 And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love and might,  
 I have called Thee "Abba, Father," I have stayed my heart on Thee;

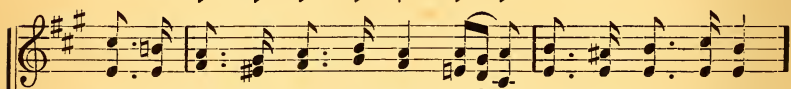
# No. 93. SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

RALPH WARDLOW.


H. A. HENRY.




1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy;  
2. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;



Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.  
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.




Fountain of o'er-flow - ing grace, Free-ly from Thy full - ness give;  
When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll,



Till I close my earth - ly race, May I prove it "Christ to live!"  
Death's dark stream shall nev-er - more Part from Thee my rav-ish-ed soul.

## CHORUS.



Thou art the source of ev - 'ry blessing,  
Thou art the source..... of ev - 'ry bless - - - ing,

# Source of Every Blessing.

Thou art the light of life to me;  
 Thou art the light..... of life to me;.....

All<sup>3</sup> my sins..... to Thee con-fess - - ing,  
 yea, all my sins to Thee con-fess-ing,

*Rit.*

Yea, Thou wilt cleanse and par-don me.....  
 Thou wilt cleanse..... and par-don me, and pardon me.

**No. 94.**

## DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?  
 Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }

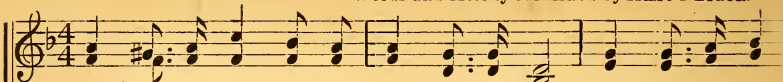
2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;  
 Would not harken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }

3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment;  
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

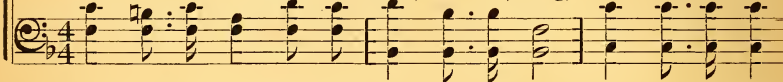
REFRAIN.

{ God is love, I know, I feel; } Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.  
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; }

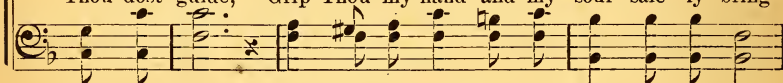
Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



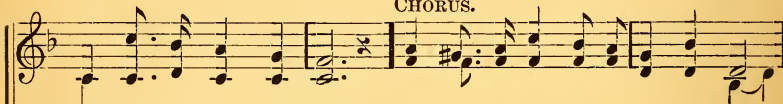
1. Lead me, dear Sav - ior, Thou Fountain of Light, Lead me, that I
2. Lead me to do Thy most right - eous will, As an - gels do
3. Lead me, dear Sav - ior, more close - ly to Thee, Help me to work,
4. Lead me in sick - ness, tempt - a - tion and care, Lead me in sor -
5. Lead Thou me on where Thou wilt, Sav - ior, King, So that I know



may not fall; Guide me and help me to walk in the right,  
 it a - bove; Help me with joy Thy com - mands to ful - fill,  
 watch and pray; Give me more light, so Thy - self I may see  
 row's lone hour; Help me my troub - les and cross - es to bear,  
 Thou dost guide; Grip Thou my hand and my soul safe - ly bring

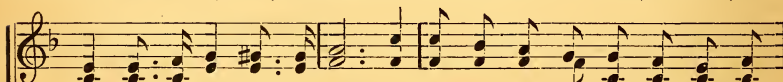
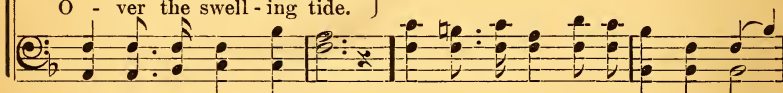


## CHORUS.

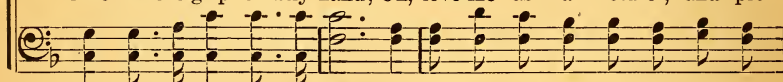


Thou who art all in all.  
 Filled with Thy per - fect love.  
 More clear - ly, day by day.  
 By Thy vic - to - rious pow'r.  
 O - ver the swell - ing tide.

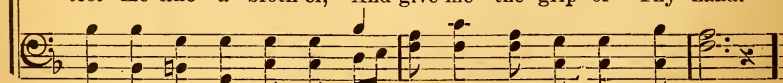
Give me the grip of Thy hand, my Lord,



Give me the grip of Thy hand; Oh, love me as a moth - er, and pro -



tect me like a broth - er, And give me the grip of Thy hand.

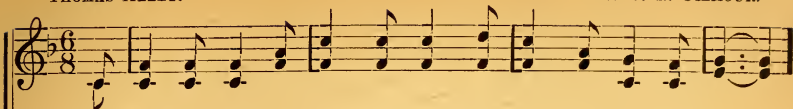




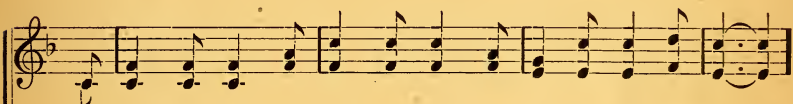
# No. 96. KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

THOMAS KELLY.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



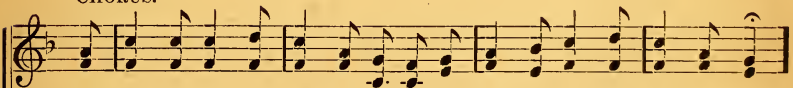
1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glory now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af-fords Is to one Je - sus giv'n;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;



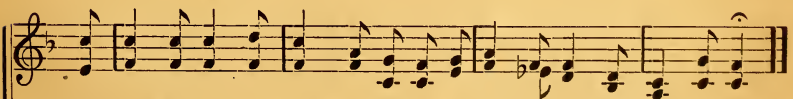
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow!  
The King of kings and Lord of lords—He reigns o'er earth and heav'n!  
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.  
Their name, an ev - ev - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.  
Their ev - er - last - ing joy to know The myst'ry of His love.



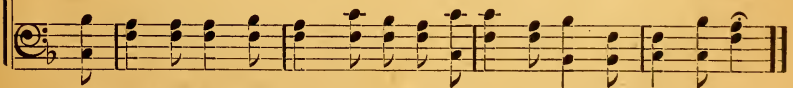
## CHORUS.



He's King of kings, Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! He's Lord of lords, Oh, praise His name!



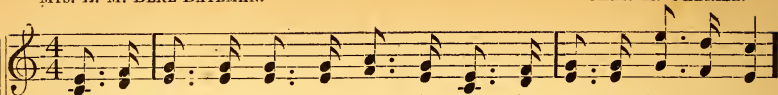
The Lamb of God, who brought salvation, Endured the cross with all its shame.



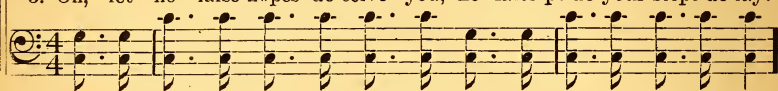
# No. 97. HE LEAVES IT ALL WITH THEE.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

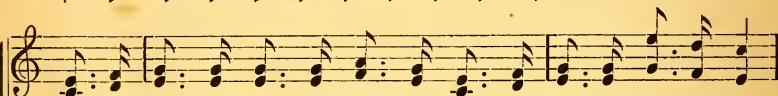
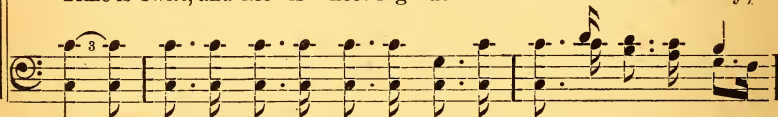
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



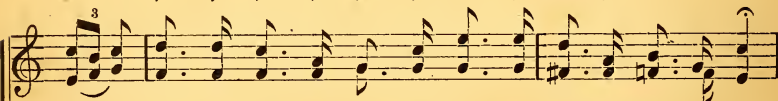
1. Will you come and taste the fount-ain with its wa - ter flow-ing free?
2. Will you come? 'tis Je - sus call - eth! shall He still en-treat in vain?
3. Oh, let no false hopes de-ceive you, no false pride your steps de-lay!



Ho! ye thirst-y ones who per-ish, He has left it all with thee;  
Still for you be in - ter - ced-ing by His sor-row and His pain?  
Time is swift, and life is fleet-ing—do not waste an - oth - er day;



He who will, the in - vi - ta - tion is for one and all the same,  
Shall His tri-umph o'er tempt-a - tion, o - ver death for you be lost?  
He has made the path - way per - fect, He has made sal - va-tion free,



Life for you, and life e - ter - nal, in the bless-ed Sav-ior's name.  
Will you throw a-way the ran - som He has paid at such a cost?  
He has sent His in - vi - ta - tion—now He leaves it all with thee.



## CHORUS



Will you come..... and taste sal - va - tion?

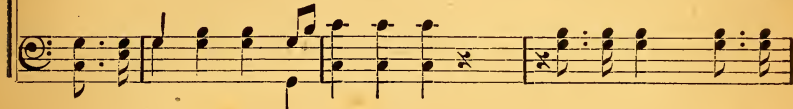
Will you come, will you come and taste sal - va - tion?



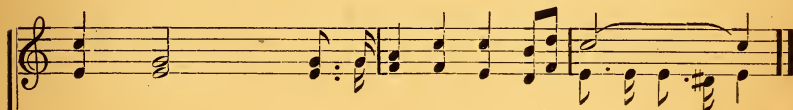
# He Leaves It All With Thee.



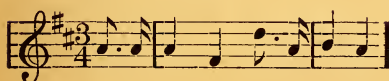
For the fountain flow-eth free,..... 'Tis a won - - drous in - vi -  
flow-eth free, 'Tis a won - drous, a



ta - tion, And He leaves it all with thee.....  
wondrous in - vi-ta - tion, He leaves it all with thee.



## No. 98. ZION.



1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land,  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and  
shield

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me thro' the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

## No. 99. OLIVET.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

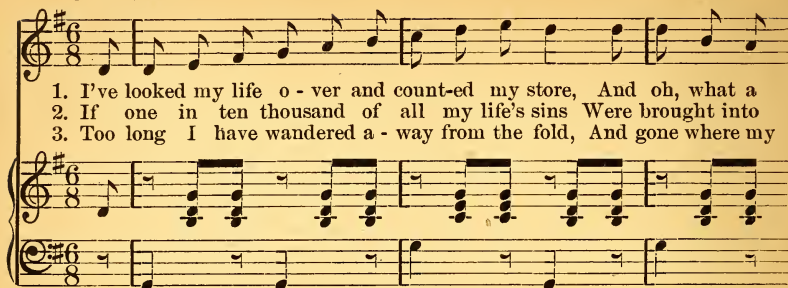
2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm and changeless be,  
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

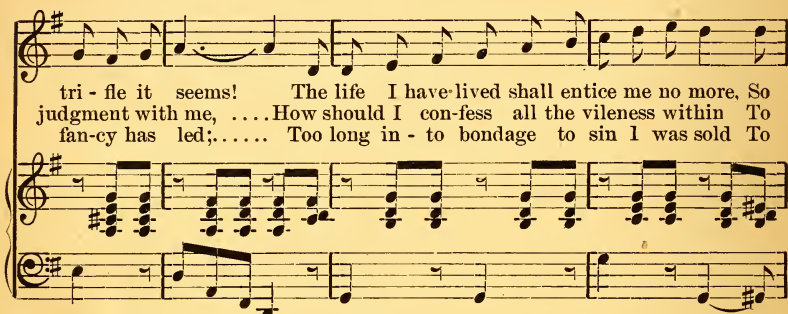
# No. 100. JESUS, THE LIFE-BOAT.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

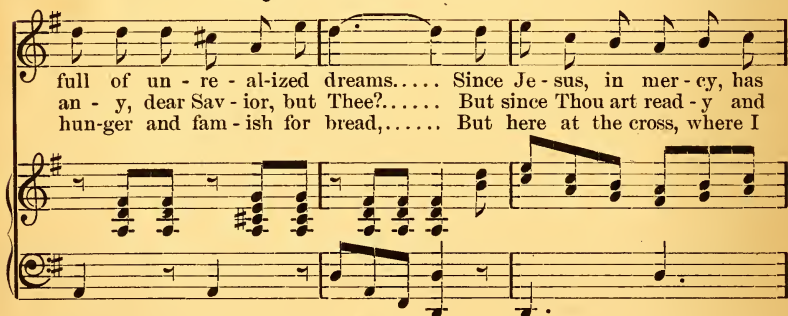
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



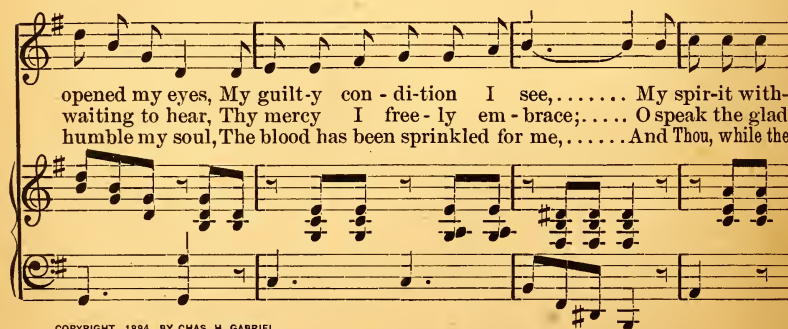
1. I've looked my life o - ver and count-ed my store, And oh, what a  
 2. If one in ten thousand of all my life's sins Were brought into  
 3. Too long I have wandered a - way from the fold, And gone where my



tri - fle it seems! The life I have-lived shall entice me no more, So  
 judgment with me, .... How should I con-fess all the vileness within To  
 fan-cy has led;..... Too long in - to bondage to sin I was sold To



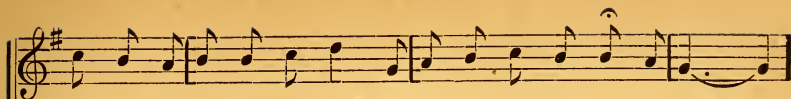
full of un - re - al-ized dreams..... Since Je - sus, in mer - cy, has  
 an - y, dear Sav - ior, but Thee?..... But since Thou art read - y and  
 hun-ger and fam-ish for bread,..... But here at the cross, where I



opened my eyes, My guilt-y con - di-tion I see,..... My spir-it with-  
 waiting to hear, Thy mercy I free - ly em - brace;..... O speak the glad  
 humble my soul, The blood has been sprinkled for me,..... And Thou, while the



# Jesus, the Life-Boat.



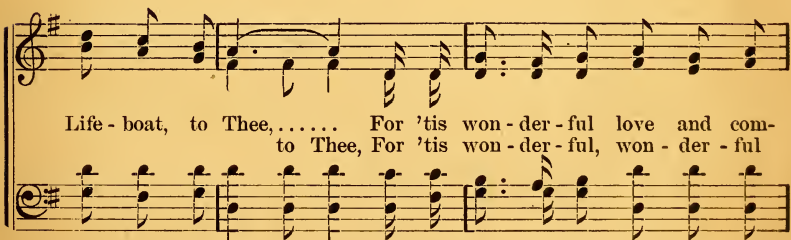
in me in bit-ter-ness cries—Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy on me!.....  
 ti-dings and ban-ish my fear, And make me a child of Thy grace.  
 years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, For-ev-er my por-tion shall be.....



## CHORUS.



I will leave the old ship that is strand-ed, And cling, bless-ed



Life-boat, to Thee,..... For 'tis won-der-ful love and com-  
 to Thee, For 'tis won-der-ful, won-der-ful

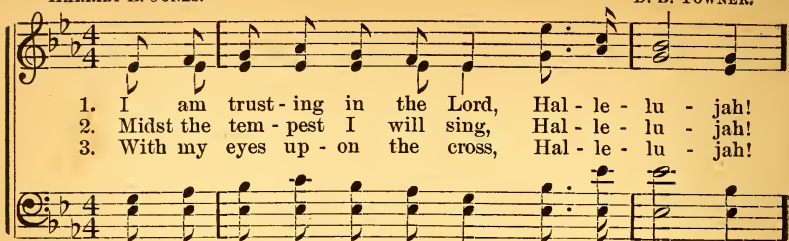


pas-sion That saves a lost sin-ner like me.  
 love and com-pas-sion

# No. 101. TRUSTING JESUS. HALLELUJAH!

HARRIET E. JONES.

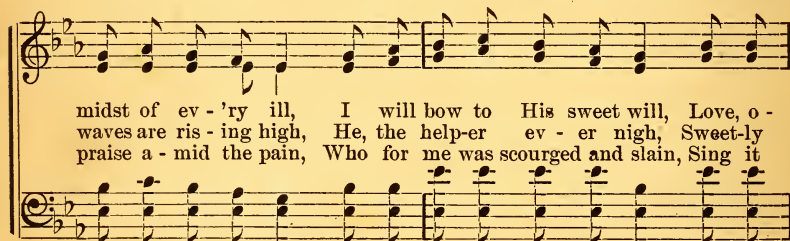
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I am trust-ing in the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 2. Midst the tem-pest I will sing, Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 3. With my eyes up-on the cross, Hal-le-lu-jah!



I be-lieve His ev-'ry word. Hal-le-lu-jah! In the  
 Ev-er trust-ing in my King. Hal-le-lu-jah! When the  
 I can bear the earth-ly loss. Hal-le-lu-jah! Sing His



midst of ev-'ry ill, I will bow to His sweet will, Love, o-  
 waves are ris-ing high, He, the help-er ev-er night, Sweet-ly  
 praise a-mid the pain, Who for me was scourged and slain, Sing it



CHORUS.  
 bey and trust Him still, Hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 whispers, "It is I." Hal-le-lu-jah! } I am trust-ing, I am  
 o'er and o'er a-gain, Hal-le-lu-jah! }



trust-ing, trusting, all a-long the wea-ry way, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am

# Trusting Jesus. Hallelujah!

trust - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sweet-ly trust-ing Je - sus day by day.

## No. 102.

## ALL HAIL THE POWER.

E. PERRONET.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Crown Him, crown Him! All  
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, Crown Him, crown Him! Bring

2. { Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Crown Him, crown Him! Ye  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, Crown Him, crown Him! Hail

3. { Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, Crown Him, crown Him! Let  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, Crown Him, crown Him! To

hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
chos - en seed of Is - rael's race Ye ran - somed from the fall,  
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.

### CHORUS.

Crown Him, crown Him, King of kings, and Lord of lords! Crown Him Lord of all.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers  
 2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus, Souls that are  
 3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes - sage re -  
 weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal -  
 Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint and rais - ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.  
 va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.  
 fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.


## CHORUS.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,  
 Go - ing a - far..... up on the mount - ain,

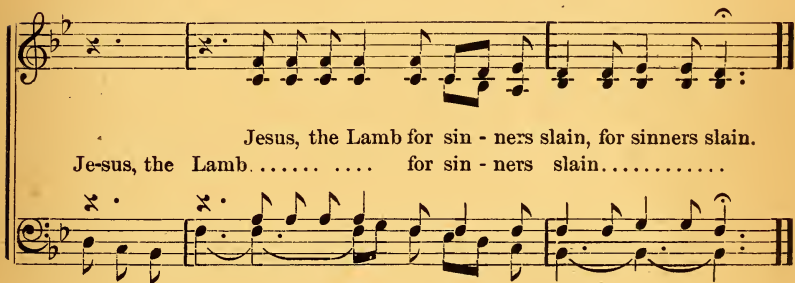
Bring - ing the wan - d'r'er back a - gain, back a - gain.  
 Bring - ing the wan - d'r'er back a - gain.....



# Seeking the Lost.



In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,  
In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem - er,.....



Jesus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sinners slain.  
Je-sus, the Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

## No. 104. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

## No. 105. COME, YE SINNERS.



- 1 The great Physician now is here,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

### CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung;  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Savior's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power

### CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of His dear name;  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

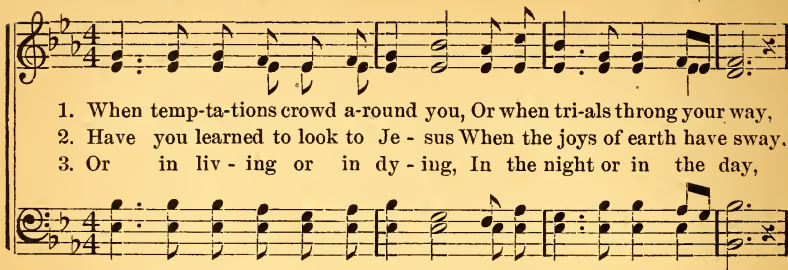
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him.

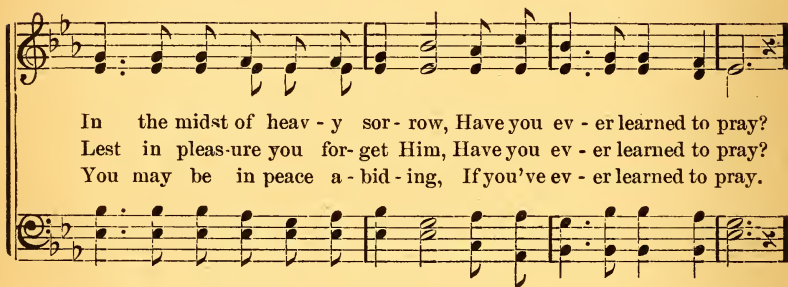
# No. 106. HAVE YOU LEARNED TO PRAY.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

C. D. EMERSON.

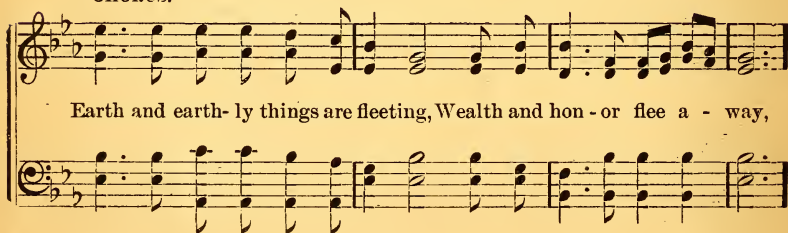


1. When temp-ta-tions crowd a-round you, Or when tri-als throng your way,  
2. Have you learned to look to Je - sus When the joys of earth have sway.  
3. Or in liv - ing or in dy - ing, In the night or in the day,

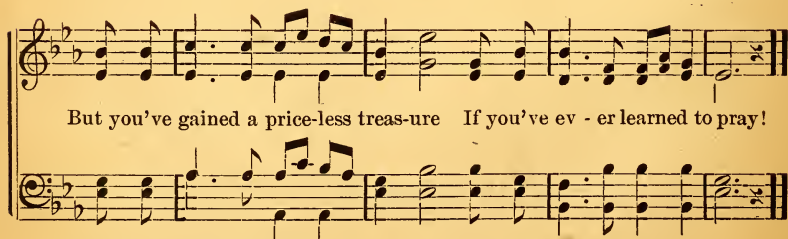


In the midst of heav - y sor - row, Have you ev - er learned to pray?  
Lest in pleas-ure you for-get Him, Have you ev - er learned to pray?  
You may be in peace a - bid - ing, If you've ev - er learned to pray.

## CHORUS.



Earth and earth-ly things are fleeting, Wealth and hon - or flee a - way,



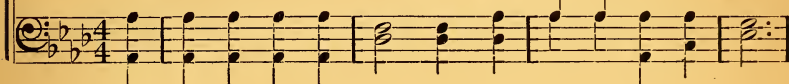
But you've gained a price-less treas-ure If you've ev - er learned to pray!

LIZZIE ASBACH.

GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.



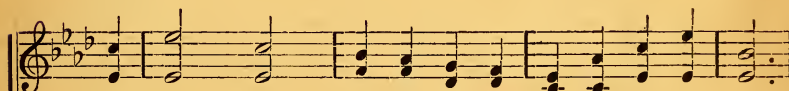
1. Come, fol-low in the foot-steps Which Je - sus left for Thee;
2. Je - sus for us has trav - eled The path of grief with - in;
3. And He has left plain foot-steps, By His ex - am - ple given;
4. Then fol-low in those foot-steps, Which you may plain-ly see;



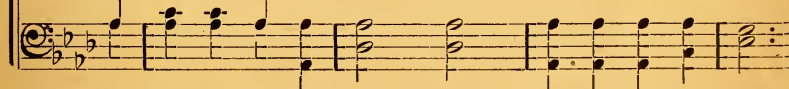
Those footprints marked so plain - ly, May your ex - am - ple be.  
 He lived a life of sor - row, But yet He knew not sin.  
 If in His steps we fol - low, We'll rest with Him in heaven.  
 Let Christ by His ex - am - ple, Your per - fect pat - tern be.



## CHORUS.



Come, fol - low in the foot-steps Je - sus left for thee,  
 Come, fol - low in His foot - steps




Oh, let the bless-ed Sav - ior Your ex - am - ple be.  
 Oh, let the bless-ed Sav - ior


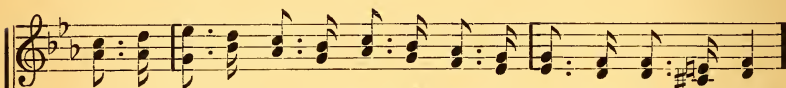


Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

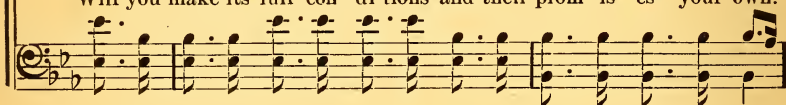
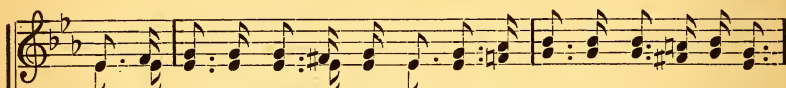
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



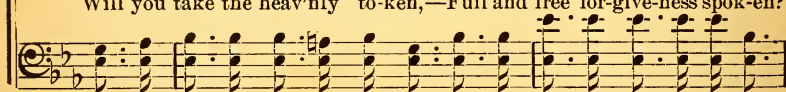

1. Have you heard, oh, have you heard? Is your heart with-in you stirred?  
 2. 'Tis the Word, the bless - ed Word, 'Tis the Spir-it's liv - ing sword!  
 3. 'Tis the Word, the fruit - ful Word, Bearing joy to those who heard;

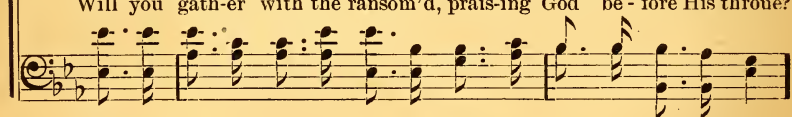
As you list-en to the gos-pel will you not its mes-sage heed?  
 Will you let it cnt a - sun-der from your life its ev - 'ry sin?  
 Will you make its full con-di-tions and their prom-is-es your own?

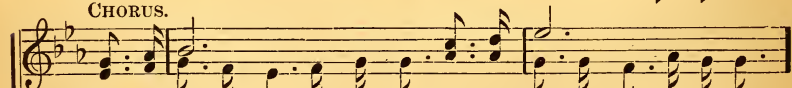
'Tis the Truth,—will you re-ceive it? 'Tis the Way,—will you believe it?  
 'Tis the seal of gra-cious fa - vor Of the liv - ing, lov - ing Savior;—  
 Will you take the heav'nly to-ken,—Full and free for-give-ness spok-en?

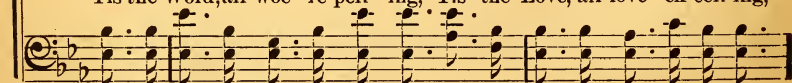
Will you fol - low on to know Him whom to know is life in - deed?  
 Will you o - pen wide the en-trance to your heart and let Him in?  
 Will you gath-er with the ransom'd, prais-ing God be - fore His throne?



## CHORUS.



'Tis the Word, 'Tis the Love,  
 'Tis the Word, all woe re-pell - ing, 'Tis the Love, all love ex-cell-ing,





# Will You Believe?

'Tis the sweet in - vit - ing mes - sage of a pre - cious Sav - ior's voice;

Will you now, all fear re - press - ing, Come and take the offered bless - ing?

While be - cause of your re - turn ing, All the hosts of heav'n re - joice.

## No. 109.

## COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you.
- 3 Oh, believe Him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.

- 6 Call upon Him.
- 7 He will hear you.
- 8 Look unto Him.
- 9 He'll forgive you.

- 10 Only trust Him.
- 11 Jesus loves you.
- 12 Don't reject Him.
- 13 I believe Him.

# No. 110. GATHERING THE HARVEST.

C. W. R.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Gath-er-ing in the har - vest, From val-ley, and hill, and plain;  
2. Gath-er-ing in the har - vest, O'er fields that are rough and wide;  
3. Gath-er-ing in the har - vest, With pa-tient and ten - der care;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 6/8 time and featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

And gath-er-ing, with the reap-ers, The rip - en-ing gold-en grain.  
And gath-er-ing, with the gleaners, A - long by the high-way-side.  
The Mas-ter will make us wel-come, The har-vest-er's joy to share.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## CHORUS

Gath-er - ing in the har - vest, Precious the sheaves we bring;

The first line of the chorus, featuring the same musical notation as the previous systems.

Reap-ing for life e - ter - nal, For Je - sus, our Sav - ior, 'King.

The second line of the chorus, concluding the musical notation on this page.

JOHN CENNICK.

Music and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;  
 2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,  
 3. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Shall take me to Thee, whose I am;  
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Sav-ior I have found;

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till Him I view.  
 The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace,  
 Noth-ing but sin have I to give,—Nothing but love shall I re-ceive.  
 I'll point to Thy re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

## CHORUS.

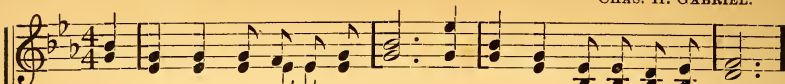
I can, I will, I do be-lieve in Je-sus, And I know He

saves me to-day!  
 Hal-le-lu-jah, I am free! I'm free! I'm free! Oh,

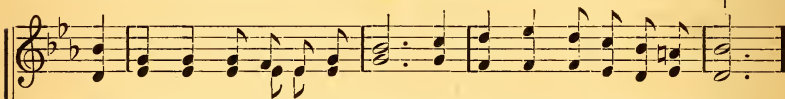
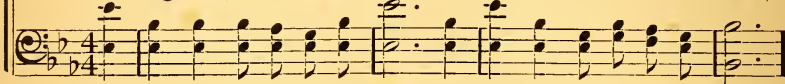
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! He has washed my sins all a-way!

# No. 112. ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

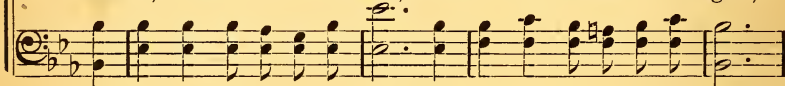
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



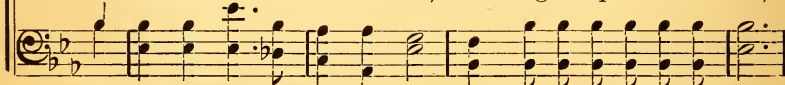
1. All things are pos - si - ble to Him, That can in Je sus' name believe!
2. The most im - pos - si - ble of all, Is that I e'er from sin shall cease;
3. When Thou the work of faith hast wrought, I shall here in Thine image shine;
4. All things are pos - si - ble to God, To Christ, the pow'r of God in man,



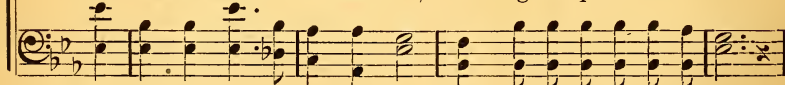
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re - ceive;  
Yet, shall it be? I know it shall, — Je - sus, look to Thy faith - ful - ness;  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought, Let men exclaim, and friends repine,  
To me, when I am all renewed, When I in Christ am form'd again,



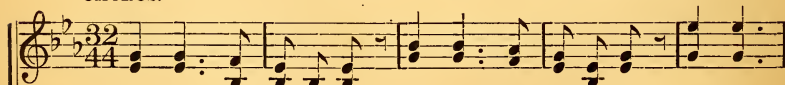
I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me;  
If noth - ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me;  
They cannot break the firm de - cree, All things are pos - si - ble to me;  
And wit - ness from all sin set free, All things are pos - si - ble to me;



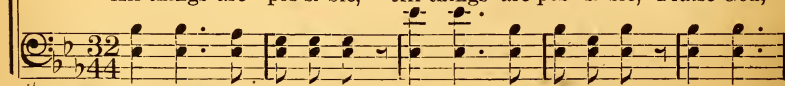
I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
If noth - ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
They cannot break the firm de - cree, All things are pos - si - ble to me.  
And wit - ness from all sin set free, All things are pos si - ble to me.



CHORUS.

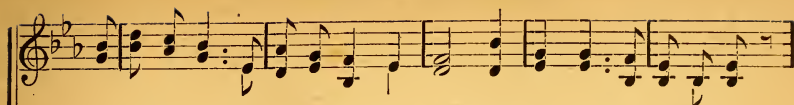


All things are pos - si - ble, All things are pos - si - ble, Praise God,

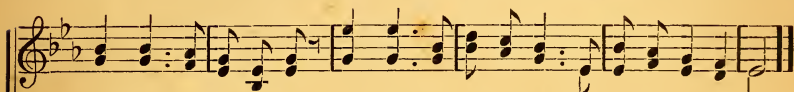
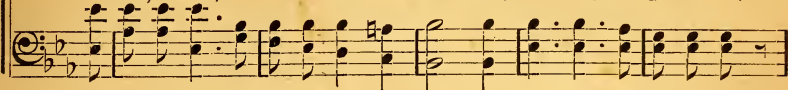




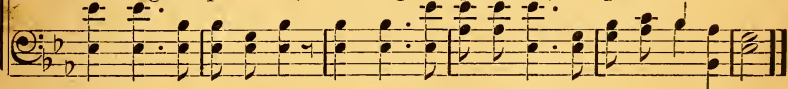
# All Things are Possible.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve in Thee! Yes, all things are pos-si-ble,



All things are pos-si-ble, All things are pos-si-ble, are pos-si-ble to me!



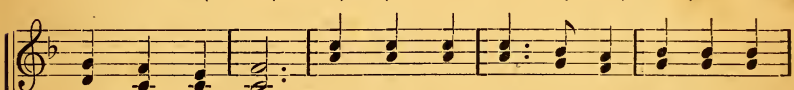
## No. 113

## AMERICA.

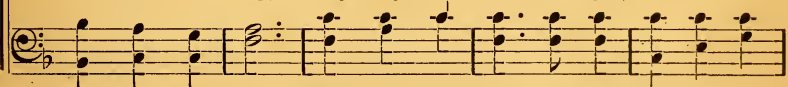
S. F. SMITH.



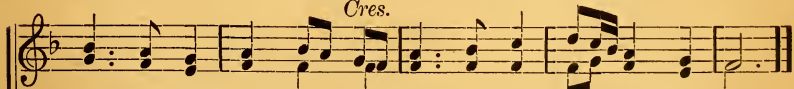
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's



*Cres.*



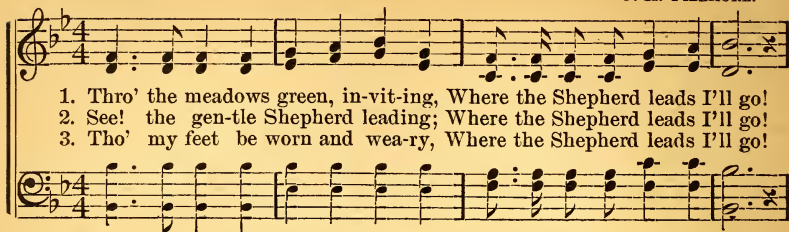
Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.  
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



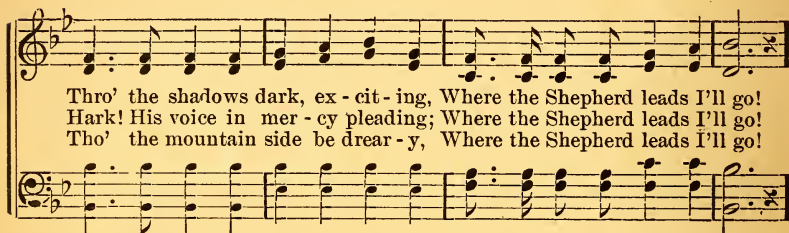
# No. 114. WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I'LL GO.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Thro' the meadows green, in-vit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!  
2. See! the gen-tle Shepherd leading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!  
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

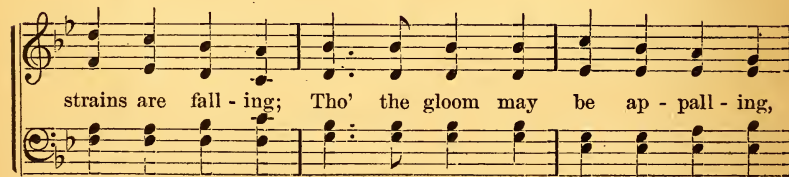


Thro' the shadows dark, ex-cit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!  
Hark! His voice in mer-cy pleading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!  
Tho' the mountain side be drear-y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

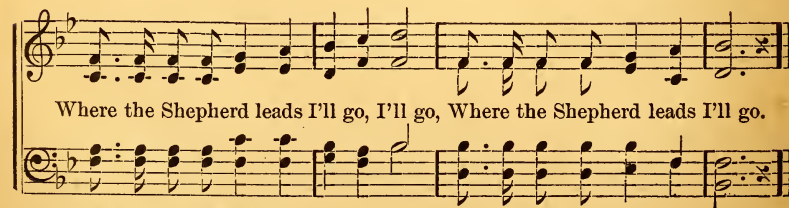
## CHORUS



Hark! His voice is gen-tly call-ing: On my ear its



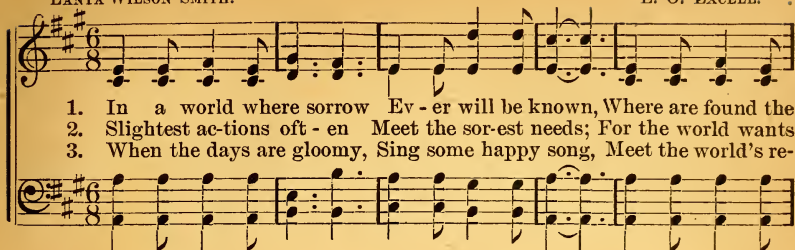
strains are fall-ing; Tho' the gloom may be ap-pall-ing,



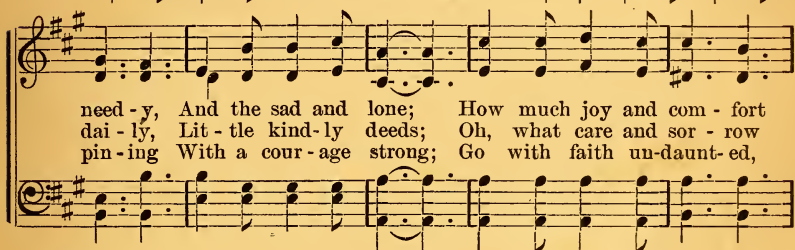
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

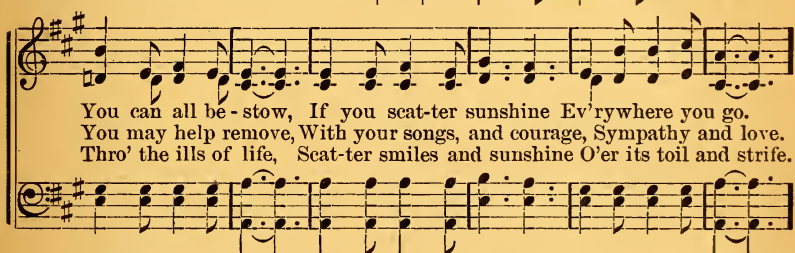
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the  
 2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor-est needs; For the world wants  
 3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

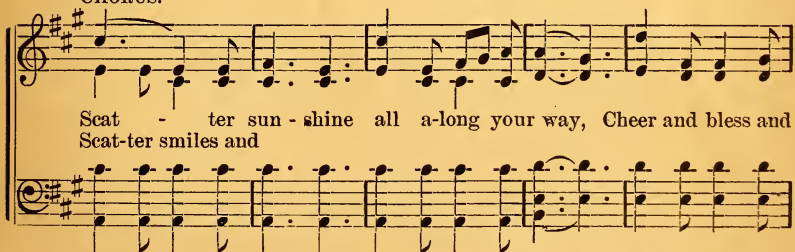


need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort  
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row  
 pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed,



You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.  
 You may help remove, With your songs, and courage, Sympathy and love.  
 Thro' the ills of life, Scat - ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

## CHORUS.



Scat - ter sun - shine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and  
 Scat - ter smiles and

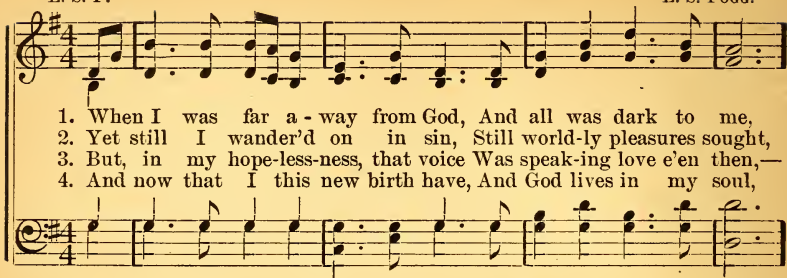


bright - en Ev - 'ry passing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day..

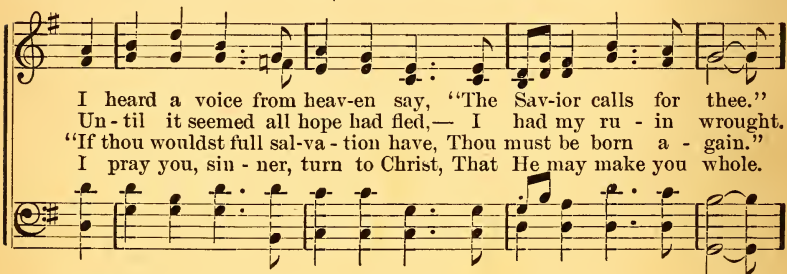
# No. 116. HEAR THE SAVIOR CALLING.

E. S. F.

E. S. Fogg.

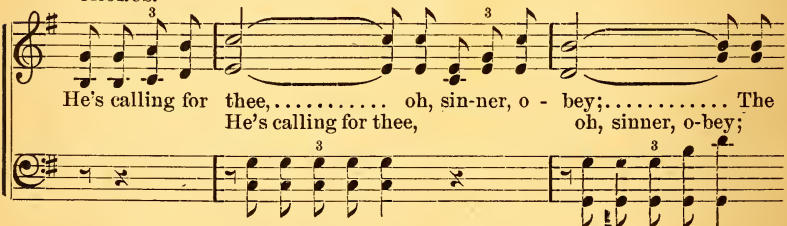


1. When I was far a - way from God, And all was dark to me,  
 2. Yet still I wander'd on in sin, Still world-ly pleasures sought,  
 3. But, in my hope-less-ness, that voice Was speak-ing love e'en then,—  
 4. And now that I this new birth have, And God lives in my soul,

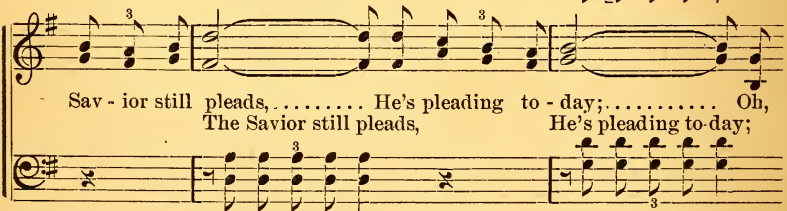


I heard a voice from heav-en say, "The Sav-ior calls for thee."  
 Un-til it seemed all hope had fled,— I had my ru - in wrought.  
 "If thou wouldst full sal-va - tion have, Thou must be born a - gain."  
 I pray you, sin - ner, turn to Christ, That He may make you whole.

## CHORUS.



He's calling for thee,..... oh, sin-ner, o - bey;..... The  
 He's calling for thee, oh, sinner, o-bey;



Sav - ior still pleads,..... He's pleading to - day;..... Oh,  
 The Savior still pleads, He's pleading to-day;



hear His sweet voice,..... and turn not a - way,..... For  
 Oh, hear His sweet voice, and turn not a-way,



# Hear the Savior Calling.

Je - sus is wait - - ing to save you to - day.  
For Je - sus is wait-ing

## No. 117. TAKE ME AS I AM.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON,

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Unless Thou help me, I must die;  
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;  
3. No pre - par - a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break;  
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

*D.S.*—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!  
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!

### REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Take me as I am, . . . . Take me as I am. . . . .  
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am.

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
And work both in and by me, too,  
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
Lord, take me as I am!

Mrs. L. K. ROGERS.

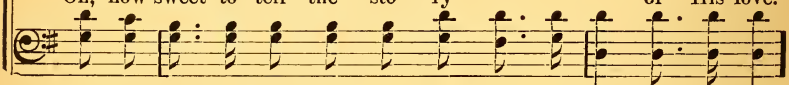
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Go spread the joy - ful ti - dings Of His love,.....
2. Tell those who mourn in dark - ness
3. Fill all the world with prais - es of His love,



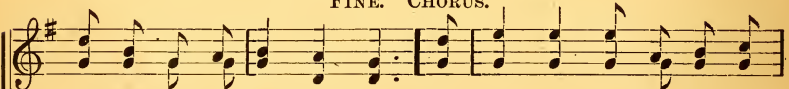
Tell the na - tions o'er the wa - ters Of His love,.....  
 And re - peat the bless - ed prom - ise  
 Oh, how sweet to tell the sto - ry of His love.



Oh, the pre - cious sto - ry! be mine the glo - ry To sound the bless - ed  
 Oh, the pre - cious sto - ry, re - plete with glo - ry! Ring out the bless - ed  
 Yes, the pre - cious sto - ry, be mine the glo - ry To tell the bless - ed



## FINE. CHORUS.



ti - dings of re - deem - ing love. The light is break - ing, Je - sus

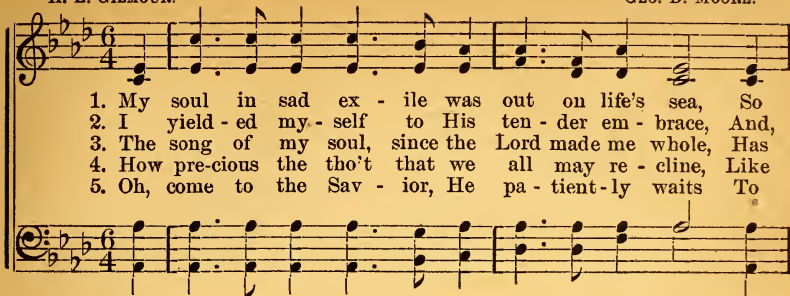


comes, Je - sus comes, The light is breaking, Je - sus comes!.....  
 Je - sus comes!



H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

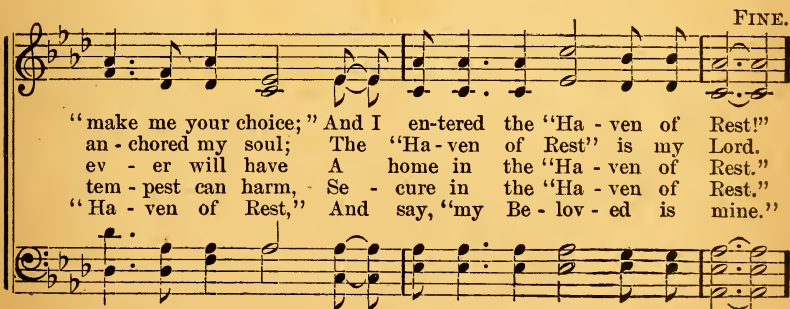


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And,  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To



bur - dened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D.S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the

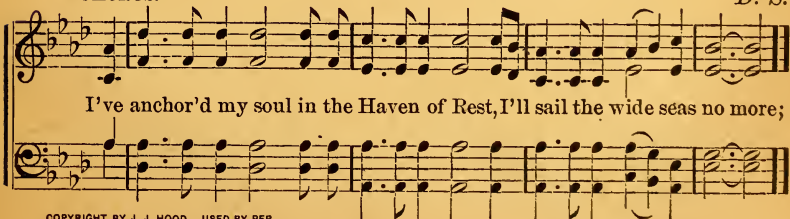


“make me your choice;” And I en - tered the “Ha - ven of Rest!”  
 an - chored my soul; The “Ha - ven of Rest” is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”  
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”  
 “Ha - ven of Rest,” And say, “my Be - lov - ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

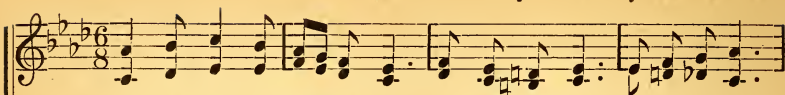
CHORUS.

D. S.

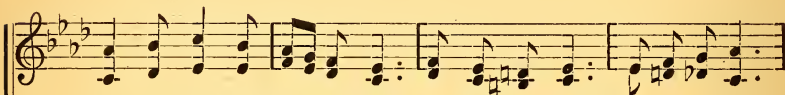


I've anchor'd my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



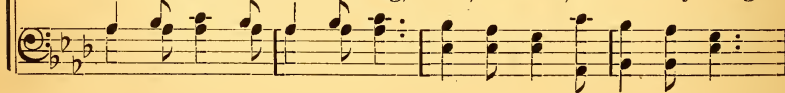
1. When you come to Jordan's flood, How will you do, how will you do?
2. You who have no more than form, How will you do, how will you do?
3. You who have been turned a-side, How will you do, how will you do?
4. Christian, now I turn to thee, How will you do, how will you do?



You who now condemn your God, How will you do, how will you do?  
 Can you brave the aw-ful storm, How will you do, how will you do?  
 Whither will you flee to hide? How will you do, how will you do?  
 When thou dost the riv-er see, How will you do, how will you do?



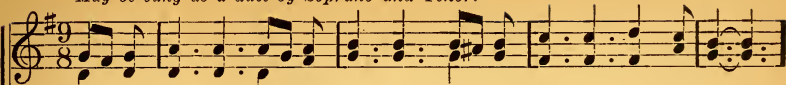
Death will be a sol-emn day; When the soul is passed a-way,  
 When the waves of death as-sail, Ev-'ry reed and prop will fail;  
 Conscience will in ter-ror rise, And the worm that nev-er dies;  
 To the cross I then will cling, Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"



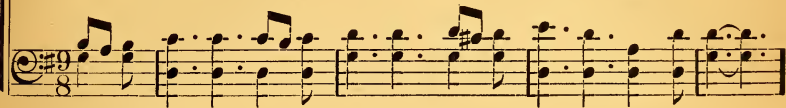
It will be too late to pray, How will you do, how will you do?  
 Forms will be of no a-vail, How will you do, how will you do?  
 When you sink no more to rise, How will you do, how will you do?  
 "Vict'-ry! vict'-ry!" I will sing, That's how I'll do, that's how I'll do.





*May be sung as a duet by Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Lord, my heart is rest-ed, strengthen'd, By this qui - et hour with Thee;—
2. Here Thy peace, like music steal-ing, Stills all dis-cord, tu-mult, strife,—
3. For more per-fect self-sur - ren-der, For a clos - er walk with Thee!



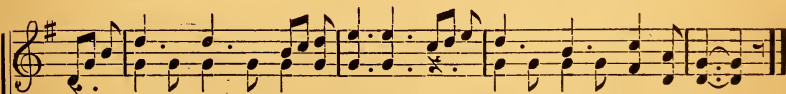
In the sun-shine of Thy presence, All earth's gloom and shadows flee.  
 Fills the heart with ten-der yearnings For a no-bler, sweet-er life.  
 For a meek and qui - et spir - it, From all car - nal sins set free.



## CHORUS.



Lord, while still on earth a pilgrim, I would in Thy love a - bide;  
 Lord, while still on earth a pilgrim, I would in Thy love a - bide;



Safe-ly thro' life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev - er near Thy side.  
 Safely thro' life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev - er near Thy side.

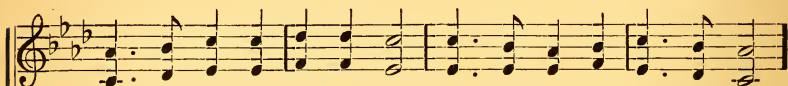


F. R. HAVERGAL.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



## CHORUS.



Wash me in the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, Cleanse me



in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; Lord, I give to Thee my

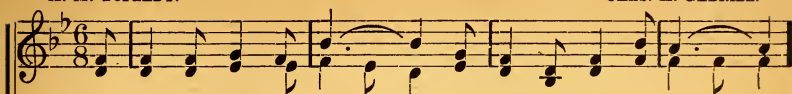


life and all to be Thine hence - forth, e - ter - nal - ly.

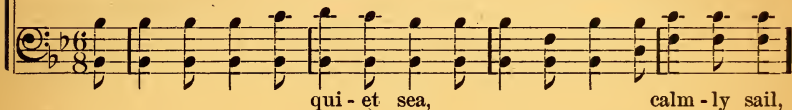


A. M. TOPLADY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If on a qui - et sea,.....T'ward heav'n we calmly sail;.....
2. But should the surg - es rise,..... And rest de - lay to come;....
3. Soon shall our quaking fears..... All yield to Thy con-trol;.....
4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, .... Thy will to make our own;.....



qui - et sea,

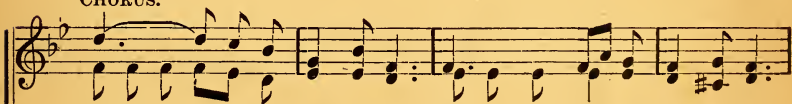
calm - ly sail,



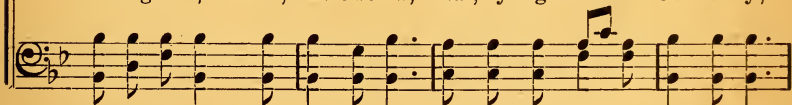
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee We'll own the fav'ring gale.  
 Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.  
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.  
 And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.



## CHORUS.



Trust - - ing Thee here below, Dear Lamb of Cal - va-ry;  
 Trusting thee, Je - sus, here below, Dear, dy-ing Lamb of Cal - va-ry;



Walk - - ing in faith, we'll go On till Thy face we see.  
 Walk-ing in faith,



# No. 124. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANOS and ALTOS in UNISON.

1. We are marching to a land a - bove, Beau-ti-ful land a - bove,  
 2. We are marching t'ward the cit - y fair; Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair,  
 3. We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,

beau-ti-ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter-nal love,  
 beau-ti-ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an-thems fill the air,  
 beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is His ho - ly word,

BASSES and TENORS in UNISON.

The beau-ti-ful land a - bove.  
 The beau-ti-ful cit - y fair.  
 The beau-ti-ful word of God.

{ And we sing a glad triumphant song,  
 { While our glorious Captain leads us on,

Marching along, marching along, marching along; marching a - long.

CHORUS.

We are march-ing to a land a - bove, Beau-ti-ful land a - bove,  
 We are march-ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair,  
 We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,



# Marching to the Land Above.

beau-ti - ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e -  
 beau-ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel au - thents  
 beau-ti - ful home of God; And our guide - book is His

ter - nal love, Beau-ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.  
 fill the air, Beau-ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.  
 ho - ly word, Beau-ti - ful word of God, word of God.

## No. 125. BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

\*\*\*

CHAS. E. NEAL.

1. { We love to sing of Je - sus; He does so much, we know,  
 To make us good and hap-py, [Omit. . . . .]  
 2. { We love to work for Je - sus, And ev - 'ry day to go [Omit. . . . .]  
 And do some lit - tle kind - ness, [Omit. . . . .]  
 3. { We love to pray to Je - sus, From whom all bless-ings flow;  
 And well we know He hears us, [Omit. . . . .]

2 CHORUS.  
 Because He loves us so. We'll love Him, we'll love Him, While in this  
 world below: And then He'll take us home to heav'n, Because He loves us so.


# No. 126. THE WONDERFUL STORY.

Rev. I. N. McHose.

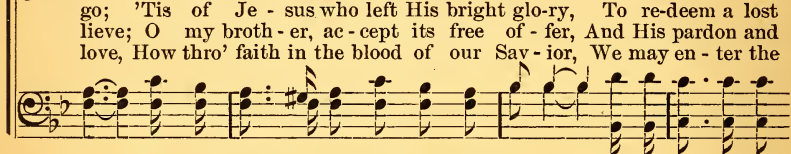
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



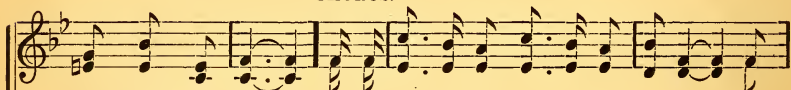
1. 'Tis a won-der-ful, wonderful sto - ry I am hearing wherever I  
 2. 'Tis this won-der-ful, wonderful sto - ry, I am urging you now to be-  
 3. But this won-der-ful, wonderful sto - ry, Is revealed in His gos-pel of

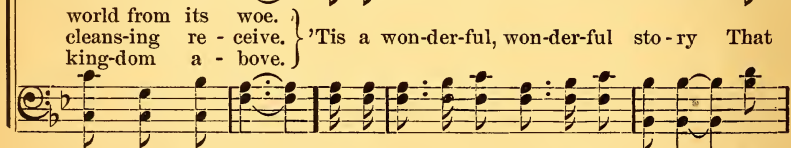
go; 'Tis of Je - sus who left His bright glo-ry, To re-deem a lost  
 lieve; O my broth-er, ac-cept its free of - fer, And His pardon and  
 love, How thro' faith in the blood of our Sav - ior, We may en - ter the



## CHORUS.



world from its woe.  
 cleans-ing re - ceive.  
 king-dom a - bove. } 'Tis a won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry That




tells of our Sav - ior and God, How He sent His dear Son from



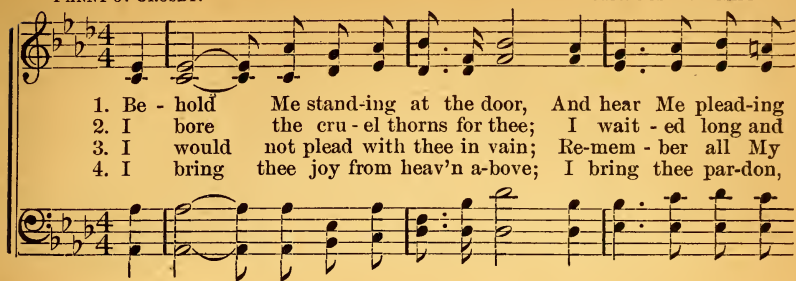

glo - ry, To re - deem a lost world with His blood.



# No. 127. BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

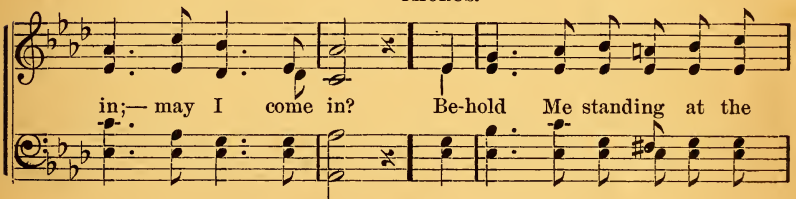


1. Be - hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing  
 2. I bore the cru-el thorns for thee; I wait-ed long and  
 3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re-mem-ber all My  
 4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a-bove; I bring thee par-don,



ev - er - more, With gen-tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come  
 pa - tient-ly: Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come  
 grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come  
 peace and love: Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come


## CHORUS.



in;— may I come in? Be-hold Me standing at the



door, And hear Me plead-ing ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry




heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in;—may I come in?


# No. 128. WALKING AND TALKING WITH JESUS.

Rev. WM. APPEL.



Dr. S. B. JACKSON.





1. When the low - ly Je - sus trod the paths of men be - low,  
2. You may walk with Him to - day! be - lieve it, wea - ry soul,  
3. Oh, the joy to walk with Je - sus to our home a - bove,




He be - held their bit - ter sor - row, and their crush - ing woe;  
He will cause your heart to burn, His words will make you whole;  
Bask - ing in the sun - shine of His ev - er - last - ing love;




He re - ceived them kind - ly, when they joined Him on the way,  
With the smile of His dear face, He'll cheer you on the way,  
Oh, the joy to talk with Je - sus in the shad - ow - land,




Gra - cious - ly He walked and talked with them from day to day.  
Safe - ly He will guide and lead you on from day to day.  
And to feel at ev - 'ry turn the touch of His dear hand.



## CHORUS.



Walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus, Smoothes the rug - ged way;





# Walking and Talking with Jesus.

Walk-ing and talk-ing with Je - sus, Brings the light of day;

Walking and talk-ing with Je - sus, Fills the heart with love;

Walking and talk-ing with Je - sus, Is like heav'n a - bove.

No. 129.

## THE SINNER INVITED.

FINE.

1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en?  
 2. { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en;  
 3. { Where the saints rob'd in white, Cleans'd in life's flow - ing fount-ain;  
 3. { Shin - ing beau-teous and bright, They in - hab - it the mountain,  
 3. { He's pre-pared thee a home—Sin - ner, canst thou be-lieve it?  
 3. { And in-vites thee to come, Sin - ner, wilt thou re-ceive it?

D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs, In the breez - es are flit - ting.  
 D.C.—Will be felt for a day, Nor be fear'd for the mor-row.  
 D.C.—And the Sav - ior will soon And for - ev - er cease plead-ing.

Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit-ting,  
 Where no sin nor dis - may, Nei - ther troub-le nor sor-row,  
 Come, O come, sin - ner come, For the tide is re - ced - ing,

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

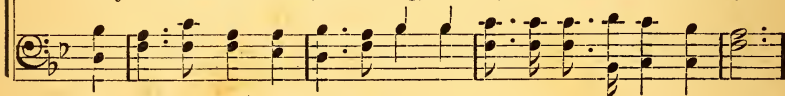
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



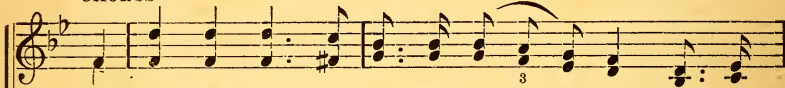
1. Why i - dle rest the hands to-day, That should the sharpened sickle wield?
2. Waste not the hours in vain re-gret; Go forth with willing heart and true;
3. Stay not to choose your place or task, Take that which nearest lies to you:
4. And when the "harvest home" shall ring Thro' all the heav'ns its glad refrain,



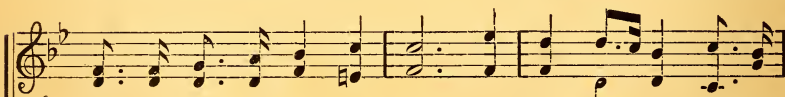
The Mas-ter calls! a - rise, a-way To la - bor in the rip-en-ed field.  
 Sheaves wait the reapers' sick - le yet, And much may still be done by you.  
 The blessing waits for those who ask, - "What will Thou have me, Lord, to do?"  
 They at the feet of Christ, their King, Shall lay their sheaves of golden grain.



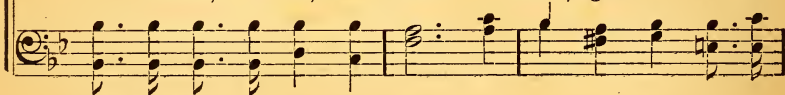
## CHORUS



The Mas - ter calls, the har - vest tru - ly is great, But the



la - bor - ers, a - las, are few. Go forth, go forth to the



field to - day, There is work for all to do.



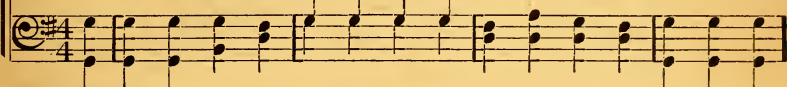
# No. 131. WHAT A GLORIOUS REDEEMER!

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

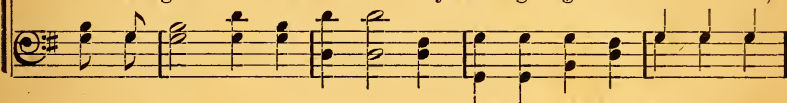
A. BEIRLY.



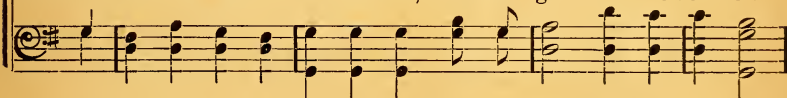
1. My Sav - ior left His throne on high, And came to earth for me to die;
2. Be - neath the heav - y cross, low bent, Up Calv'ry's rugged steeps He went;
3. That all might know His pow'r to save, He rose in triumph from the grave;
4. Reign too, O bless - ed King di - vine, For - ev - er in this heart of mine;



What a glo - rious Re-deem-er! At mid-night in Geth-sem - a - ne,  
 What a glo - rious Re-deem-er! From sin and death to set me free,  
 What a glo - rious Re-deem-er! And now His cru - el suff'rings o'er,  
 What a glo - rious Re-deem-er! Thy sov'reign right in me I own;



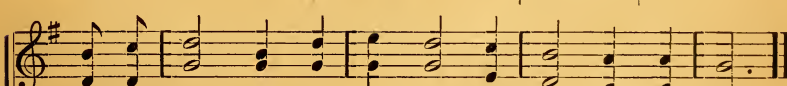
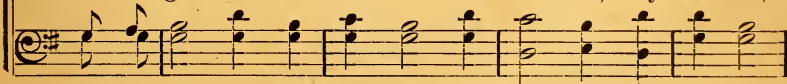
He drank the bit - ter cup for me, What a glo - rious Re-deem-er!  
 There on the cross He died for me, What a glo - rious Re-deem-er!  
 He reigns in bliss for - ev - er-more, What a glo - rious Re-deem-er!  
 In life or death I'm Thine a-lone, What a glo - rious Re-deem-er!



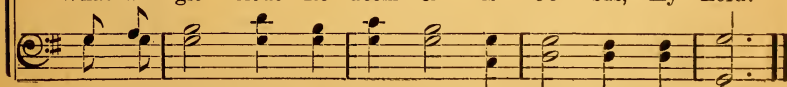
## CHORUS.



What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my Sav - ior,



What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my Lord!



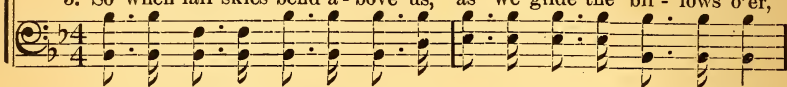
# No. 132. THE HARBOR LIGHTS OF HOME.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

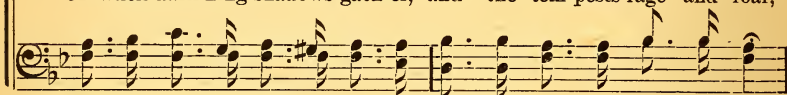
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O'er the trackless deep the sail - or sails for many a wea - ry day,
2. O'er life's sea the Christian sail - or steers his bark with stead - y hand,
3. So when fair skies bend a - bove us, as we glide the bil - lows o'er,



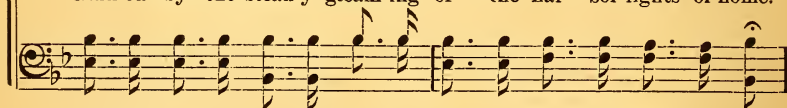
Long-ing for the peace-ful hav-en and the dear ones far a - way;  
Knowing that his chart and compass will di - rect him safe to land;  
Or when dark'ning shadows gath-er, and the tem-pests rage and roar,



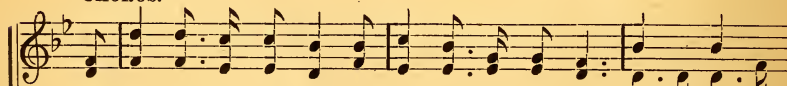
But he keeps his heart with courage as his good ship parts the foam,  
And he finds a calm in tu-mult, and a bright-ness in the gloom,  
We will trust that to the ha - ven of our hopes we soon shall come,



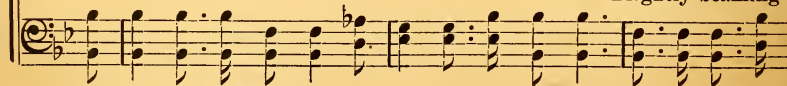
For he knows that in the dis-tance shine the har - bor lights of home.  
As his faith be-holds the shin-ing of the har - bor lights of home.  
Guid-ed by the stead-y gleam-ing of the har - bor lights of home.



## CHORUS.

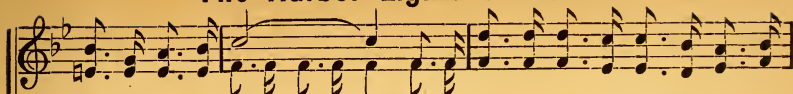


The home lights are shining! The home lights are shining! Bright - ly  
Brightly beaming

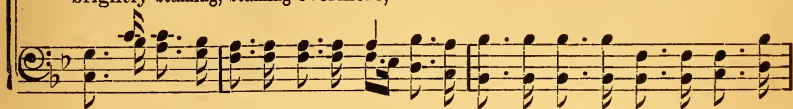




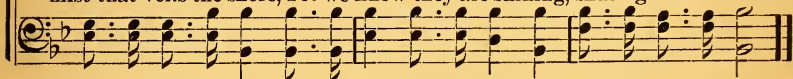
# The Harbor Lights of Home.



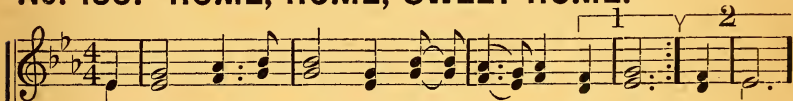
beaming ev - er - more; ..... Tho' they sometimes gleam but faint-ly thro' the brightly beaming, beaming evermore,



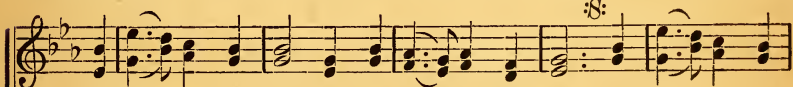
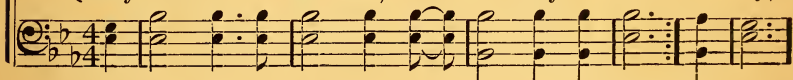
mist that veils the shore, Yet we know they are shining, shining ev - er - more.



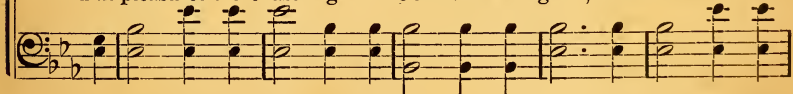
## No. 133. HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com - mun-ion with saints!
2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran-ger to grace,  
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
3. { The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;  
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they de - cay;



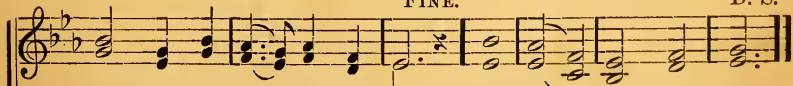
To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the  
In pathways of sin I con-tin - ued to roam, Un - mind-ful, a -  
But pleasures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on



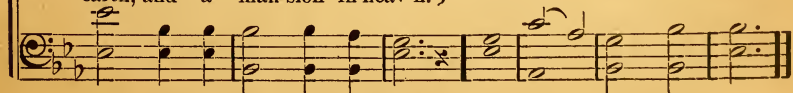
D.S.—Pre - pare me, dear

FINE.

D. S.



pres - ence of Je - sus at home.  
las! that it led me from home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
earth, and a man-sion in heav'n. }

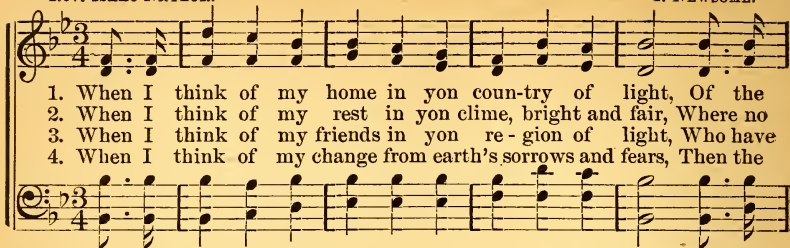


Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

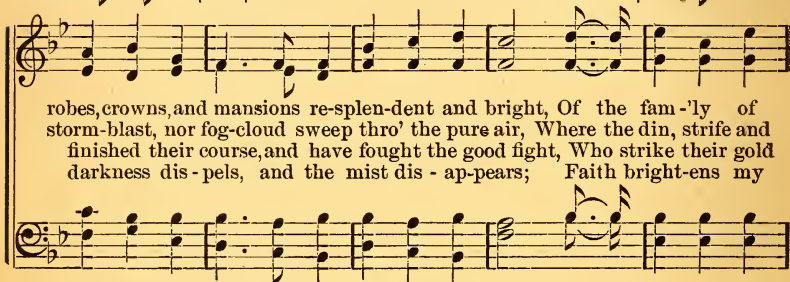
# No. 134. MY HOME IS NOT HERE.

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR.

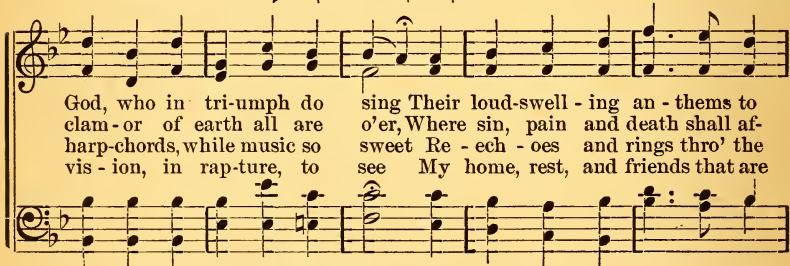
I. NEWSOME.



1. When I think of my home in yon coun-try of light, Of the  
 2. When I think of my rest in yon clime, bright and fair, Where no  
 3. When I think of my friends in yon re-gion of light, Who have  
 4. When I think of my change from earth's sorrows and fears, Then the

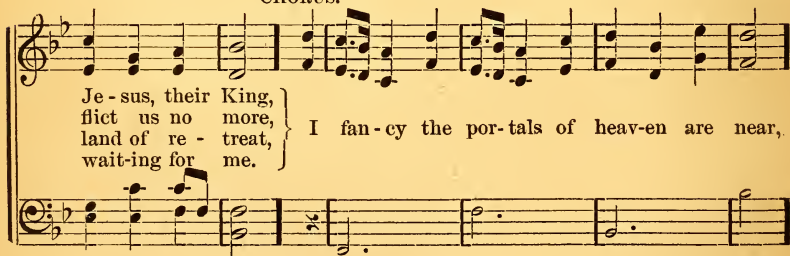


robes, crowns, and mansions re-splen-dent and bright, Of the fam-ly of  
 storm-blast, nor fog-cloud sweep thro' the pure air, Where the din, strife and  
 finished their course, and have fought the good fight, Who strike their gold  
 darkness dis-pels, and the mist dis-ap-pears; Faith bright-ens my



God, who in tri-umph do sing Their loud-swell-ing an-thems to  
 clam-or of earth all are o'er, Where sin, pain and death shall af-  
 harp-chords, while music so sweet Re-ech-oes and rings thro' the  
 vis-ion, in rap-ture, to see My home, rest, and friends that are

## CHORUS.



Je-sus, their King, }  
 flict us no more, } I fan-cy the por-tals of heav-en are near,  
 land of re-treat, }  
 wait-ing for me. }



And I feel at this mo-ment my home is not here.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.  
*Not too fast.*

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The winds from the garden of Eden are blowing, And gladly we yield to their  
 2. The signs of a kingly approach are appearing, Triumphant in faith, as we  
 3. How near and how clear are the tokens before us, That Love shall His might in sal-

mag - ic-al sway; Our fac - es, il-lum-ined with radiance, are showing The  
 sing and we pray; And hearts from their doors all obstructions are clearing; The  
 va - tion display; The day of re-demp-tion is now breaking o'er us,—The

CHORUS.

Lord in His glo-ry is coming this way. Coming this way! He is coming this

way! Nothing His steps shall a moment delay! With singing we meet Him, we

hail Him, we greet Him, The Lord in His glo - ry is com-ing this way!

FRED WOODROW.

C. C. CASE.



1. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, The Rock that shall en - dure,
2. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, We view the tran-quiet soul,
3. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, No need have we to fear;



Un - shak-en by the tem-pest, E - ter - nal, firm and sure; There  
 Un - troub-led by the tem-pest, Or surg - ing bil - lows' roll; Be  
 God ban-ish - es our sor - row, God wipes a - way our tear; We're



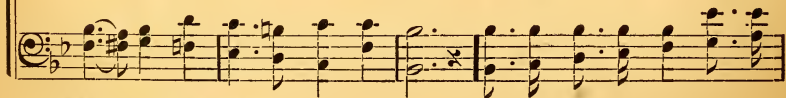
is a safe re-treat, A ref-uge strong and free, A - mid the stormy  
 dangers what they may, And break the waves of care, A - mid the wild com-  
 watching, we be-lieve, We trust His promise sure, That crowns of joy are



## CHORUS.



bil - lows Of life's tempestuous sea. Stand - - - ing,  
 mo - tion, We stand in safe - ty there.  
 wait-ing For all His saints se - cure. Standing on the Rock, I am





# On the Rock.

stand - - ing, } Stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges,  
stand-ing on the Rock,

stand - - ing, stand - ing,  
standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock, no need have I to fear.

## No. 137. THY KINGDOM COME.

Rev. S. F. SMITH

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy kingdom come! we watch and wait, With fervent lips we pray;  
2. Oh, joy - ful scene! Oh, world-wide rest, When land, and stream, and main,  
3. So let Thy glo-rious kingdom come, As comes the morn-ing ray,  
4. We watch, we work, for Thee a-lone; On Thee, our help, we call;

Ride on, O King, in re - gal state, Oh, come the glorious day!  
From north to south, from east to west, Shall own Thy peaceful reign.  
And fills heav'n's wide expanding dome With pure and per - fect day.  
O King of saints, come, take Thy throne, Triumphant Lord of all.

## No. 138.

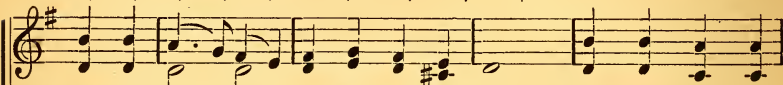
## FORWARD INTO LIGHT.

HENRY ALFORD.

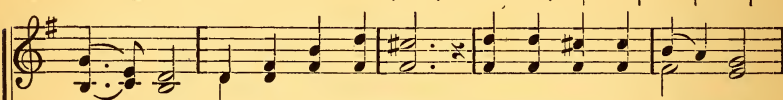
H. A. HENRY.



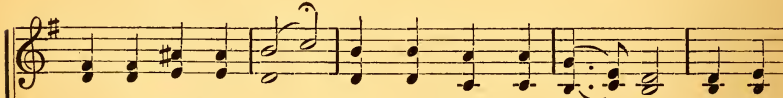
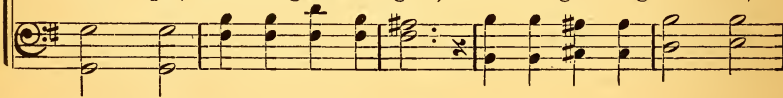
1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the  
 2. Forward! flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each  
 3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our



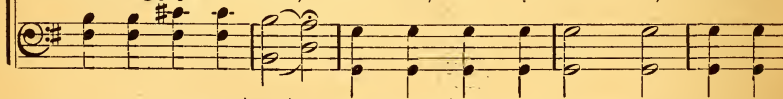
things be - fore us, Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y  
 yearn - ing pur - pose Spring to glorious birth; Sick, they ask for  
 God a - bid - eth; That fair home of ours; Flash the streets with



pil - lar At our ar - my's head. Who shall dream of shrink - ing,  
 heal - ing; Blind, they grope for day; Pour up - on the na - tions  
 Jas - per, Shine the gates with gold; Flows the glad - ning riv - er,

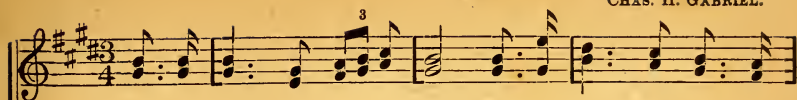


By our Cap - tain led? For - ward thro' the des - ert, Thro' the  
 Wisdom's lov - ing ray. For - ward out of er - ror, Leave be -  
 Shedding joys un - told; Thith - er, on - ward thith - er, In the

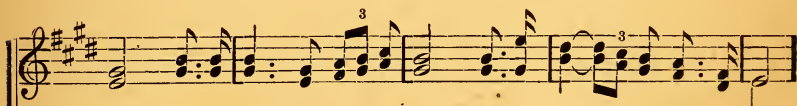


toil and fight: Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light.  
 hind the night; Forward thro' the dark - ness, Forward in - to light.  
 Spir - it's might; Pilgrims to your coun - try, Forward in - to light!





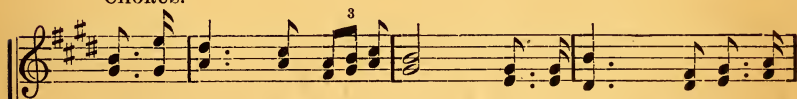
1. Dare to think, tho' oth-ers frown; Dare in words your thoughts ex -
2. Dare from cus - tom to de - part; Dare the price - less pearl pos -
3. Dare for - sake what you deem wrong; Dare to walk in wis-dom's



press; Dare to rise, tho' oft cast down; Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.  
 sess; Dare to wear it next your heart; Dare, when others curse, to bless.  
 way; Dare to give where gifts belong; Dare God's precepts to o - bey.



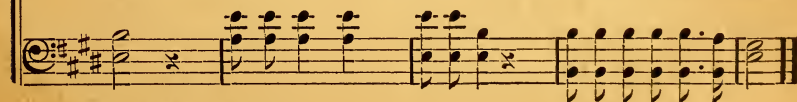
## CHORUS.



Do what con - science says is right, Do what rea - son says is  
 Do what conscience says is right, Do what reason says is

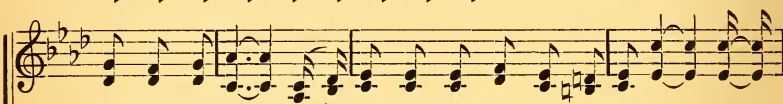


best, Do with all your mind and heart, Do your du - ty and be blest.  
 best, Do with all your mind and heart, Do your duty and be blest.

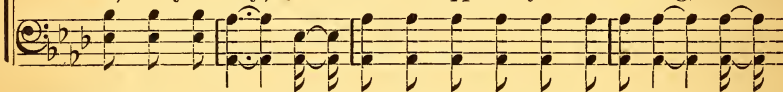




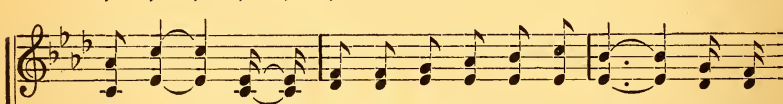
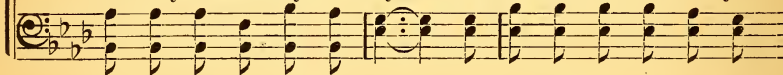
1. Does the thought ever come to you, brother, As you pause for a  
 2. Per - chance for the words you might utter, Some sad ear is  
 3. Oh, time pass-es swift-ly, my broth-er, And brief, at the



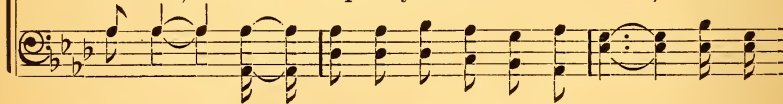
while by the way, And long 'mid the cool wav-ing shadows, By the  
 list-'ning in vain; Or the help you could of - fer might res-cue Some  
 best, is your day; The work God appoints you is wait-ing,—Some



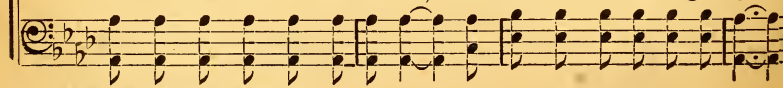
clear flow-ing wa-ters to stray,—That see-ing you, oth-ers may  
 soul from its an-guish and pain. You know not what lives may be  
 doom may be sealed by de - lay. Then bit - ter in-deed were your



lin - ger In the journey their feet would pur - sue, And while  
 bright-er, If you are but faith-ful and true, Nor how  
 sor - row, The deep-est your soul ev - er knew, If but




thus you are wait-ing, it may be That some one is waiting for you?  
 much you may do for the Master, Thro' those who who are waiting for you.  
 one should be left out of heav-en, Be-cause he was waiting for you!






# Waiting for You.

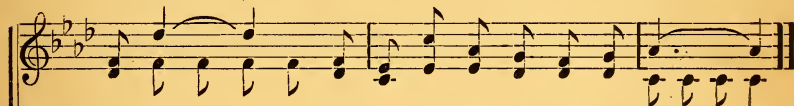
CHORUS.



Oh, du - ty is call - ing you, broth - er, ..... Then steadfast, cour -  
call - ing you, brother,



a - geous, and true, ..... Go forth at the call, and re -  
cour - a - geous and true,

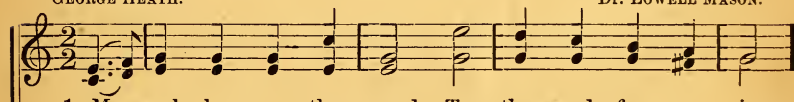


mem - ber, ..... Some one may be wait - ing for you .....  
re - mem - ber, be waiting for you.

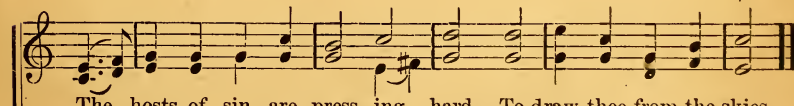
## No. 141. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

# No. 142. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the  
 2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the  
 3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the



grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the  
 grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the  
 guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to

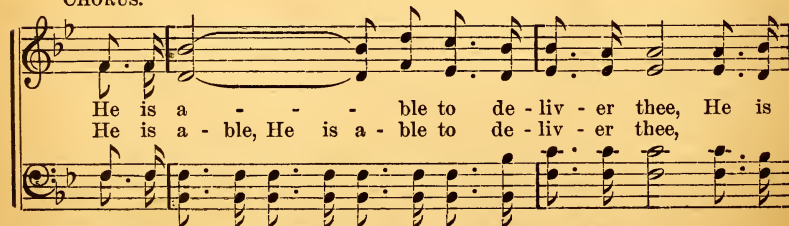


grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our  
 grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our  
 God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our



God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

## CHORUS.



He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is  
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee,

## He is Able to Deliver Thee.

a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest,  
a - ble, He is a - ble

Go to Him for rest, Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

## No. 143.

## DENNIS.

JOHN FAWCETT.

GEO. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In from the highways, In from the by-ways, Gather souls in Je-sus'  
 2. Go to the err-ing, Kind-ly and cheer-ing, Point them to the Cru-ci-  
 3. Go, then, believing, Bless-ing re- ceiv-ing, You shall reap re-ward a-

name; Pub-lish the sto-ry, Her-ald His glo-ry, Un-to the world His  
 fied; Res-cue the pray'rless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je-sus  
 bove; Je-sus is call-ing, -Darkness is fall-ing, On with the blessed

## CHORUS.

mes-sage pro-claim. } I am the Way, the Truth, I am the  
 safe-ly a-bide. }  
 la-bor of love. } I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life,..... Come without mon - ey, free-ly I will  
 Way, the Truth, the Life, Come without money free - ly,

give;..... I am the Way, the Truth, I am the  
 free-ly I will give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the



# I am the Way.

Life, . . . . . Come unto me, Oh, come and ye shall live. . . . .  
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come unto me, Oh, come to me, and ye shall live.

## No. 145. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

K. SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

CHORUS.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

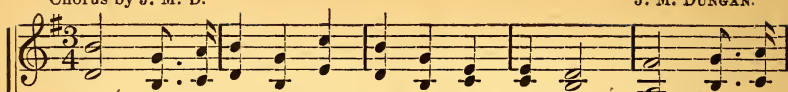
CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

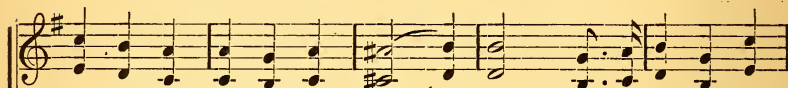
- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

THOS. HASTINGS.  
Chorus by J. M. D.


J. M. DUNGAN.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the  
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the  
3. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -

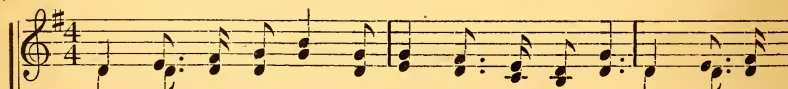


lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of  
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the millions from  
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of



sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.  
bondage re - turn-ing; Gen - tles and Jews the blest vis - ion be-hold.  
war and com - mo-tion; Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky.

## CHORUS.

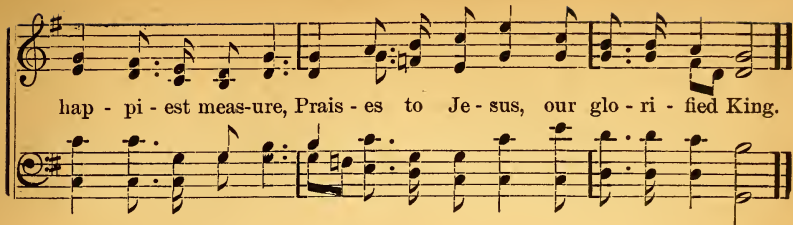


Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Zi - on tri-umph-ant! Loud let the



an-them of vic - to - ry ring, While we re - ech - o, in

# Zion Triumphant.

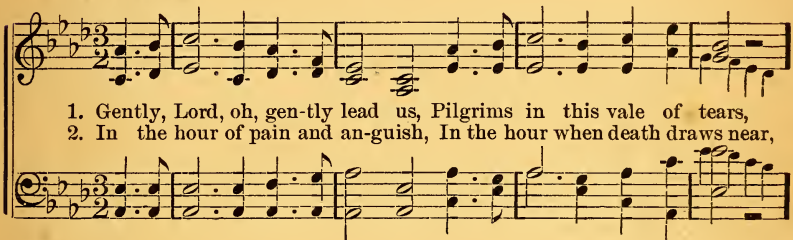


hap - pi - est meas - ure, Prais - es to Je - sus, our glo - ri - fied King.

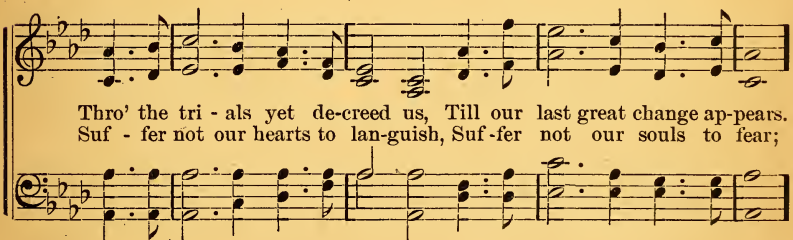
**No. 147.**

## GENTLY LEAD US.

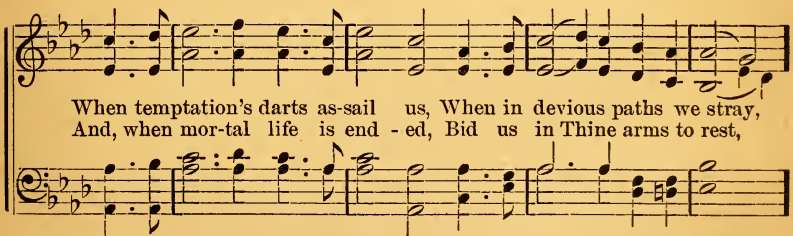
THOMAS HASTINGS.



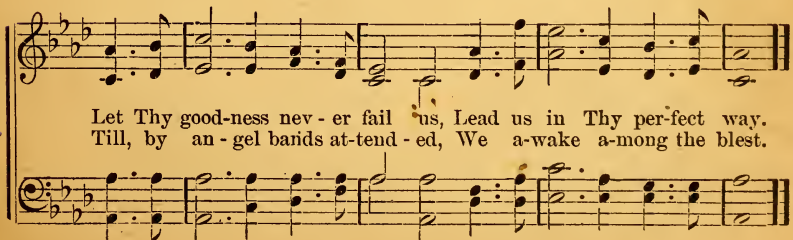
1. Gently, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead us, Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,



Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.  
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear;



When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,



Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.  
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

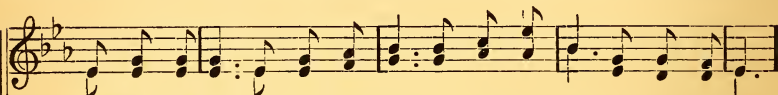
# No. 148. THE SHELTERING CROSS.

THOMAS KELLY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



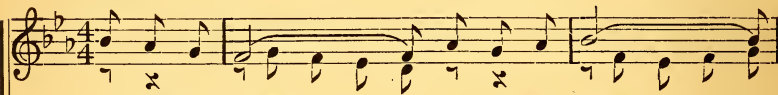
1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up-on the cross;
2. Inscribed up-on the cross we see In shin-ing let-ters "God is Love;"
3. The cross! it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the faint-ing spir - it up;
4. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love,



The sin-ner's hope let men de-ride, For this we count the world but loss.  
He bears our sins up - on the tree, He brings us mer - cy from a-bove.  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day, And sweetens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.  
The sin-ner's ref-uge here be - low, The an-gels' theme in heav'n a-bove.



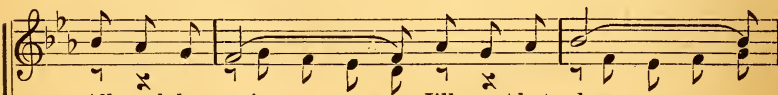
## CHORUS.



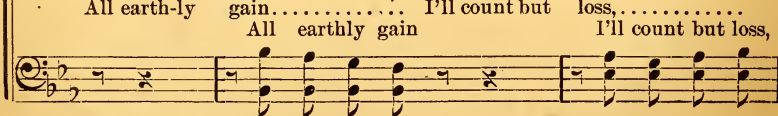
O bless-ed cross,..... O hallow'd cross,.....  
O bless-ed cross, O hallow'd cross,



On which my Lord,..... my Sav-ior, died;.....  
On which my Lord, my Sav-ior, died;

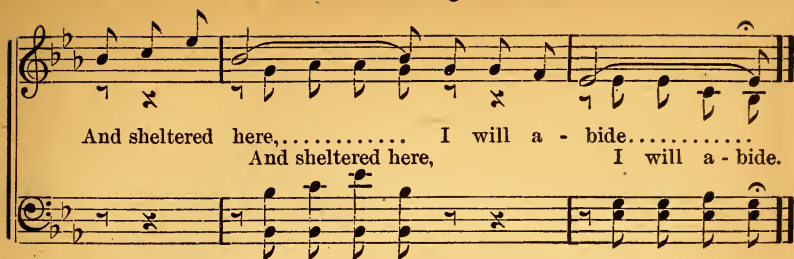


All earth-ly gain..... I'll count but loss,.....  
All earthly gain I'll count but loss,





# The Sheltering Cross.



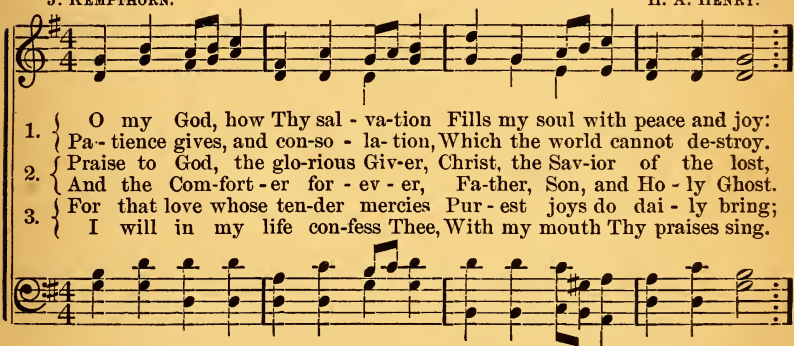
And sheltered here,..... I will a - bide.....  
And sheltered here, I will a - bide.

No. 149.

## PRAISE HIM.

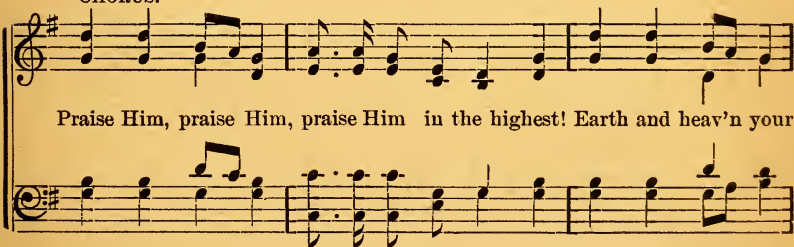
J. KEMPTHORN.

H. A. HENRY.

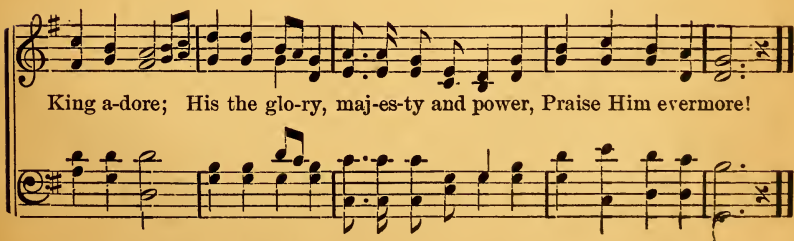


1. { O my God, how Thy sal - va-tion Fills my soul with peace and joy:  
Pa-tience gives, and con-so - la-tion, Which the world cannot de-destroy.  
2. { Praise to God, the glo-rious Giv-er, Christ, the Sav-ior of the lost,  
And the Com-fort-er for - ev - er, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.  
3. { For that love whose ten-der mercies Pur-est joys do dai - ly bring;  
I will in my life con-fess Thee, With my mouth Thy praises sing.

### CHORUS.



Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him in the highest! Earth and heav'n your



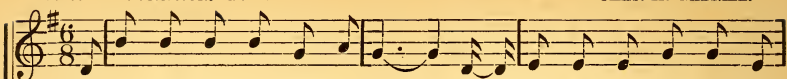
King a-dore; His the glo-ry, maj-es-ty and power, Praise Him evermore!

## No. 150.

## PRAYING FOR YOU.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Your mother is pray-ing for you; Young man, will you list - en to -
2. Your mother, how oft when a child, In her dear lov-ing arms you found
3. Your mother is pray-ing for you, With grief - la-den sighs and with
4. Your mother's in heav-en to - night! Ah! she turns from the soul-thrilling



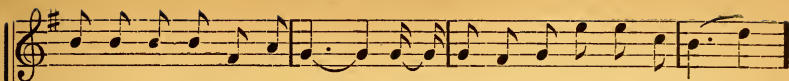
night? Ver-y far you have wander'd a - way From the pathway of  
rest, As she sooth'd you and sang you to sleep, With your head pillow'd  
tears; You have wander'd from God, but her love Has fol-low'd you  
joy Of the ransom'd, with yearnings t'ward earth, And prays for her



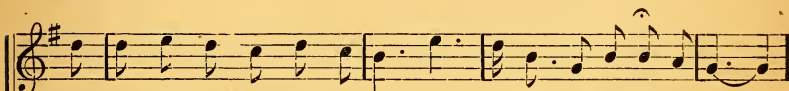
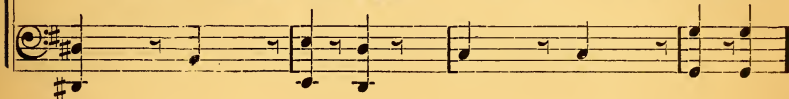
vir - tue and right; You are lost in the maz-es of sin;— Oh, re-  
soft on her breast; How fond-ly she gazed on you then, Her  
thro' the long years; Though others have failed you, her heart Has  
wan-der - ing boy. In heav-en she's pray-ing for you, As she



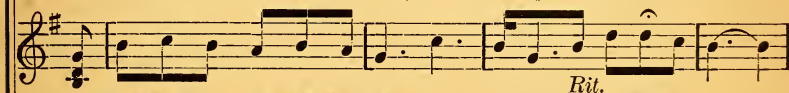
# Praying for You.



turn! to your manhood be true! Come to Je- sus and par-don re - ceive;  
 mother-heart throbbing with joy, While soft-ly she murmured the prayer,  
 ev - er been faithful and true, Though long you have slighted her love,  
 prayed with her last fleeting breath, When the light of her love-beaming eyes



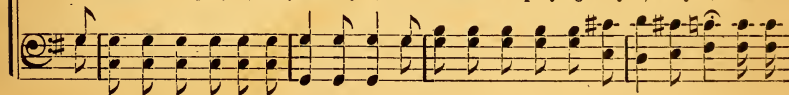
Your mother is praying for you, Your mother is praying for you.  
 "God bless you, my dar-ling, my boy, God bless you, my darling, my boy."  
 She's praying, still praying for you, She's praying, still praying for you.  
 Was veiled by the shad-ow of death, Was veiled by the shadow of death.



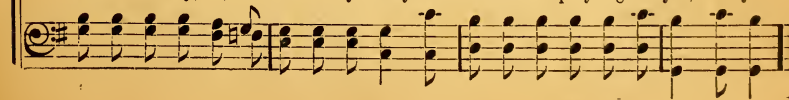
## CHORUS.



Your moth - - er is pray - ing, Still pray - - ing for you, Your  
 Your moth-er is praying for you, for you, Your mother is praying for you, for you; You have



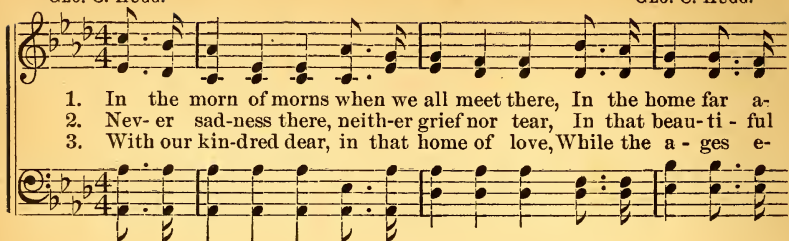
moth - - er is pray - ing, Still pray - - ing for you....  
 wander'd a-way; Oh, re turn while you may! Your moth-er is pray-ing for you, for you.



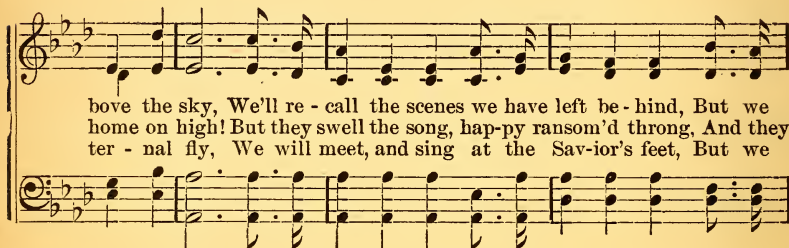
# No. 151. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

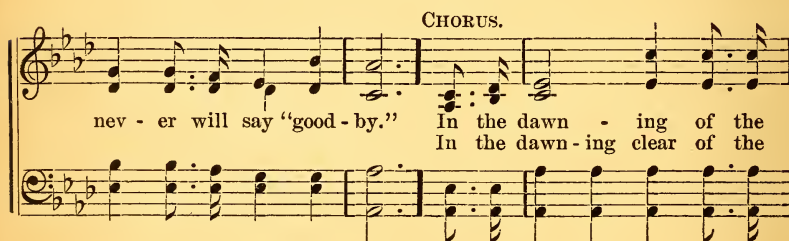


1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a-  
 2. Nev-er sad-ness there, neith-er grief nor tear, In that beau-ti-ful  
 3. With our kin-dred dear, in that home of love, While the a-ges e-

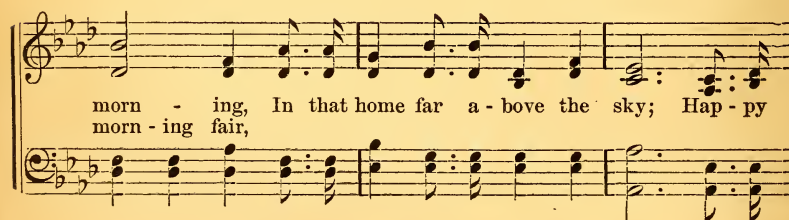


bove the sky, We'll re-call the scenes we have left be-hind, But we  
 home on high! But they swell the song, hap-py ransom'd throng, And they  
 ter-nal fly, We will meet, and sing at the Sav-ior's feet, But we

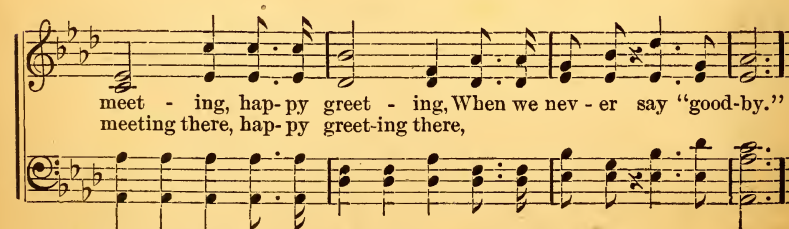
CHORUS.



nev-er will say "good-by." In the dawn-ing of the  
 In the dawn-ing clear of the



morn-ing, In that home far a-bove the sky; Hap-py  
 morn-ing fair,

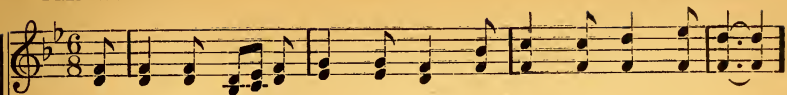


meet-ing, hap-py greet-ing, When we nev-er say "good-by."  
 meeting there, hap-py greet-ing there,

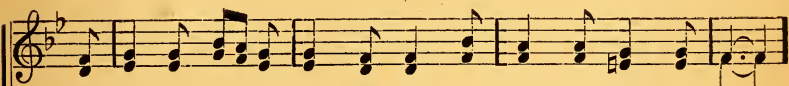
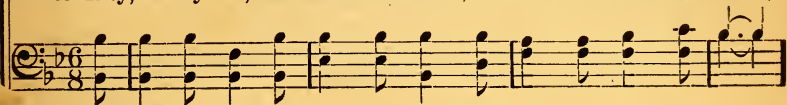


FRED WOODROW.

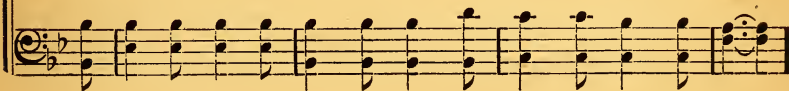
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Our Fa-thers trust-ed in the Lord, He was their ref - uge strong;
2. For faith and truth and love of God, They fought the ho - ly fight;
3. They, one by one, have cross'd the flood, And reached the Canaan shore;



Their com-fort - er in gloom - y days, Their suc - cor and their song.  
 The sen - ti - nels of Zi - on's walls, And watch-ers in the night.  
 And, one by one, we fol - low on To those who've gone be - fore.



## CHORUS.



For Him they lived,—for Him they died, And con-quer-ors they came



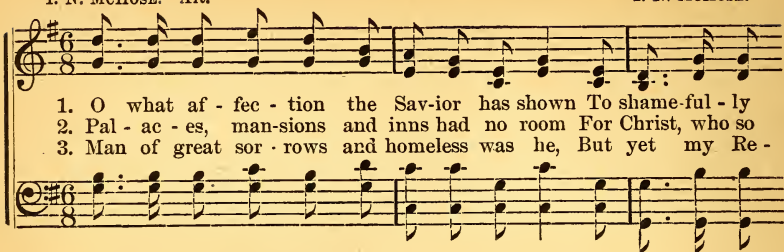
Thro' storm-y flood and mar - tyr fire, To glo - ri - fy His name.



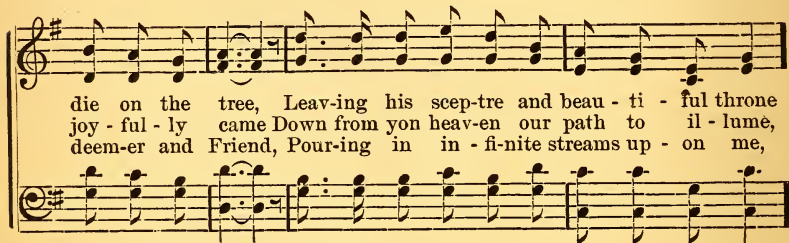
# No. 153. OH, SUCH WONDERFUL LOVE.

I. N. McHose. Alt.

I. N. McHose.

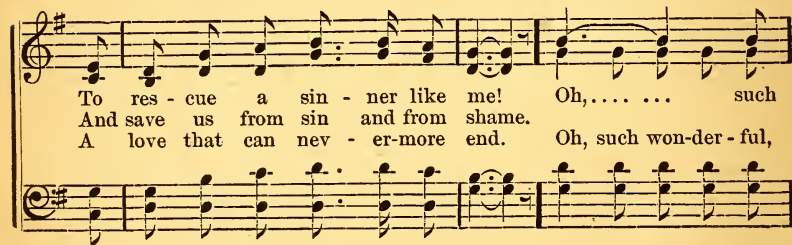


1. O what af - fec - tion the Sav-ior has shown To shame-ful - ly  
 2. Pal - ac - es, man-sions and inns had no room For Christ, who so  
 3. Man of great sor - rows and homeless was he, But yet my Re -



die on the tree, Leav-ing his scep-tre and beau - ti - ful throne  
 joy - ful - ly came Down from yon heav-en our path to il - lume,  
 deem-er and Friend, Pour-ing in in - fi-nite streams up - on me,

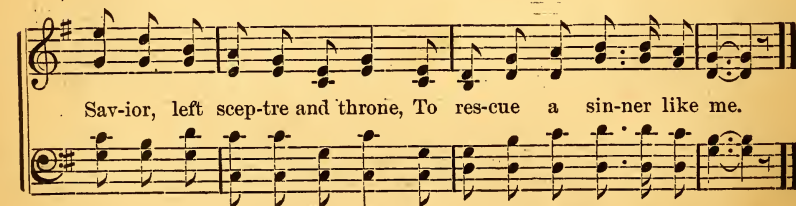
## CHORUS.



To res - cue a sin - ner like me! Oh,.... . such  
 And save us from sin and from shame.  
 A love that can nev - er-more end. Oh, such won-der - ful,



won-der - ful love! Oh, ..... such won-der-ful love! Je - sus, my  
 Oh, such wonderful,



Sav-ior, left scep-tre and throne, To res-cue a sin-ner like me.

**No. 154.**

## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY.

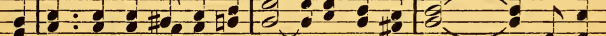
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

*Slowly.*

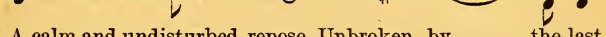
*Slowly.*

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The tempo is marked 'Slowly.' at the beginning.

1. A-sleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,.... From which none ev - er wake to  
2. A-sleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet.... To be for such.... a slum-ber  
3. A-sleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,.... Whose waking is..... supremely  
4. A-sleep in Jesus! oh, for me..... May such a bliss - ful ref-uge  
blessed sleep,



weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by . . . . . the last of foes.  
 meet! With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venom'd sting.  
 blest! No fear, no foe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Savior's pow'r.  
 be! Se-cre-ly shall my ashes lie, Waiting the sum - mons from on high.



REFRAIN.

A - sleep, ..... bless-ed sleep; ..... a -

A - sleep in Je - sus, a - sleep in Je - sus;

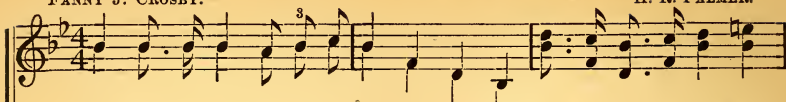
sleep, A - sleep,..... a - sleep in Je-sus, blessed  
a-sleep in Je-sus, bless-ed sleep;

sleep, ..... a - sleep, a - sleep. ....  
a - sleep in Je - sus, a-sleep in Je-sus, in Je - sus.

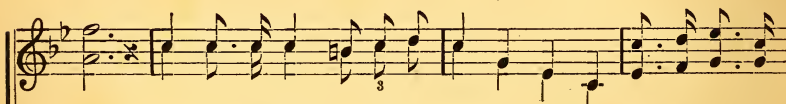
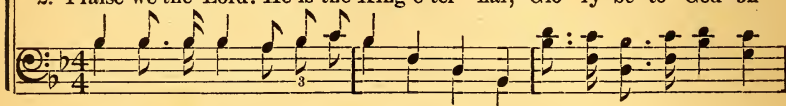
# No. 155. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.



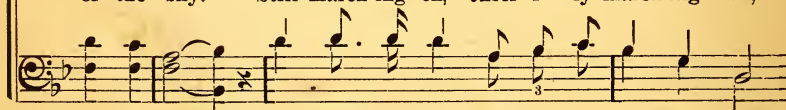
1. Praise ye the Lord! joyfully shout ho - san-na! Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to God on



claim; Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with gladness, -Mag-ni-fy His high! Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind-ness, -Join the chorus



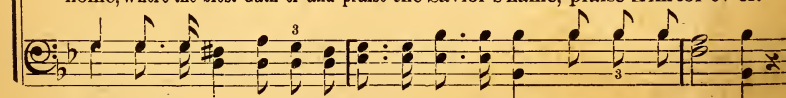
ho - ly name. March-ing a - long un-der His ban - ner bright,  
of the sky. Still march-ing on, cheer-i - ly march-ing on,



Trusting in His mercy as we go (trusting we go), His light divine tenderly  
In the ranks of Je-sus we will go (ev-er we'll go) Home to our rest, joyfully



o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by His hand now and for-ev - er.  
home, where the blest Gath-er and praise the Savior's name, praise Him for-ev-er.





# Steadily Marching On.

CHORUS.

Steadily marching on With our banner waving o'er us, Steadily marching on, while we sing the joy-ful cho-rus; Stead-i-ly marching on, pil-lar and cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

No. 156.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

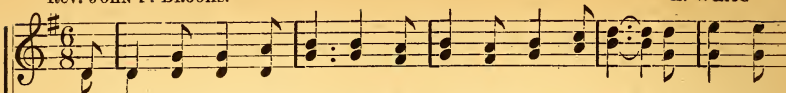
GREGORIAN.

- 1 Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name.||  
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread.||  
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil:||  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-|ever. | A- | men.

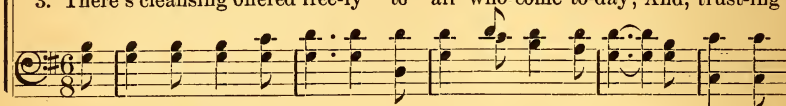
# No. 157. THE TIDAL WAVE IS COMING.

Rev. JOHN P. BROOKS.

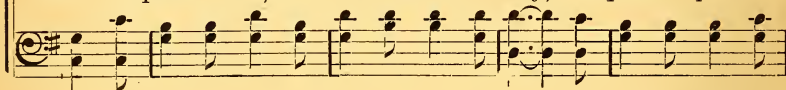
L. WHITE



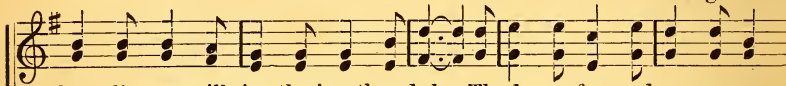
1. The ti - dal wave is com - ing, sal - va - tion, full and free; With shout and
2. We're waiting, Lord, and longing, till Thou shalt come again, To claim Thine
3. There's cleansing offered free - ly to all who come to - day; And, trust - ing



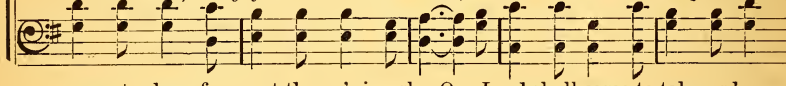
song it sweeps a - long like bil - lows of the sea; The ju - bi - lee of  
own, and on Thy throne, in peace and love to reign; We'll wait that glorious  
in the prom - i - ses, will walk the nar - row way; For per - fect peace in



*D.S.*—We'll wait that glo - rious



ho - li - ness will ring thro' earth and sky, The dawn of grace draws on apace,  
com - ing, till, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to take us home,  
Him is found, and joys which ne'er shall die, And when He comes we'll reign with Him,

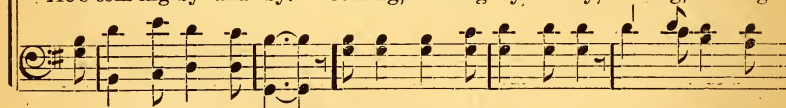


moment, when, from out the op'ning sky, Our Lord shall come to take us home,

**FINE. CHORUS.**



'tis com - ing by and by. Coming by and by, . . . . Coming by and  
He's com - ing by and by. Coming, com - ing by and by, Coming, com - ing

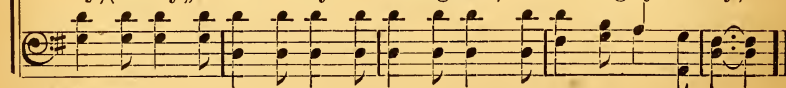


He's com - ing by and by.

*D.S.*

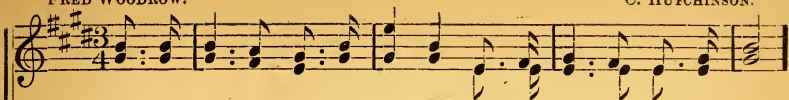


by; (and by;) A bet - ter day is dawning soon, He's coming by and by;

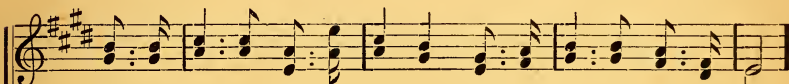
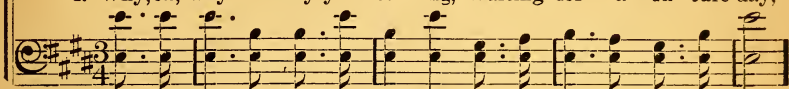


FRED WOODROW.

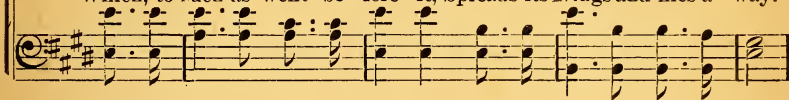
C. HUTCHINSON.



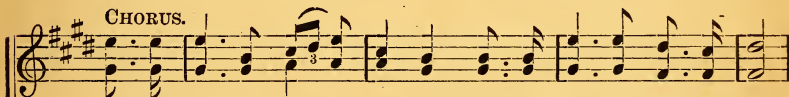
1. Seek, O sin - ner, seek the ref - uge, Hast-en in its o - pen door,
2. Seek, oh, seek the mer - cy of - fered, Ere sal - va - tion, full and free,
3. Soon, oh, soon the lamp that's shining, For thy feet a guid-ing light,
4. Why, oh, why de - lay your com-ing, Waiting for a fu - ture day,



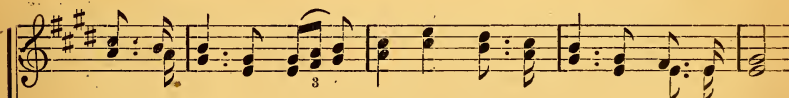
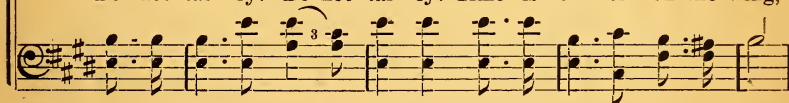
Ere the latch that God has lift - ed, He may lift a - gain no more.  
 Found by ev - 'ry seek-ing sin - ner, Is for - ev - er lost to thee.  
 Will a - mid the gloom-y dark-ness, Sink in ev - er - last-ing night.  
 Which, to such as went be - fore it, Spreads its wings and flies a - way?



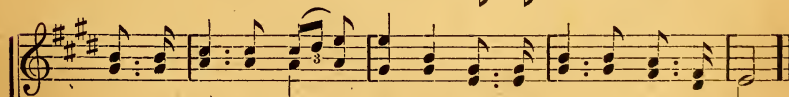
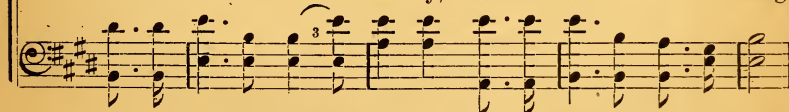
## CHORUS.



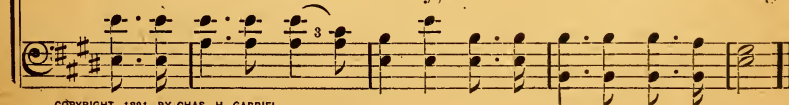
Do not tar - ry! Do not tar - ry! Time is ev - er on the wing,



And the bow of Death is read - y, With the ar - row on the string;



And the bow of Death is read - y, With the ar - row on the string.



Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.

1. Hark, sinner! list to the voice of the Lord! Jus - tice is standing with  
 2. Down in the rap-ids of sin, shame and blight, Thou'rt be - ing hur-ried to  
 3. Swift - ly the cur-rent of sin bears thee on! Look, sin-ner, look to the  
 4. List - en, oh, list - en,—give ear to the call; Come, for He call-eth the

up - lift-ed sword: Mer-cy is plead-ing in path - os so sweet, Lay thy  
 darkness and night; Stop ere thou ends in the whirlpool of woe, Where the  
 cru - ci - fied One: Hark! hear His voice saying; "Come unto me," Come, oh,  
 rich, poor, and all! Jesus stands waiting with arms open wide, Come! there's

*Rit. e dim.* CHORUS.

sins at Im-man - u - el's feet.  
 God - less and pen-i-tentless go.  
 come, and thy soul shall be free.  
 ref - uge in His riv - en side.

Hark! Je-sus calls thee to -  
 Je-sus

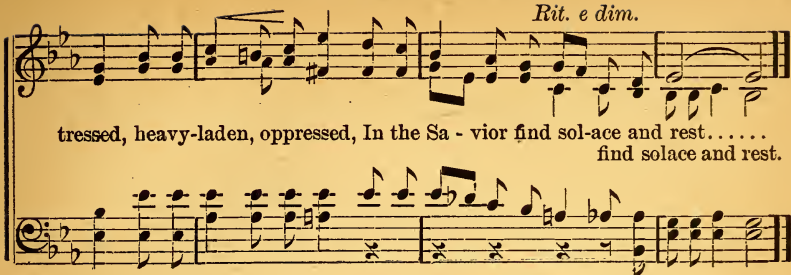
Im - man-u-el's feet,

day,..... Come, and no long - er de - lay,..... Poor, blind, dis-  
 calls thee today, no longer de-lay.



# The Warning Call.

*Rit. e dim.*



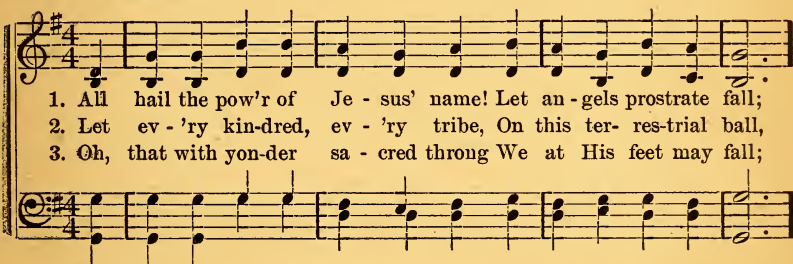
tressed, heavy-laden, oppressed, In the Sa - vior find sol-ace and rest. . . . .  
find solace and rest.

## No. 160.

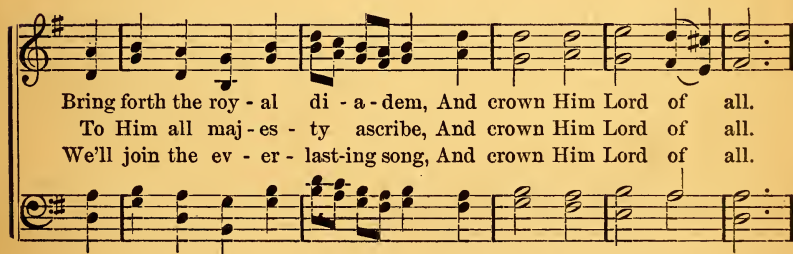
## CORONATION.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

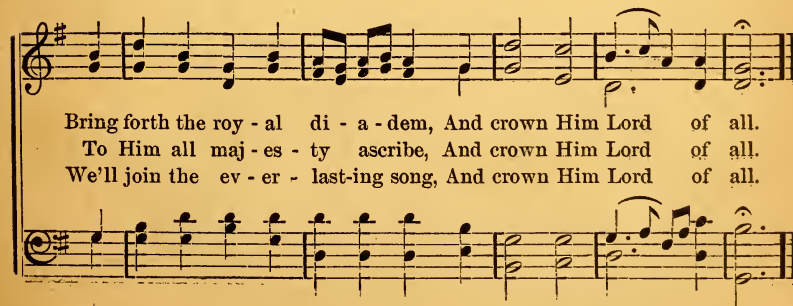
O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;  
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,  
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throug We at His feet may fall;



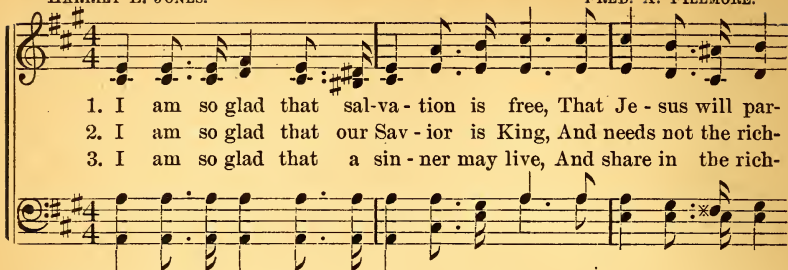
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



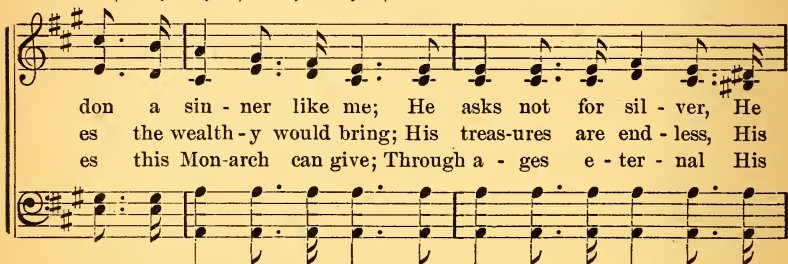
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

HARRIET E. JONES.

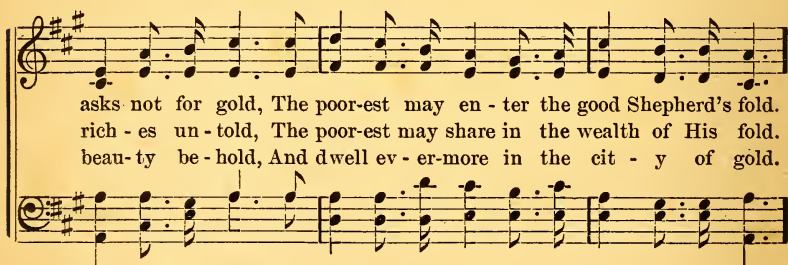
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. I am so glad that sal-va-tion is free, That Je-sus will par-  
 2. I am so glad that our Sav-ior is King, And needs not the rich-  
 3. I am so glad that a sin-ner may live, And share in the rich-

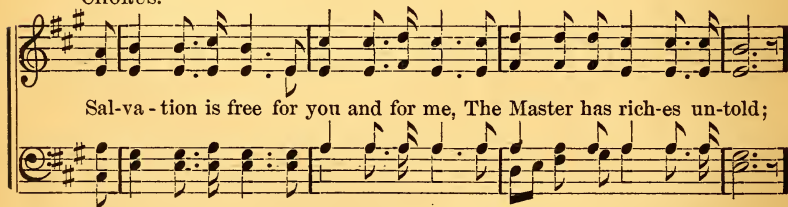


don a sin-ner like me; He asks not for sil-ver, He  
 es the wealth-y would bring; His treas-ures are end-less, His  
 es this Mon-arch can give; Through a-ges e-ter-nal His



asks not for gold, The poor-est may en-ter the good Shepherd's fold.  
 rich-es un-told, The poor-est may share in the wealth of His fold.  
 beau-ty be-hold, And dwell ev-er-more in the cit-y of gold.

## CHORUS.



Sal-va-tion is free for you and for me, The Master has rich-es un-told;

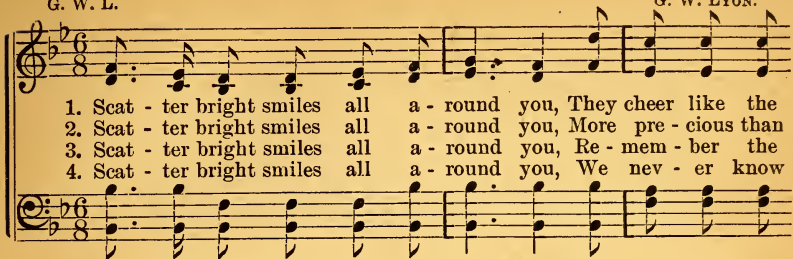


Sal-va-tion is free for you and for me; The poorest may en-ter the fold.

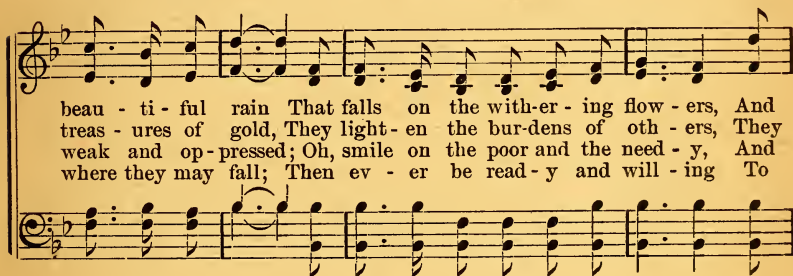
# No. 162. SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.

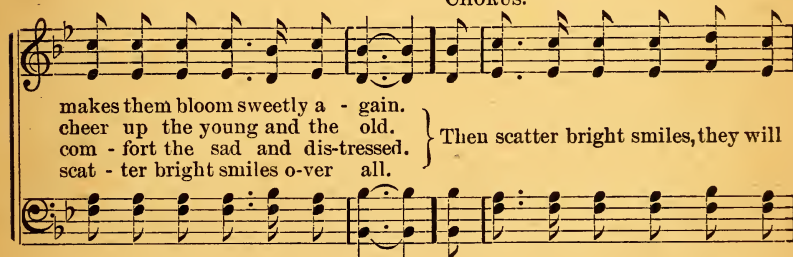


1. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the  
 2. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre - cious than  
 3. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the  
 4. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

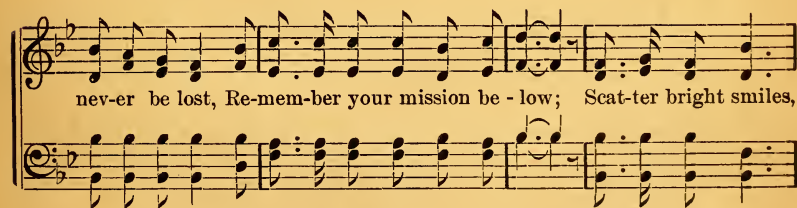


beau - ti - ful rain That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And  
 treas - ures of gold, They light - en the bur - dens of oth - ers, They  
 weak and op - pressed; Oh, smile on the poor and the need - y, And  
 where they may fall; Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To

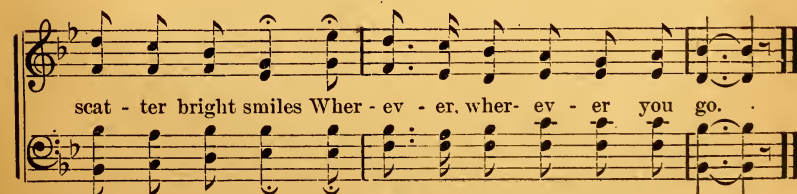
## CHORUS.



makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.  
 cheer up the young and the old.  
 com - fort the sad and dis - tressed. } Then scatter bright smiles, they will  
 scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.



nev - er be lost, Re - mem - ber your mis - sion be - low; Scat - ter bright smiles,



scat - ter bright smiles Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.

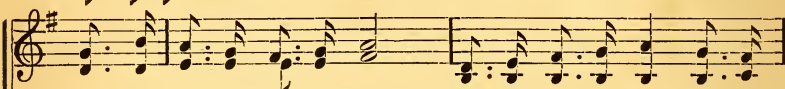
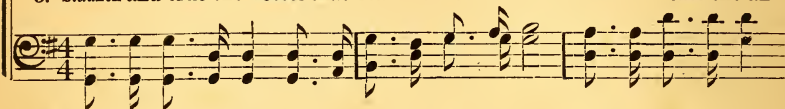
# No. 163. SAILING O'ER THE OCEAN.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



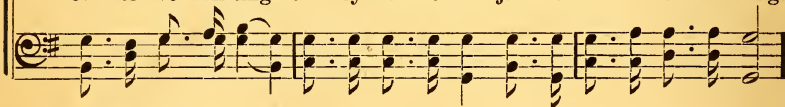
1. Out up-on the o - cean of life, with flowing sail, Swift-ly we are driv-
2. Tho' the storms, up-ris-ing in fu - ry, beat around, And the rolling thun-
3. Staunch and true the vessel that bears us o'er the tide! Soon we'll cast the an-



ing be - fore the heav'nly gale; Hi'd-den rocks of dan - ger, nor  
 ders a-wake with clashing sound, Brightly shines the bea - con up-  
 chor up - on the oth - er side! Then, with all the ran-som'd, for-



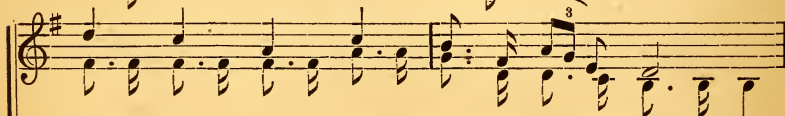
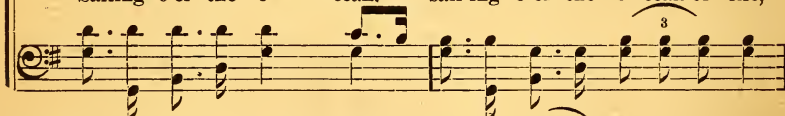
cor - al reefs a-larm,—Christ is at the wheel! We are safe from ev-'ry harm!  
 on the oth - er shore, And our songs of praise rise above the o-cean's roar.  
 ev - er we will sing Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to our e - ter - nal King!



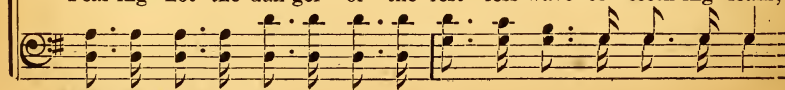
## CHORUS.



Sail - - - ing o'er the o - cean of life,  
 Sailing o'er the o - cean, sail-ing o'er the o - cean of life,



Fear - ing not the wave or seething foam;  
 Fear-ing not the dan-ger of the rest - less wave or seeth-ing foam;





# Sailing O'er the Ocean.

Christ,..... our Pi - lot, stands at the wheel,  
 Christ, our trust-y Pi - lot, Christ, our Pi - lot, stands at the wheel,

Hal - le - - lu - jah! we are go - ing home.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! we are go - ing home.

## No. 164.

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [Omit . . . . .] }


2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.



- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see<br/>             That fountain in his day;<br/>             And there may I though vile as he,<br/>             Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood<br/>             Shall never lose its power,<br/>             Till all the ransomed Church of God<br/>             Are saved to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream<br/>             Thy flowing wound supply,<br/>             Redeeming love has been my theme,<br/>             And shall be, till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,<br/>             I'll sing Thy power to save,<br/>             When this poor lisping, stamm'ring<br/>             Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN KING. 2


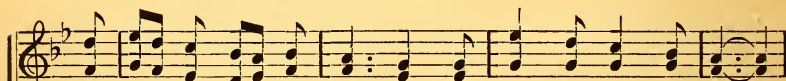
Mrs. M. E. Bliss Willson.



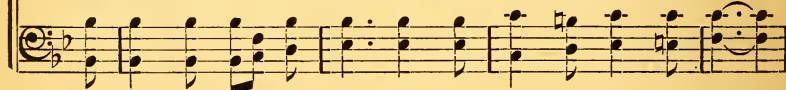

1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,  
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil - dren still,  
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,

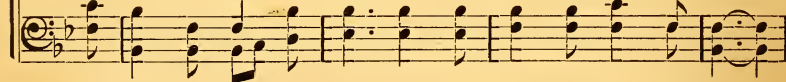
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;  
 Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's ho - ly hill,  
 The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.

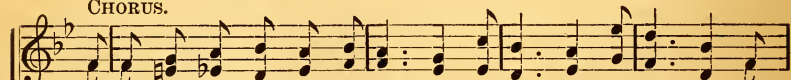
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,  
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore His throne,  
 But, shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?


He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.  
 And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"  
 No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too, shall be the Lord's.



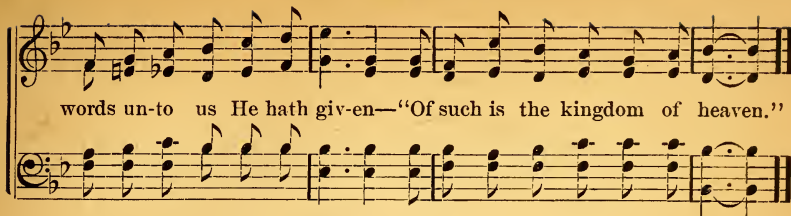
## CHORUS.



Our Savior hath said that He loves them, He loves them, He loves them! These



# He Loves Them.



words un-to us He hath giv-en—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

No. 166.

## BLESSED JESUS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

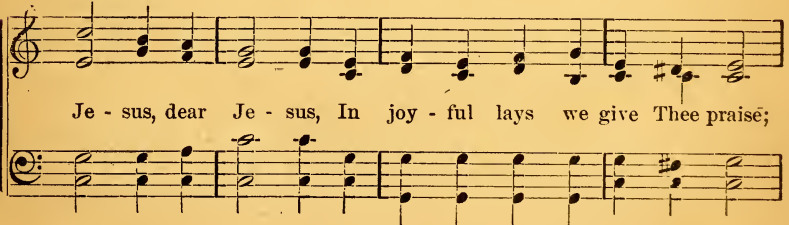


1. Bless - ed Je - sus, God's own child! Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild,  
2. Own me, Je - sus, I am Thine; Let Thy love with - in me shine;  
3. Heav'nly Guard - ian of my heart, May I from Thee nev - er part;

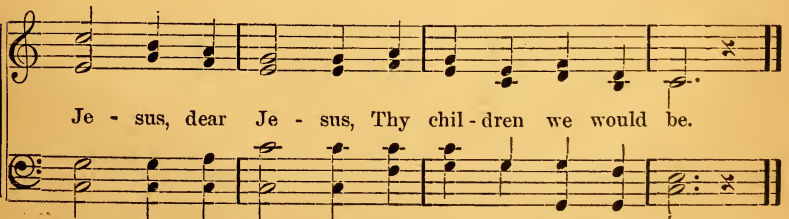


Great Thy beau - ty, great Thy love, Ho - ly Je - sus, Heav'nly Dove.  
Help me to be free from sin, Pure with - out, and pure with - in.  
Pre - cious Lov - er of my soul, Keep my life in Thy con - trol.

### CHORUS.



Je - sus, dear Je - sus, In joy - ful lays we give Thee praise;

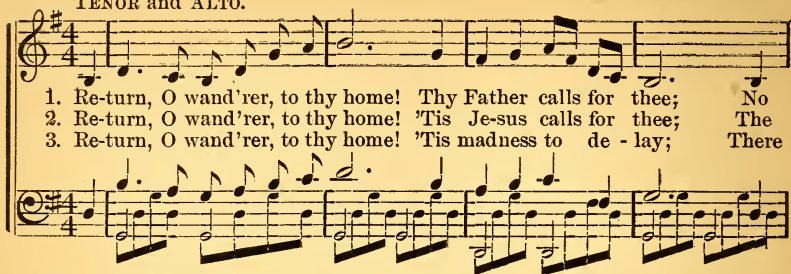


Je - sus, dear Je - sus, Thy chil - dren we would be.

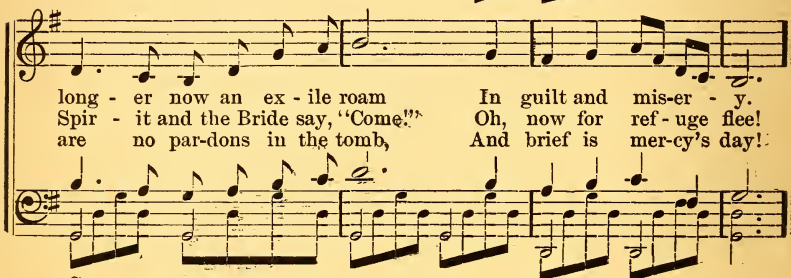
Dr. HASTINGS.

A. S. DEYOGE.

TENOR and ALTO.

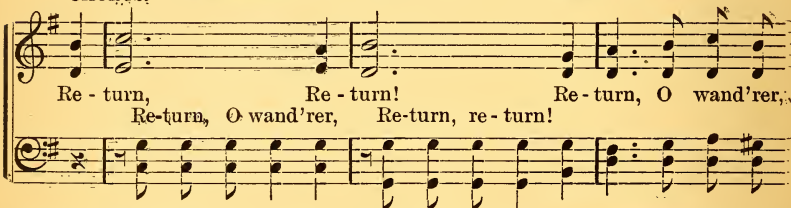


1. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! Thy Father calls for thee; No  
 2. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! 'Tis Je-sus calls for thee; The  
 3. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! 'Tis madness to de-lay; There

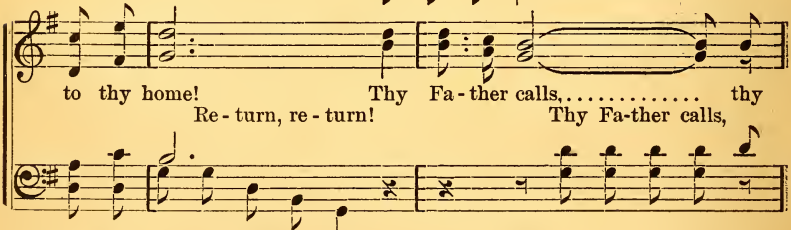


long - er now an ex - ile roam In guilt and mis-er - y.  
 Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come!" Oh, now for ref - uge flee!  
 are no par-dons in the tomb, And brief is mer-cy's day!

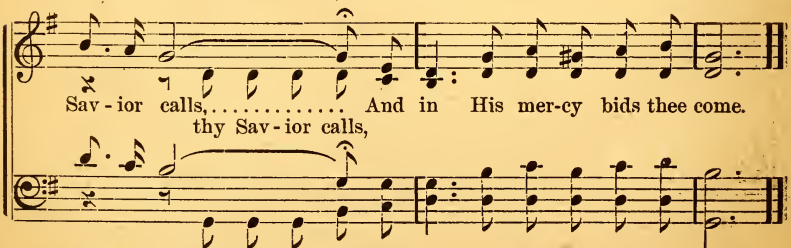
CHORUS.



Re - turn, Re - turn! Re - turn, O wand'rer,  
 Re-turn, O wand'rer, Re-turn, re - turn!



to thy home! Thy Fa-ther calls,..... thy  
 Re - turn, re - turn! Thy Fa-ther calls,



Sav - ior calls,..... And in His mer-cy bids thee come.  
 thy Sav - ior calls,



J. MONTGOMERY.

J. H. HALL.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be! Life  
 2. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will, The  
 3. So when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By

from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 prom - ise of that faith - ful word, E'en here to me ful - fill.  
 death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.

## A CHORUS.

We'll rest..... at home in heav'n.....  
 We'll rest at home in heav'n, We'll rest at home in heav'n

For - ev - - - er with the Lord..... We'll  
 For - ev - er with the Lord, For - ev - er with the Lord, We'll

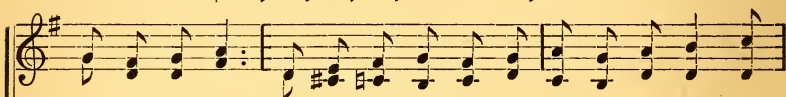
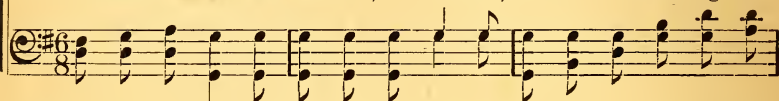
rest..... at home in heav'n,..... For - ev - er with the Lord.  
 rest at home in heav'n, We'll rest at home in heav'n,

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Christ is my Sav-ior; He hath redeemed me, Sealed my forgiveness and
2. When I in darkness aim-less - ly wandered, Bound by the fet - ters of
3. Slow - ly my heart its stubborn will yield-ed, Slow - ly un-closed to His
4. He hath redeemed me! Lost one, O lost one; Still He is seek-ing the



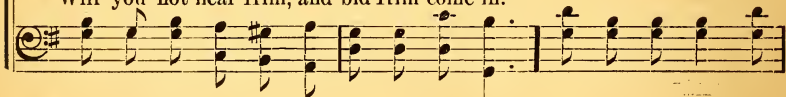
called me His friend; Un - to my heart He is ten - der - ly say - ing:  
 er - ror and sin; Faith - ful He sought me, so earn - est - ly plead - ing,  
 pres - ence di - vine, But He hath conquered, and gladly I own Him;  
 err - ing to win; At your heart's door He is knocking and wait - ing,



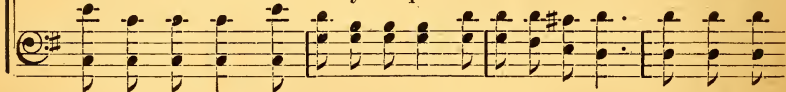
## CHORUS.



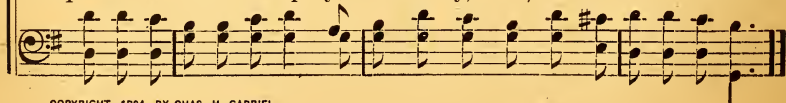
"Lo! I am with you, e'en un - to the end!"  
 Pa - tient - ly call - ing the wan - der - er in.  
 Praise His dear name, His sal - va - tion is mine! } He hath redeemed me!  
 Will you not hear Him, and bid Him come in?



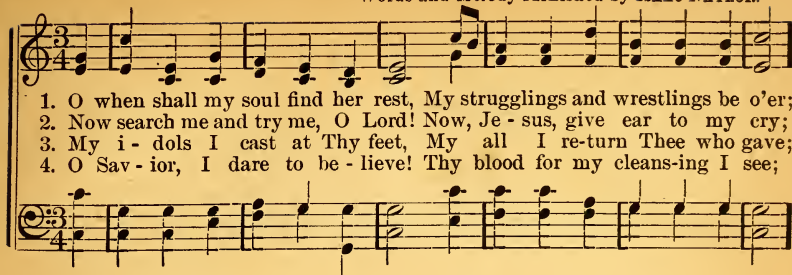
He hath redeemed me! Glo - ry and praise be unto His name! Kind His com -



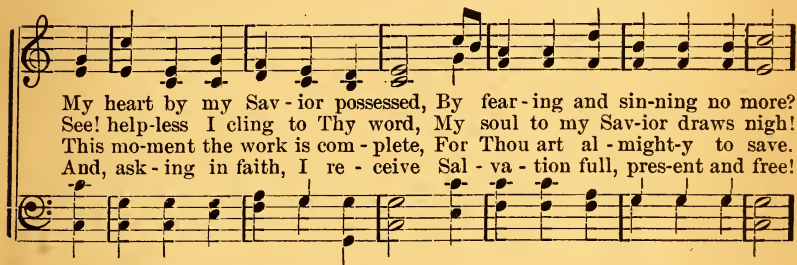
passion and tender His pit - y, Yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er the same!



Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.

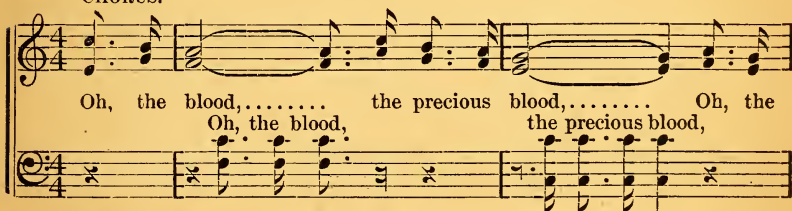


1. O when shall my soul find her rest, My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er;  
 2. Now search me and try me, O Lord! Now, Je - sus, give ear to my cry;  
 3. My i - dols I cast at Thy feet, My all I re - turn Thee who gave;  
 4. O Sav - ior, I dare to be - lieve! Thy blood for my cleans - ing I see;

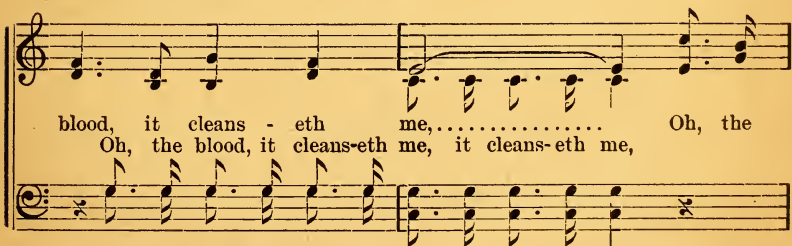


My heart by my Sav - ior possessed, By fear - ing and sin - ning no more?  
 See! help - less I cling to Thy word, My soul to my Sav - ior draws nigh!  
 This mo - ment the work is com - plete, For Thou art al - might - y to save.  
 And, ask - ing in faith, I re - ceive Sal - va - tion full, present and free!

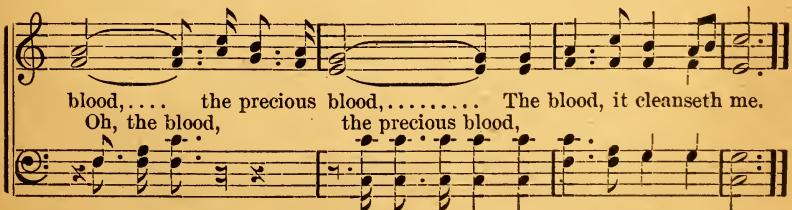
## CHORUS.



Oh, the blood,..... the precious blood,..... Oh, the  
 Oh, the blood, the precious blood,



blood, it cleans - eth me,..... Oh, the  
 Oh, the blood, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me,



blood,.... the precious blood,..... The blood, it cleanseth me.  
 Oh, the blood, the precious blood,

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear them sing of Je - sus and call Him pre - cious Friend;  
 2. I won - der, O I won - der, if Je - sus all di - vine,  
 3. I hear them tell the sto - ry of how He came to save  
 4. I can re - sist no long - er, I would not if I could;

I hear them pray - ing oft - en, His king - dom to ex - tend:  
 Would care to have me give Him a bro - ken heart like mine?  
 The lost from death and dark - ness, and that His life He gave;  
 I blush that I have ev - er His of - fered love with - stood:

They say He died for sin - ners; I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, pre - cious thought, most pre - cious! I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, think of such a ran - som? I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, gra - cious Lord and Sav - ior, I now con - fess to Thee—

That He will of - fer par - don to wand'ring ones like me?  
 That Christ has died on Cal - v'ry for sin - ful ones like me?  
 That Je - sus would be will - ing to die for such as me?  
 I know my sins are man - y; in love re - mem - ber me.

## CHORUS.

O won - der - ful and pre - cious is Je - sus to my soul! His blood can make me



## Can it Be?

spotless, His grace can make me whole; No more I'll doubt my Savior, I

*Rit.*  
know that it can be, I have the blest assurance— 'tis more than life to me.

## No. 172. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -  
3. Oh, precious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast Thy poor soul at the

*S:*  
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His  
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His  
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His  
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo - ry to His

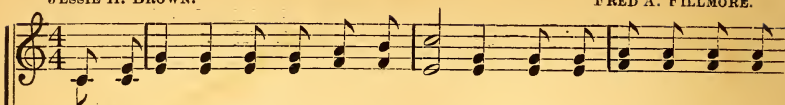
FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*  
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

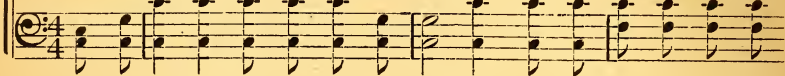
# No. 173. JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



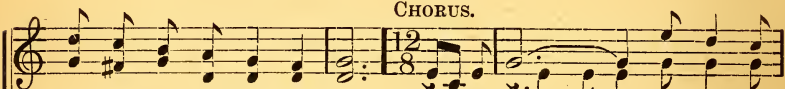
1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an-gels, When a wan-der - er re-
2. There is joy on earth a-mong the righteous, There are faith-ful hearts that
3. You can give that joy to saints and an-gels, For the lov-ing Shep-herd



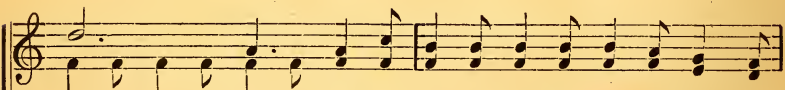
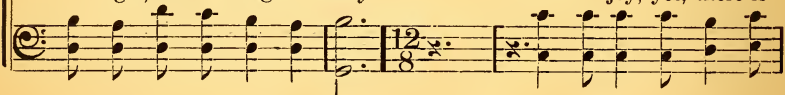
turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, After  
thrill with delight, When a soul is giv - en to the Sav - ior—Led to  
calls you to-day; Heav'n and earth will join to bid you wel-come, Do not



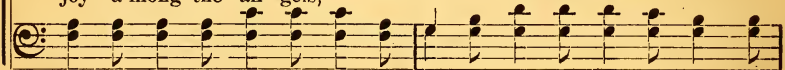
## CHORUS.



stray-ing in the dark and cold. There is joy..... a - mong the  
trust the gen - tle Shepherd's might.  
lin - ger, do not long - er stray. There is joy, yes, there is



an - - - gels, There is joy a - mong the an - gels when a  
joy a-mong the an - gels,



wan-der-er returns; There is joy..... a-mong the an - - -  
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the



## Joy Among the Angels.

gels, When a wan-der - er re- turns to the fold.....  
an - gels, to the fold.

## No. 174. MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the

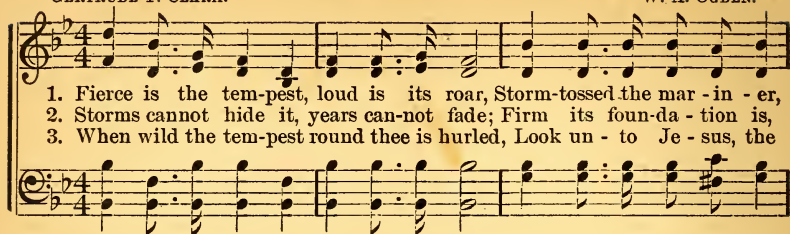
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,  
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,  
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,  
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

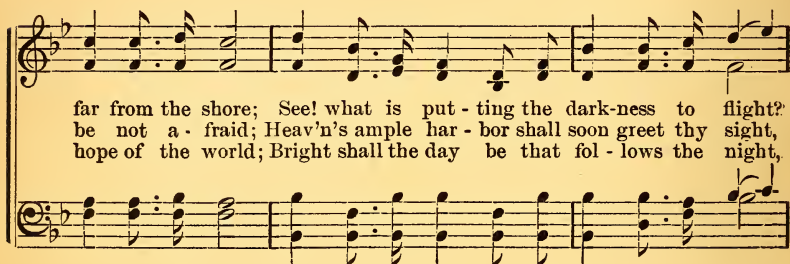
# No. 175. STEER TOWARD THE LIGHT.

GERTRUDE T. CLARK.

W. A. OGDEN.

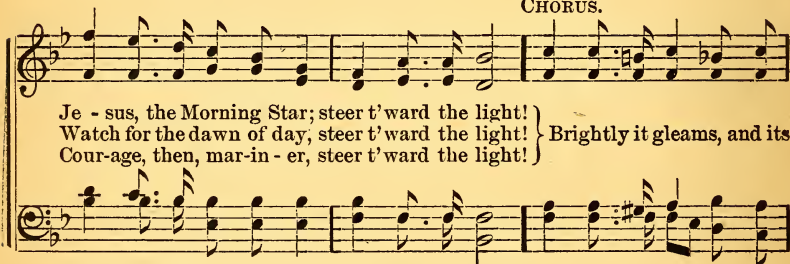


1. Fierce is the tem-pest, loud is its roar, Storm-tossed the mar-in-er,  
 2. Storms cannot hide it, years can-not fade; Firm its foun-da-tion is,  
 3. When wild the tem-pest round thee is hurled, Look un-to Je-sus, the

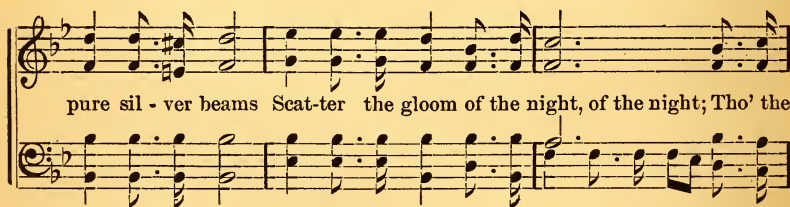


far from the shore; See! what is put-ting the dark-ness to flight?  
 be not a-fraid; Heav'n's ample har-bor shall soon greet thy sight,  
 hope of the world; Bright shall the day be that fol-lows the night,

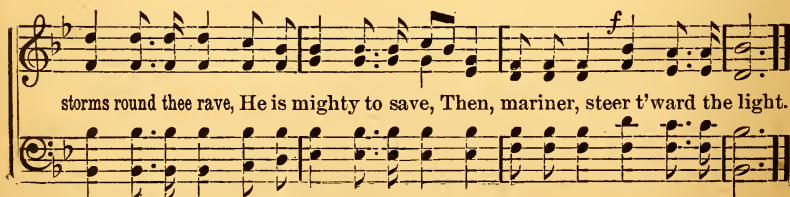
## CHORUS.



Je-sus, the Morning Star; steer t'ward the light! }  
 Watch for the dawn of day, steer t'ward the light! } Brightly it gleams, and its  
 Cour-age, then, mar-in-er, steer t'ward the light! }



pure sil-ver beams Scat-ter the gloom of the night, of the night; Tho' the



storms round thee rave, He is mighty to save, Then, mariner, steer t'ward the light.



C. WESLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ye vir - gin souls, a - rise, With all the dead a - wake! Un - to sal -  
 2. He comes, He comes to call The na - tions to His bar, And take to  
 3. Go meet Him in the sky, Your ev - er - last - ing Friend; Your Head to  
 4. The ev - er - last - ing doors Shall soon the saints receive, With seraphs,

va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take; Up - start - ing at the midnight cry,  
 glo - ry all, Who meet for glo - ry are; Made read - y for your full re - ward,  
 glo - ri - fy, With all His saints ascend; Ye pure in heart, ob - tain the grace  
 thrones and powers, In glorious joy to live; Far from a world of grief and sin,

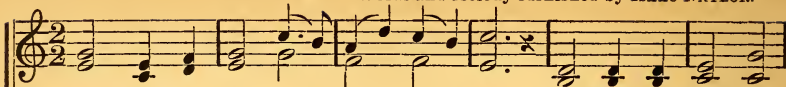
## CHORUS.

"Be - hold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!" He's coming, He's coming once a -  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.  
 To see, with - out a veil, His face.  
 With God e - ter - nal - ly shut in. He's coming, He's com - ing,

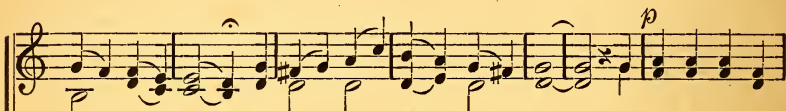
gain,..... He's coming, He's coming once a - gain,.....  
 coming once again, He's coming, He's com - ing, coming once again;

Be read - y to hear the midnight cry, "Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!"

Words and Melody furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



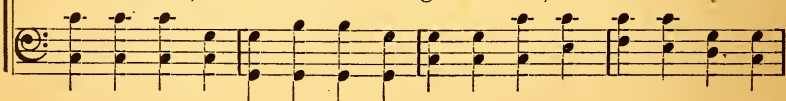
1. Come, brethren dear, that love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of
2. We feel that heav'n is now be - gun, It is - sues from the
3. And when we come to dwell a - bove, And all sur-round the
4. And then we'll shine and shout and sing, And make the heav'nly



Je - sus' word, In Je - sus' ways go on. Our troubles and our  
sparkling throne, From Je - sus' throne on high. It comes in floods we  
throne of love, We'll drink a full sup - ply. Je-sus will lead His  
arch - es ring, When all the saints get home. Come on, come on, my



tri - als here, Will on - ly make us rich - er there, When we ar - rive at  
can't contain, We drink and drink and drink a - gain, And yet we still are  
sol-diers forth, To liv - ing streams of richest worth, That nev - er will run  
comrades dear, We soon shall meet to geth - er there, For Je - sus bids us

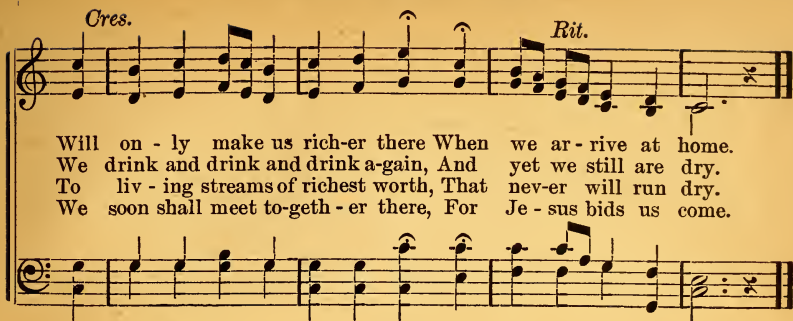


home: When we ar - rive at home; Our troub - les and our tri - als here  
dry, And yet we still are dry. It comes in floods we can't con - tain,  
dry, That nev - er will run dry. Je - sus will lead His sol - diers forth  
come, For Je - sus bids us come. Come on, come on, my comrades dear,



# Come, Brethren Dear.

*Cres.* *Rit.*



Will on - ly make us rich - er there When we ar - rive at home.  
 We drink and drink and drink a - gain, And yet we still are dry.  
 To liv - ing streams of richest worth, That nev - er will run dry.  
 We soon shall meet to - geth - er there, For Je - sus bids us come.

## No. 178.

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

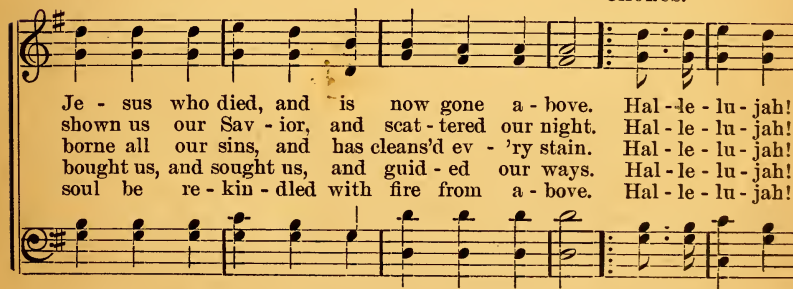
Dr. W. MACKAY.

English Melody.

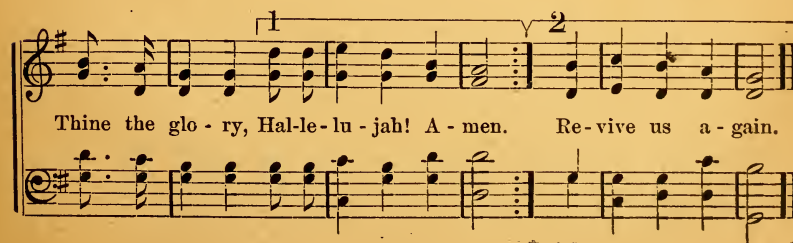


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has  
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has  
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has  
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

### CHORUS.



Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah!



Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. They shall be mine, the jew-els I love, Shin-ing to grace
2. Kept from the world all spot-less with-in, Washed in the blood
3. They shall be mine, the sheep of my Fold—Walk-ing the streets



my king-dom a - bove; They shall be mine, When I shall ap - pear,  
that cleanseth from sin, Bright as the stars that bril-liant-ly shine,  
of glit - ter - ing gold, Sheltered and safe from sor - row and care,



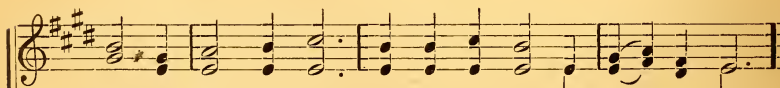
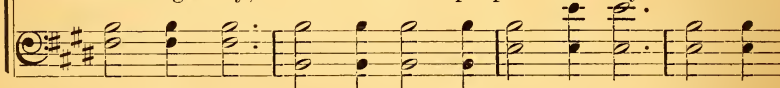
## CHORUS.



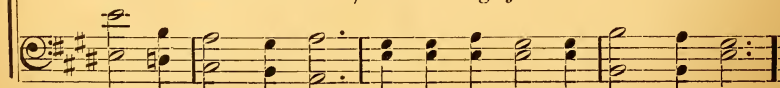
Gath'-ring my gems all price-less and clear. }  
Guard-ed from ill, oh, they shall be mine! } Com-ing, com-ing,  
Gath-ered for Christ, all fade-less and fair. }



some bright day; Let our hearts pre-pare the way! Je - sus



shall to earth come down, Gath-er - ing jew - els for His crown.





# No. 180. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNET.

T. C. O'KANE.



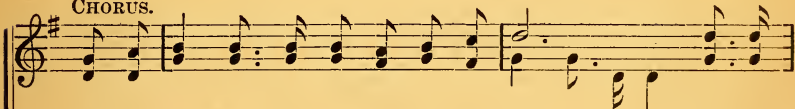
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-ten-d ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;



To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.



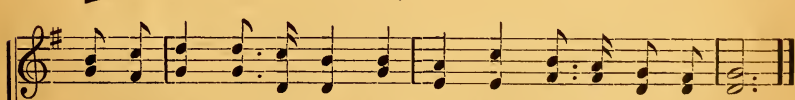
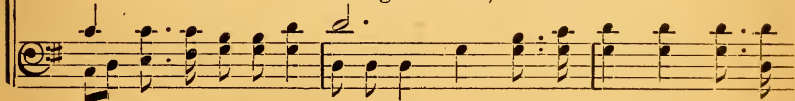
## CHORUS.



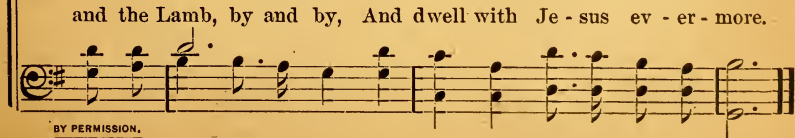
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-  
by and by,



cross on the ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo-ses  
ev-er-green shore,



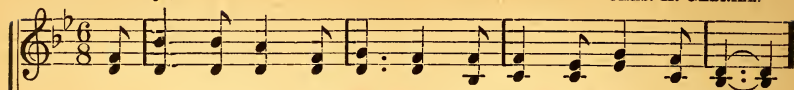
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



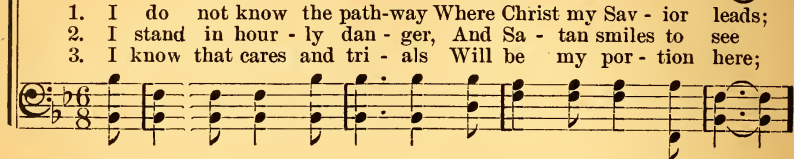
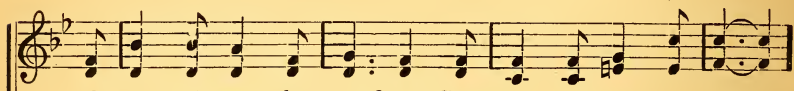
# No. 181. I'M ALWAYS SAFE WITH CHRIST.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

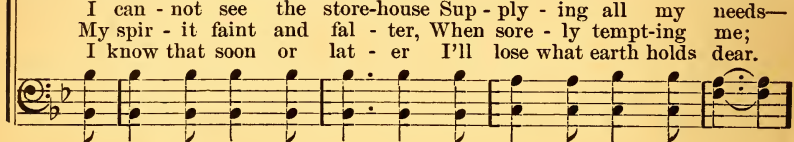

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



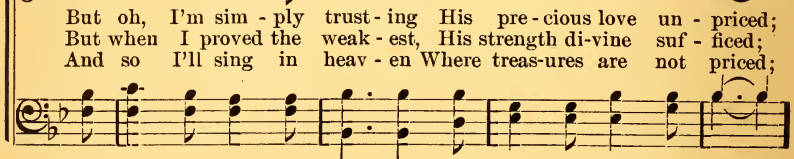

1. I do not know the path-way Where Christ my Sav - ior leads;  
 2. I stand in hour - ly dan - ger, And Sa - tan smiles to see  
 3. I know that cares and tri - als Will be my por - tion here;

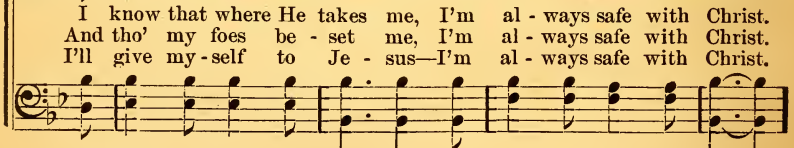
I can - not see the store-house Sup - ply - ing all my needs—  
 My spir - it faint and fal - ter, When sore - ly tempt-ing me;  
 I know that soon or lat - er I'll lose what earth holds dear.

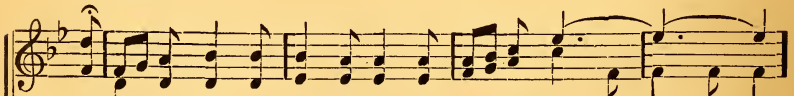
But oh, I'm sim - ply trust - ing His pre - cious love un - priced;  
 But when I proved the weak - est, His strength di - vine suf - ficed;  
 And so I'll sing in heav - en Where treas - ures are not priced;

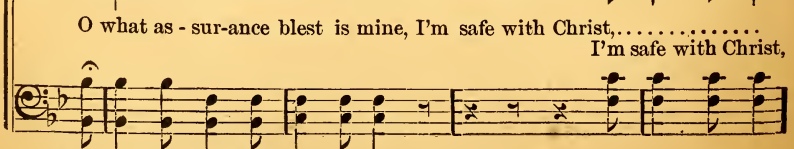
I know that where He takes me, I'm al - ways safe with Christ.  
 And tho' my foes be - set me, I'm al - ways safe with Christ.  
 I'll give my - self to Je - sus—I'm al - ways safe with Christ.



CHORUS.



O what as - sur - ance blest is mine, I'm safe with Christ,.....  
 I'm safe with Christ,



# I'm Always Safe with Christ.

the King di - vine,..... En - fold - ed by His lov - ing care,  
the King di - vine,  
I'm safe with Christ,..... no matter where.....  
I'm safe with Christ, no matter where.

No. 182.

## HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior, and my God! }  
{ Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

♩: CHORUS.

FINE.

D. S.—Happy day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D. S.

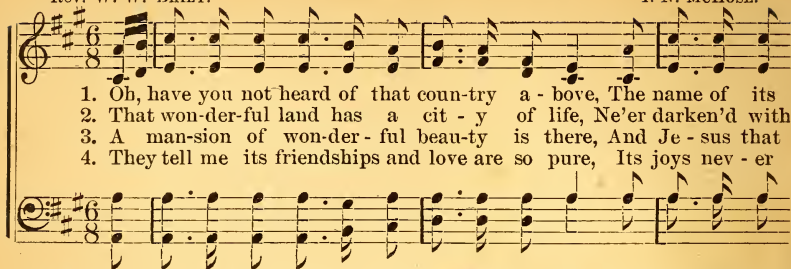
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

- |                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 O happy bond that seals my vows<br>To Him who merits all my love;<br>Let cheerful anthems fill His house,<br>While to that sacred shrine I move.     | 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,<br>Fixed on this blissful center, rest;<br>Nor ever from thy Lord depart,<br>With Him of every good possess'd.          |
| 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;<br>I am my Lord's and He is mine;<br>He drew me, and I follow'd on,<br>Charm'd to confess the voice divine. | 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,<br>That vow renew'd shall daily hear,<br>Till in life's latest hour I bow,<br>And bless in death a bond so dear. |

# No. 183. IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

Rev. W. W. BAILY.

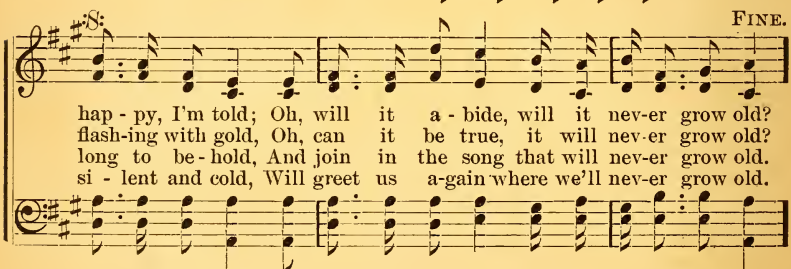
I. N. McHose.



1. Oh, have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its  
2. That won-der-ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with  
3. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je - sus that  
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er



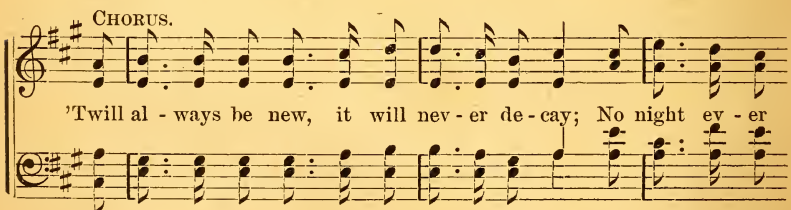
King, and His in - fin - ite love? His chil - dren are death-less and  
an - guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets all are  
man - sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I  
die, and its treas - ures are sure; And loved ones, de-part - ed, so



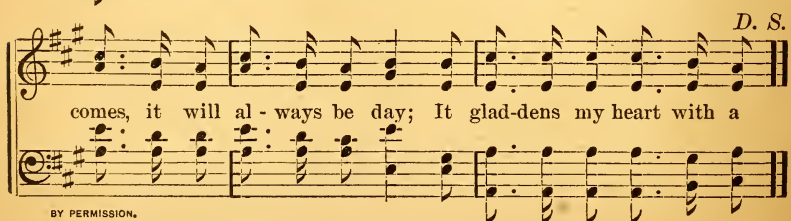
hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a - bid, will it nev - er grow old?  
flash - ing with gold, Oh, can it be true, it will nev - er grow old?  
long to be - hold, And join in the song that will nev - er grow old.  
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll nev - er grow old.

*D.S.*—joy that's un - told, To think of that land that will nev - er grow old.

CHORUS.

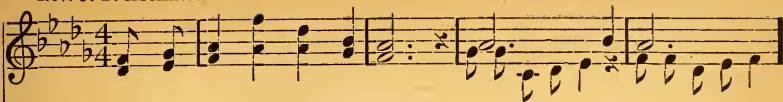


'Twill al - ways be new, it will nev - er de - cay; No night ev - er

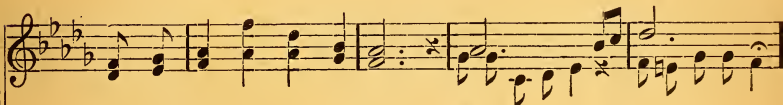


comes, it will al - ways be day; It glad - dens my heart with a



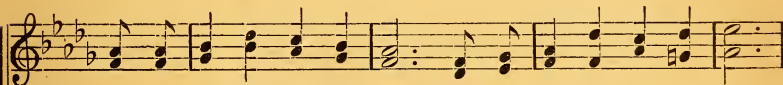
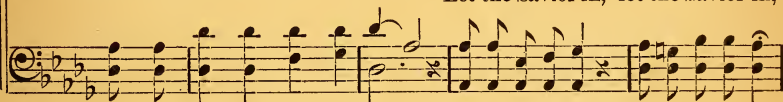


- |                                      |     |         |
|--------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Stran-ger at the door,  | Let | Him in, |
| 2. O - pen now to Him your heart,    | Let | Him in, |
| 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice, | Let | Him in, |
| 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest,  | Let | Him in, |
- Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,

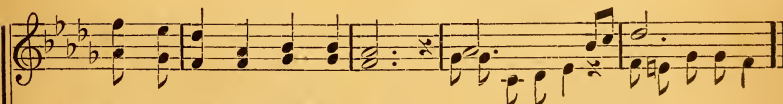
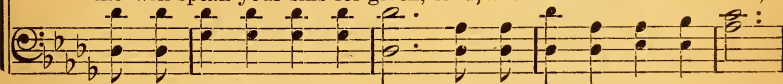


He has been there oft be-fore,	Let	Him in;
If you wait He will de-part,	Let	Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,	Let	Him in;
He will make for you a feast,	Let	Him in;

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



Let Him in ere He is gone,	Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend,	He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door,	Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for-given,	And, when earth ties all are riven,



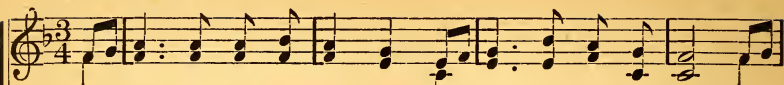
Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son,	Let	Him in.
He will keep you to the end,	Let	Him in.
And His name you will a - dore,	Let	Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n,	Let	Him in.

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. H. CROSBY.



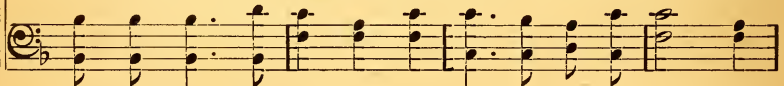
1. Be-yond the ills that vex us, Be-yond the toil and tears, Where
2. When friends no more shall grieve us, Nor shad-ows gloom our sky, When
3. Be-yond the hills e - ter - nal, That bound the distant strand, Be-
4. We list - en and we won - der, As heavenward still we go; No



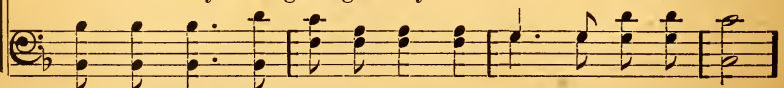
cares no more per - plex us, Nor en - ter doubts and fears, When  
 hopes shall ne'er de - ceive us, Nor loved ones droop and die; Where  
 yond the val - leys ver - nal, Of heav - en's mys - tic land, Where  
 veil is rent a - sun - der, That we may see or know— But



night shall turn to morn-ing, And earth - ly strife shall cease, From  
 heart - aches reach us nev - er, And souls are ne'er dis-mayed, From  
 Je - sus waits our com - ing With robe, and crown, and palm, From  
 God, the Fa - ther tells us, That, when our life is past, From



far a - way a great glad day Shall dawn in per - fect peace.  
 far a - way a great glad day Shall dawn no more to fade.  
 far a - way a great glad day Shall all our spir - its calm.  
 far a - way a great glad day Shall dawn for us at last!



# A Great Glad Day.

CHORUS.

Oh, courage, heart,..... press on, press on!..... For thee a  
Oh, courage, heart,i press on, press on!

great glad day shall dawn,— A day of peace.....  
For thee a great glad day shall dawn, shall dawn,— A day of peace

and rest sub-lime,.....'Twill come at last,.....some-time, some-time.  
and rest sublime, 'Twill come at last

## No. 186. OH, TELL ME NO MORE.

Tune:—LYONS. Key of A.

- 1 Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive:  
My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what He can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go after Him, go;  
Lo, onward I move to a city above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:  
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why:
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:  
So this is the race I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share  
These blessings. to seek them will none of you dare?  
In bondage, Oh, why, and death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

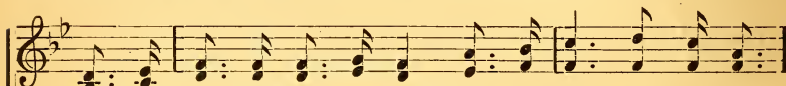
# No. 187. SOUND IT OUT WITH SINGING.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



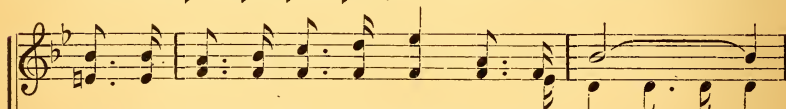
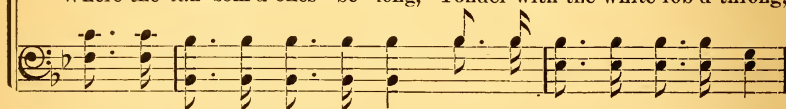
1. Are you peace - ful in your heart? Sound it out with sing-ing!
2. Are you keep - ing day by day:—Sound it out with sing-ing!
3. Does your heart for sin - ners yearn—Sound it out with sing-ing!



Have you made for heav'n a start? Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 In the straight and nar - row way? Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 That they may to Je - sus turn? Sound it out with sing-ing!



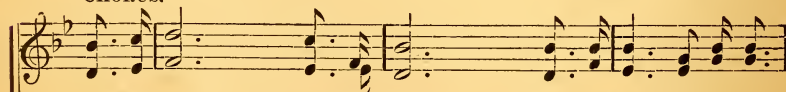
To the Lord sweet in-cense bring, Let your lips with mu - sic ring!  
 Are you striv - ing to be good? Is His word your dai - ly food?  
 Where the ran - som'd ones be - long, Yonder with the white-rob'd throng,



If the Sav - ior is your King, Sound it out!.....  
 If you love Him as you should, Sound it out!.....  
 If you hope to join their song, Sound it out!.....  
 sound it out!



CHORUS.



Tell the news, Tell the news! Let it still be ringing,





# Sound It Out With Singing.

Joy and glad - ness bring - ing, If you know..... a Sav - ior's  
If you know

love, A Sav - ior's love, Sound it out with sing - ing.

Sound it out

## No. 188. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.

Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;  
Long has evil dwelt within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—  
Friends and time and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be—  
Wholly Thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;  
In the cleansing blood confide;

I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

(Chorus to 5th verse.)

Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—  
Jesus saves me! saves me now.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There will be sing - ing and great re - joic - ing Yon - der in glo - ry,
2. There will be wail - ing, sad lam - en - ta - tions, Bit - ter - est weep - ing,
3. In heav - en's mor - row shall we be chanting Praise and thanksgiving,
4. Grant us, O Fa - ther, that not with sad - ness Our souls shall meet Thee,



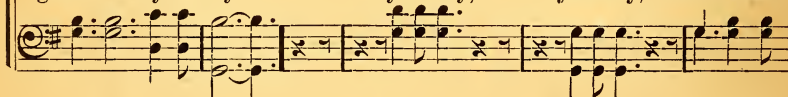
by and by; Sweet anthems ringing, in gladness voicing Salvation's sweet  
 by and by; Grief un - a - vail - ing, vain sup - pli - ca - tion, And sorrowful  
 by and by? Or, in our sor - row, be there la - ment - ing Our prod - i - gal  
 by and by, But let us, rath - er, with joy and gladness Haste onward to



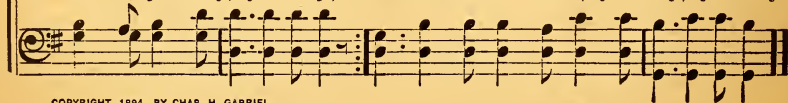
## REFRAIN.



sto - ry, by and by. By and by,..... By and by,..... Singing and  
 reaping, by and by. Weeping and  
 liv - ing, by and by? Gladness and  
 greet Thee by and by. By and by, by and by, Our souls shall



praising by and by;..... Sing - ing and praising by and by;.....  
 wail - ing by and by;..... Weep - ing and wail - ing by and by;.....  
 sor - row by and by;..... Gladness and sor - row by and by;.....  
 meet Thee, by and by, by and by; Our souls shall meet Thee, by and by, by and by.

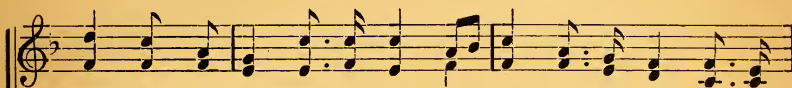


Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

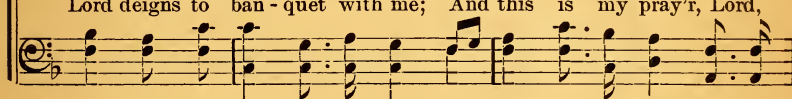
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. He has come! He has come! my Redeemer has come, He has tak-en my  
 2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev-'ry tho't of my  
 3. He has come! He has come! oh, hap - pi - est heart, He has giv-en His  
 4. He has come to a - bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my

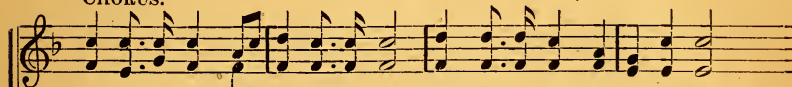
heart as His own chos-en home; At last I have giv - en the  
 be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and he rules in the  
 word that He will not de-part; No troub - le can en - ter, no  
 Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord,



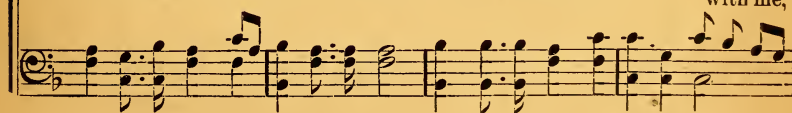

wel-come He sought, He has come, and His coming all gladness has brought.  
 realm of my soul, And His scep-ter is love, oh, bless-ed con-trol!  
 e - vil can come, To the heart where the God of peace has His home.  
 since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.



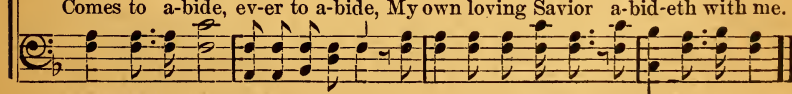
## CHORUS.



Joy! joy is mine, My Savior di-vine Comes to abide with me, with me;  
 with me;


*Rit.*

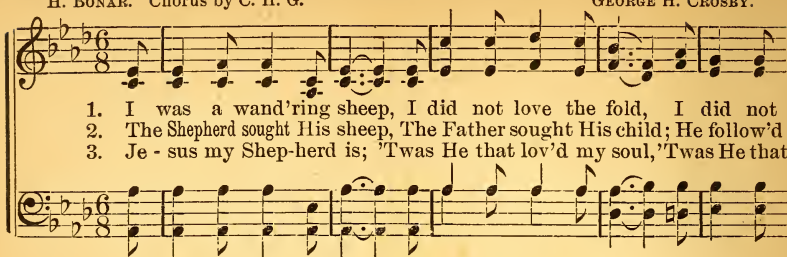

Comes to a-bide, ev-er to a-bide, My own loving Savior a-bid-eth with me.



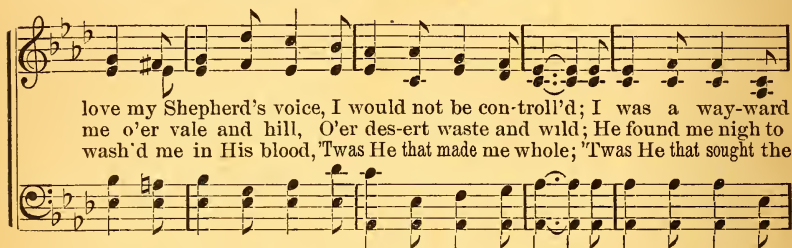
# No. 191. NO MORE A WANDERING SHEEP.

H. BONAR. Chorus by C. H. G.

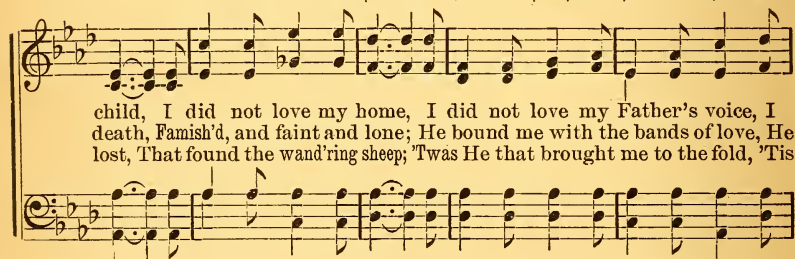
GEORGE H. CROSBY.



1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; He follow'd
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that lov'd my soul, 'Twas He that

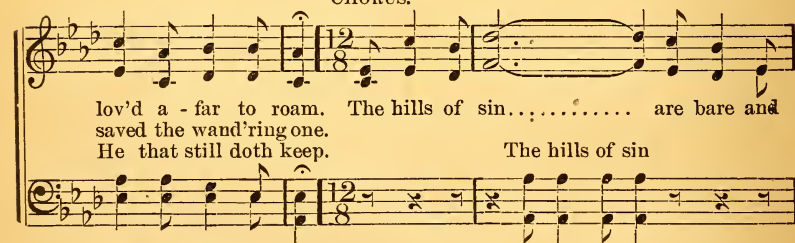


love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward  
me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-ert waste and wild; He found me nigh to  
wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas He that sought the

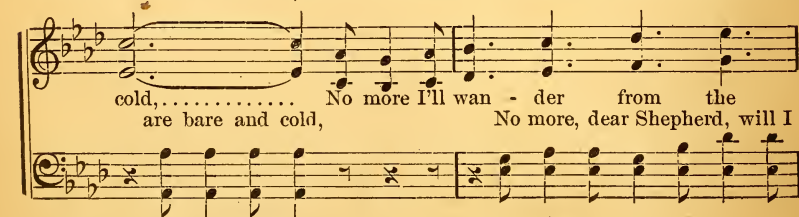


child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I  
death, Famish'd, and faint and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He  
lost, That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis

## CHORUS.



lov'd a - far to roam. The hills of sin..... are bare and  
saved the wand'ring one.  
He that still doth keep. The hills of sin



cold,..... No more I'll wan - der from the  
are bare and cold, No more, dear Shepherd, will I



# No More Wandering Sheep.



fold;..... No more in paths..... for - bid - den  
wan - der from the fold; No more in paths

roam,..... But find my joy with Thee at home.....  
forbidden roam, But find my joy and rest with Thee at home.

## No. 192 THE MASTER COMES.

Rev. E. GOUGH. B. A.

J. NEWSOME.



1. The Master comes, make straight His way! Let no vile passion say Him nay;  
2. The Master comes! bring ointment meet, And crown His head with odors sweet;

He comes to rid thee of thy sin,—O - pen thy heart and let Him in.  
A ban - quet for thy King pre - pare, Let ev-'ry grace be stationed there.

3

Give Peace her dove, give Praise her lyre,  
Bid languid Love stir up her fire,  
While Zeal stands ready to fulfill  
Each counsel of the Savior's will.

4

The Master comes! search well Thy heart,  
Bid Satan from the shrine depart;  
Break down the idols prized so long,  
Write a new coronation song.

5

The Master comes! O happy thou!  
Before thy gates He standeth now;  
From other works awhile forbear,—  
To welcome Christ be all thy care.

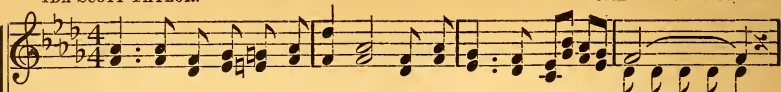
6

The Master comes! His face we see;  
O Jesus, we have longed for Thee;  
Into our hearts Thy fulness bring,  
And make us like Thee while we sing.

# No. 193. CHRIST AND CHRIST ALONE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

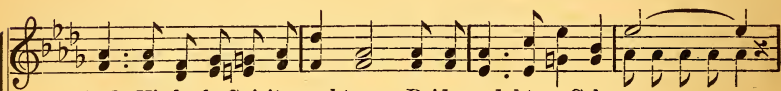
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Long a-go the Savior bought me With His precious blood so free,....
2. Day by day His Spirit leads me, And I fol-low with de-light;.....
3. In His refuge He will hide me 'Neath the shadow of His wings;....



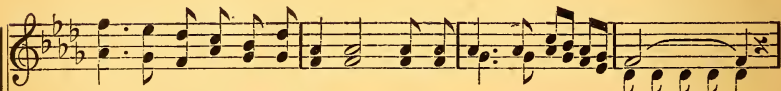
His precious blood so free,  
fol-low, follow with delight;  
'Neath the shadow of His wings



And His ho-ly Spirit sought me—Paid my debt on Calvary;.....  
With ce-les-tial food He feeds me—Guides my erring feet aright:.....  
Dai-ly He will walk beside me, As my blessed King of kings;.....



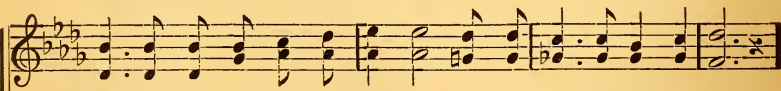
on Cal-va-ry;  
my er-ring feet aright;  
my blessed King of kings;



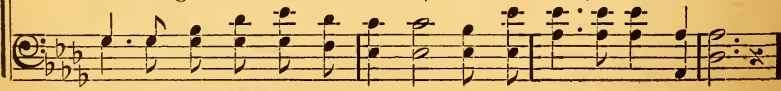
Now I lean up-on His promise, 'Tis the sur-est I have known;....  
Safe with Him I cannot fal-ter, He will guard with care His own;....  
Thro' His love my soul is pardon'd, I am heir to crown and throne—....



that I have known;  
will guard His own;  
to crown and throne,



Peace and com-fort it has brought me, Faith in Christ, and Christ alone.  
I am trusting Him complete-ly, Trusting Christ, and Christ alone.  
I've a glo-rious home in heav-en, All thro' Christ, and Christ alone.



# Christ, and Christ Alone.

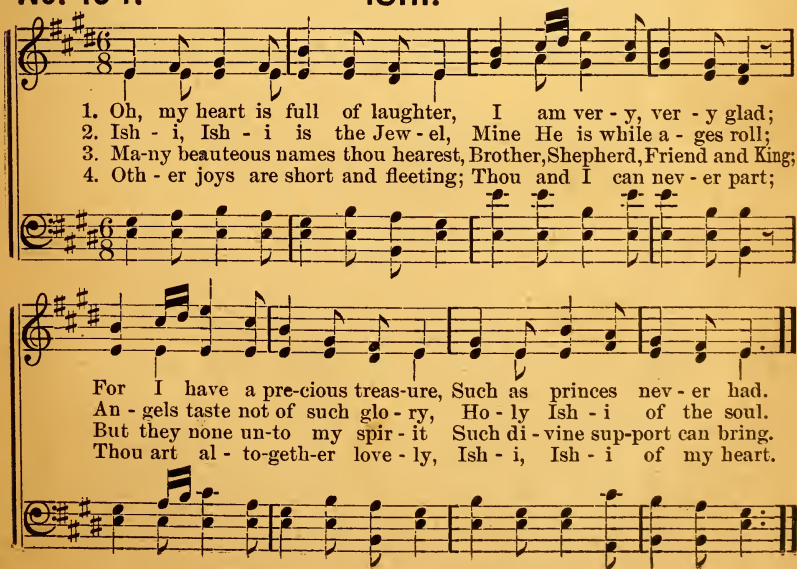
CHORUS.



This shall be my on - ly plea,..... Christ has  
my on - ly plea, Christ has  
paid the debt for me;..... Through His blood I  
paid, has paid the debt for me;  
now am free,.....Through Christ, and Christ a - lone.  
I now am free,

No. 194.

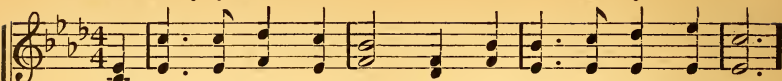
ISHI.



1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad;  
2. Ish - i, Ish - i is the Jew - el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;  
3. Ma - ny beauteous names thou hearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King;  
4. Oth - er joys are short and fleeting; Thou and I can nev - er part;  
For I have a pre-cious treas-ure, Such as princes nev - er had.  
An - gels taste not of such glo - ry, Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.  
But they none un-to my spir - it Such di - vine sup - port can bring.  
Thou art al - to-gether love - ly, Ish - i, Ish - i of my heart.

Words and Melody by ISAAC NAYLOR.

Arr. by J. H. BRICE.



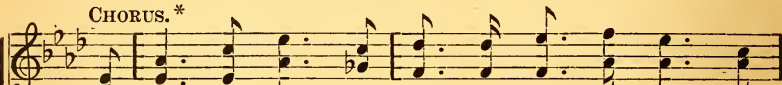
1. The cross, oh! let me shel - ter Be-neath thy sa - cred beam;
2. The cross on love's fair mount - ain, The cross so pure and blest!
3. The cross! Oh, fount so change-less, Whose streams of crim - son flow
4. I come, oh, cross of bless - ing! My arms of faith en-twine;
5. The cross of won-drous sto - ry Hath cov - er'd all my dross!



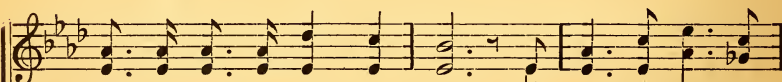
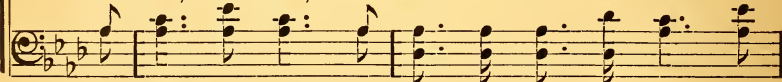
Oh! let my soul now en - ter In - to the crim - son stream.  
 Oh, sparkling, heal - ing fount - ain, I come to thee for rest!  
 In cleans-ing pow'r, and cease - less, To wash as white as snow.  
 I come for love's re - fresh - ing, I come for pow'r di - vine.  
 In noth - ing will I glo - ry, Save in the hal-low'd cross.



## CHORUS.\*



The cross, the cross, the Lamb of God be - hold! The



cross of life and vic - to - ry! The cross, the cross, its



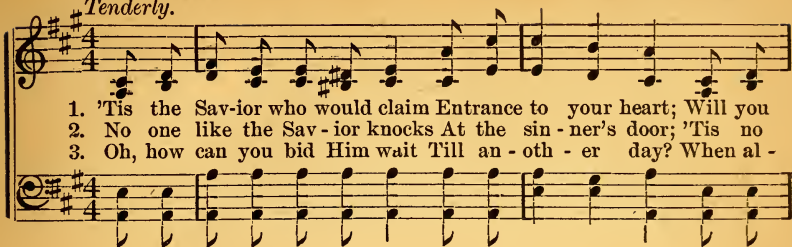
glo - ries we'll un-fold! The sav - ing cross of Cal - va - ry.



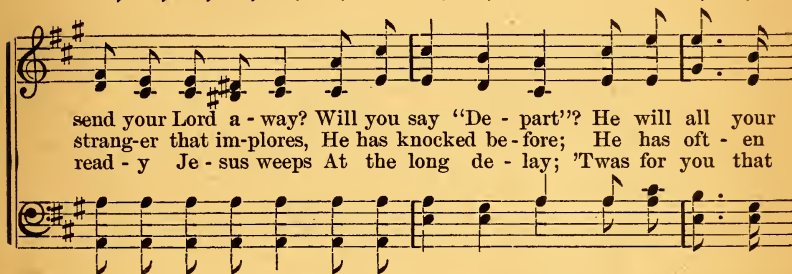


JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

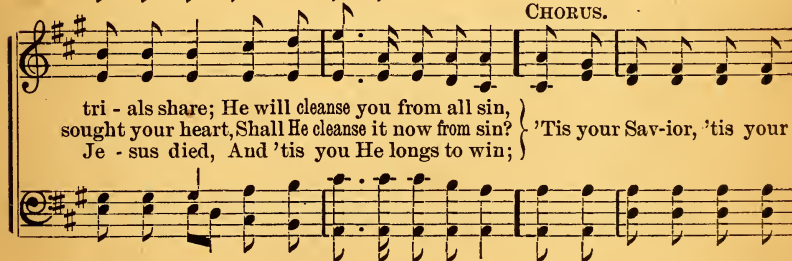
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

*Tenderly.*


1. 'Tis the Sav-ior who would claim Entrance to your heart; Will you  
 2. No one like the Sav-ior knocks At the sin-ner's door; 'Tis no  
 3. Oh, how can you bid Him wait Till an-oth-er day? When al-

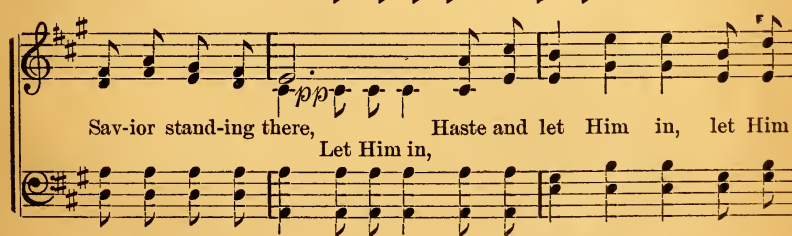


send your Lord a-way? Will you say "De-part"? He will all your  
 stran-ger that im-plores, He has knocked be-fore; He has oft-en  
 read-y Je-sus weeps At the long de-lay; 'Twas for you that



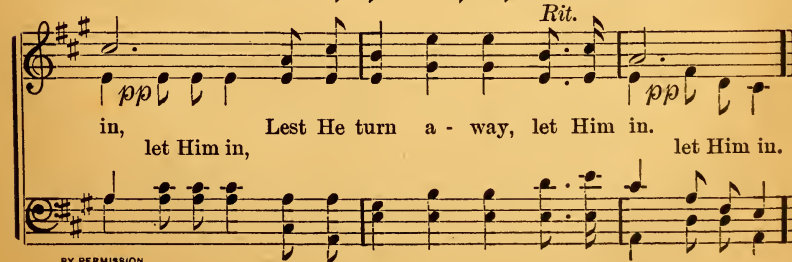
CHORUS.

tri-als share; He will cleanse you from all sin, }  
 sought your heart, Shall He cleanse it now from sin? } 'Tis your Sav-ior, 'tis your  
 Je-sus died, And 'tis you He longs to win; }



*pp*

Sav-ior stand-ing there, Haste and let Him in, let Him  
 Let Him in,



*Rit.*

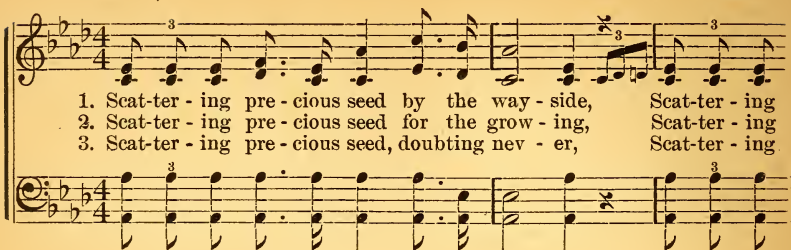
*pp*

in, Lest He turn a-way, let Him in. let Him in.

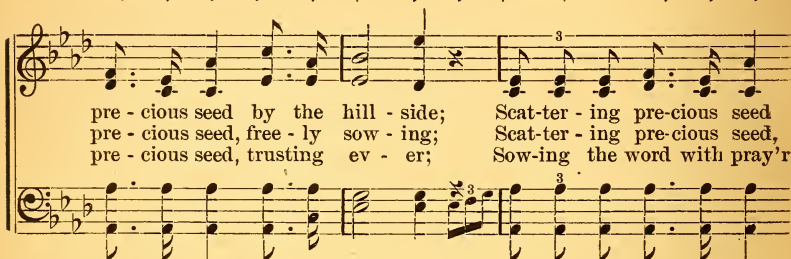
# No. 197. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN,

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side,      Scat-ter - ing  
 2. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing,      Scat-ter - ing  
 3. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed, doubting nev - er,      Scat-ter - ing

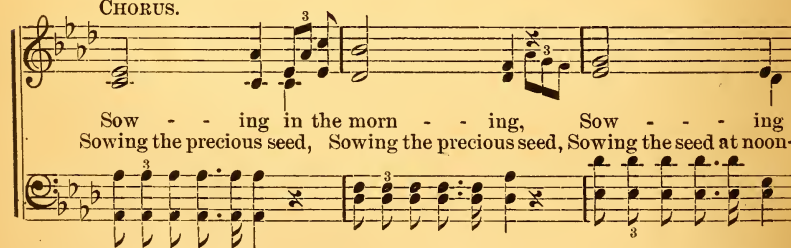


pre - cious seed by the hill - side;      Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed  
 pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing;      Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed,  
 pre - cious seed, trusting ev - er;      Sow-ing the word with pray'r

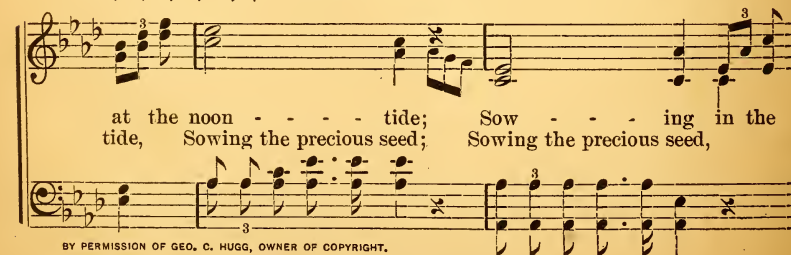


o'er the field, wide,      Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, by the way.  
 trusting, know-ing,      Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
 and en-deav-or,      Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

## CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing,      Sow - - - ing  
 Sowing the precious seed,      Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-



at the noon - - - tide;      Sow - - - ing in the  
 tide,      Sowing the precious seed;      Sowing the precious seed,

# Scattering Precious Seed.

ev - - 'ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way.....  
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

*pp*

## No. 198. WHO AT MY DOOR IS STANDING?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly draw-ing near,  
2. Lone-ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone-ly with-in am I;  
3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y, Knock-ing a-gain is He;  
4. Door of my heart, I hast-en! Thee will I o-pen wide;

En-trance with-in de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
While I am still de-lay-ing, Will He not pass me by?  
Je-sus, art Thou not wea-ry Wait-ing so long for me?  
Tho' He re-buke and chas-ten, He shall with me a-bide.

*FINE.*

D.S.—If Thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will a-bide with Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet-ly the tones are fall-ing:— O-pen the door for Me!

A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by C. H. G.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears,.... Could my tears for-ev-er flow,  
 3. While I draw .... this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the  
 Could my zeal no lan - - - guor know, These for  
 When my eyes shall close in death, When I.

Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

wa - - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,  
 sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

*Rit.*  
 Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

## CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in Thee,  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, oh, let me hide in Thee,



# Rock of Ages.

*Rit.*

Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

## No. 200. WHEN THE MIGHTY TRUMP.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

For this Work.

1. { The thun - ders of judg - ment shall crash through the skies, }  
 { The dead, small and great, from their graves shall a - rise. }  
 2. { The cry shall be heard that the Bride - groom hath come }  
 { To take His blest Bride to His own sa - cred home. }  
 3. { On the morn - ing of judg - ment, oh, where will you stand? }  
 { On the left of the Shepherd, or at His right hand? }  
 4. { The lost one, in an - guish and sor - row and dread, }  
 { Shall call for the mountains to fall on his head! }

**ff** CHORUS.  
When the might - y, might-y, might-y trump Sounds, "Come, come a -

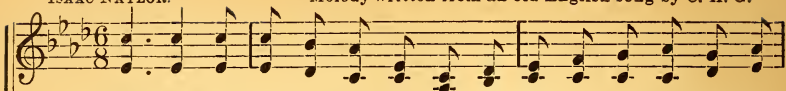
way!" Oh, may we be read-y To hail that great day.

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- 5 In robes of bright glory the saints shall be led  
Through heav'n's shining portals with Christ at their head!
- 6 The cherubs and seraphs and angels shall sing,  
And join with the ransomed in crowning their King!
- 7 Their voices in chorus like thunders shall rise,  
In crowning our Savior beyond the fair skies.
- 8 O sinner, don't linger! to Jesus repair;  
Make ready for death, and for judgment prepare!

ISAAC NAYLOR.

Melody written from an old English song by C. H. G.



1. Bright crowns in heav-en are shin-ing For those who have conquered in
2. Bright robes resplendent and glo-rious A - dorn-ing the souls of the
3. Bright harps, whose chords are all golden, And strung, tuned and struck by the
4. Bright bells of sil - ver are ringing, Their peals sweetly mingling with



life's bit - ter fight; Green fields where saints are re - clin-ing, And  
 bright, hap - py band; Loud songs, bright, glad and vic - to-rious, Re -  
 blood-washed so fair; Sweet notes so soft - ly thro' E - den Are  
 an - gel - ic song; The saints, made per - fect, are sing-ing A



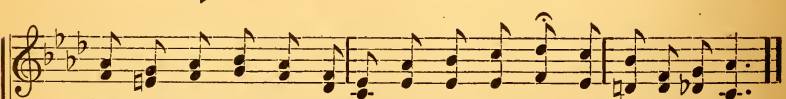
## CHORUS.



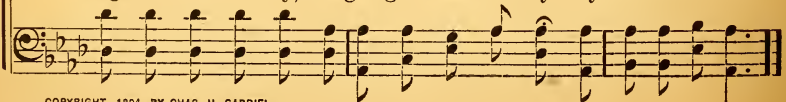
bask - ing, all - glo-rious, in heaven's own light.  
 sound clear and sweet thro' that beautiful land. } Bright crowns they wear up in  
 borne on the wings of the pure, balm-y air.  
 song on - ly sung by the sanc-ti-fied throng.



glory, And wave victor's palms on the bright golden shore; I'm going to



sing the old sto - ry, I'm going to that country my Sav-ior to see!

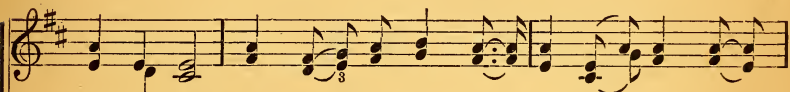
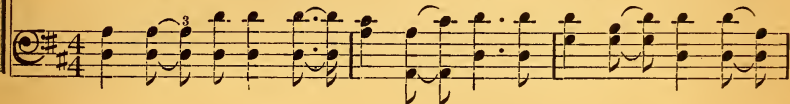


MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

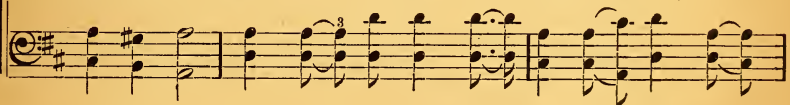
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



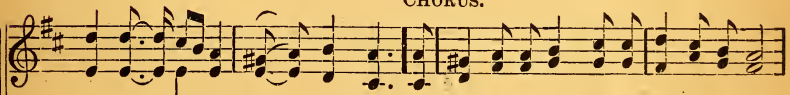
1. O beau-ti-ful hour of clos-ing day, As near-ing the riv-er 'mid
2. Oh, sweet as life's working-day is o'er, The child of light nears the
3. Oh, sweet to live a - bove earth's al-loy, On earth, yet still in
4. Oh, sweet-er still! and yet greater gain, When safe-ly o'er death's
5. I'm near-ing Jor-dan, its waves run high; The spray of foam - crest



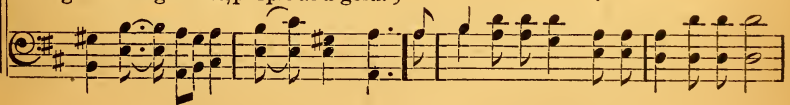
spark-ling spray, 'Neath glo-ri-ous skies of gold and blue, With the  
oth - er shore, To know that life's sun, tho' set in time, As -  
heav'n's employ; Tho' in the world, yet not of earth, Mor -  
billow - y main, Life's bat-tle-day fin - ish'd, the vict'ry won, To  
billows brush by; Beau - ti - ful sun - set skies I be-hold, Glit -



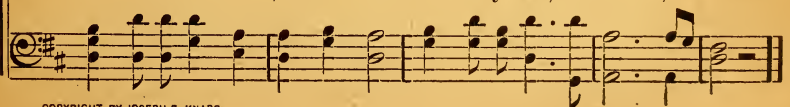
## CHORUS.



dip - ping orb of day in view—  
cends in a higher, ho-li-er clime.  
tal in flesh, ce-les-tial in birth. } To hear Father's voice above billow and foam;  
hear Father say: "Well done! well done!  
t'ring with brightness, purple and gold. }

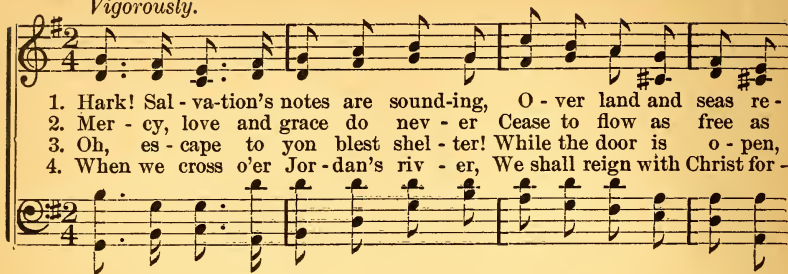


Child of my love, come home, come home! Child of my love, come home, come home!

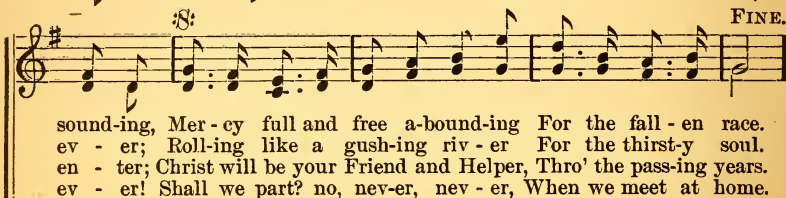


ISAAC NAYLOR.

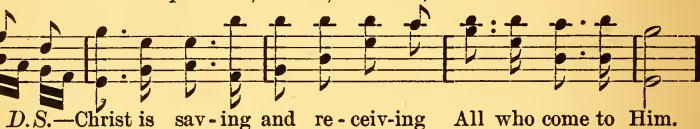
English melody.

*Vigorously.*


1. Hark! Sal - va - tion's notes are sound - ing, O - ver land and seas re -  
 2. Mer - cy, love and grace do nev - er Cease to flow as free as  
 3. Oh, es - cape to yon blest shel - ter! While the door is o - pen,  
 4. When we cross o'er Jor - dan's riv - er, We shall reign with Christ for -



sound - ing, Mer - cy full and free a - bound - ing For the fall - en race.  
 ev - er; Roll - ing like a gush - ing riv - er For the thirst - y soul.  
 en - ter; Christ will be your Friend and Helper, Thro' the pass - ing years.  
 ev - er! Shall we part? no, nev - er, nev - er, When we meet at home.

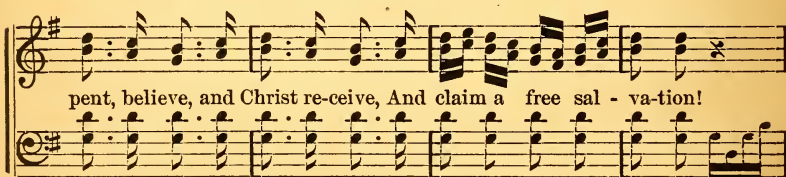


*D.S.*—Christ is sav - ing and re - ceiv - ing All who come to Him.

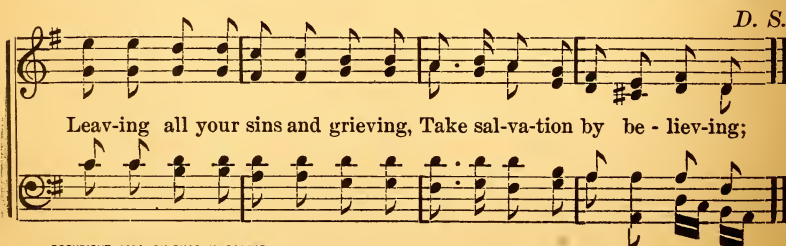
## CHORUS.



Come to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Plunge in - to the fount - ain! Re -



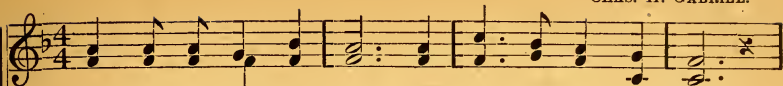
pent, believe, and Christ re - ceive, And claim a free sal - va - tion!



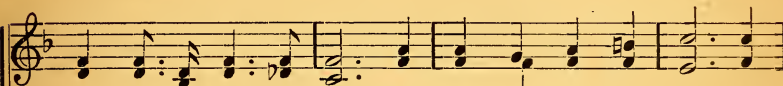
*D. S.*  
 Leav - ing all your sins and grieving, Take sal - va - tion by be - liev - ing;



CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



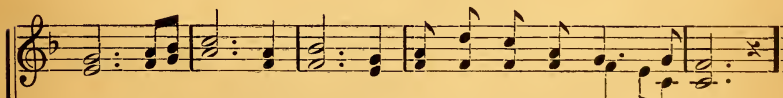
1. Come, my fond flutt'ring heart, Come, thou must now be free;
2. Ye tempt-ing sweets, for - bear! Ye dear - est i - dols, fall!
3. Ye gay, en - chant-ing throng, Ye gold - en dreams, fare-well!
4. Wel - come, thou bleed-ing cross, Wel - come, thou way to God;



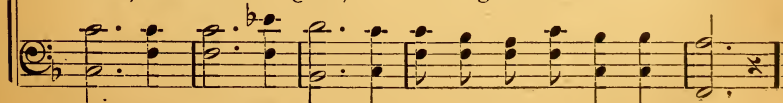
Thou and the world must part, How - ev - er hard it be. My  
My heart ye can - not share, For Je - sus must have all; 'Tis  
Earth hath prevailed too long, Now I must break the spell; Go,  
My form-er gains were loss, My path was fol - lies' road; At



weep - ing pas - sions own 'tis just, Yet cling still clos - er to the  
bit - ter truth—'tis cru - el smart, But oh! you must con - sent, my  
cher - ish'd joys of ear - lier years; Je - sus, for - give these parting  
last my heart is un - de - ceived, The world is giv'n, and God re -



dust, Yet cling, still cling, Yet cling still clos - er to the dust.  
heart, You must con - sent, But oh, you must con - sent, my heart.  
tears, Je - sus, for - give, Je - sus, for - give these part - ing tears.  
ceived, The world is giv'n, the world is giv'n and God re - ceived.

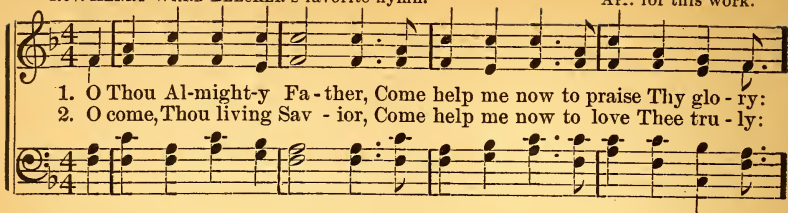


# No. 205.

# CORNET.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S favorite hymn.

Arr. for this work.

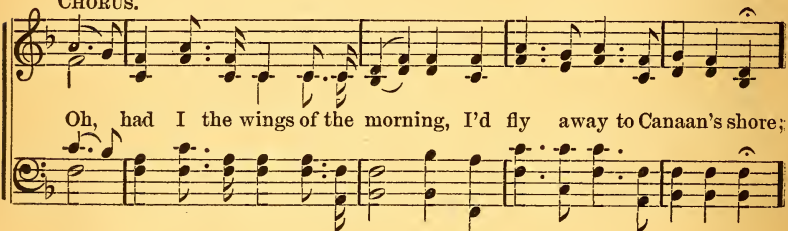


1. O Thou Al-might-y Fa-ther, Come help me now to praise Thy glo-ry:  
2. O come, Thou living Sav-ior, Come help me now to love Thee tru-ly:

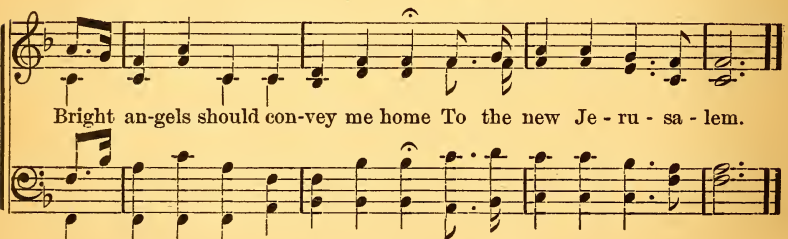


Methinks I hear the trum-pet sound Be-fore the break of day.

## CHORUS.



Oh, had I the wings of the morning, I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;



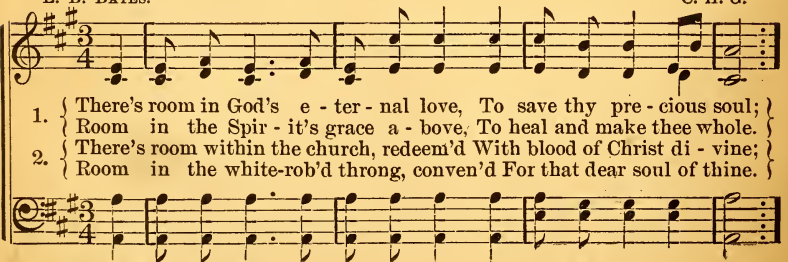
Bright an-gels should con-vey me home To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

# No. 206.

# ROOM FOR ALL.

L. B. BATES.

C. H. G.



1. { There's room in God's e-ter-nal love, To save thy pre-cious soul; }  
Room in the Spir-it's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole. }  
2. { There's room within the church, redeem'd With blood of Christ di-vine; }  
Room in the white-rob'd throng, conven'd For that dear soul of thine. }

CHORUS.

# Room for All.

Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and there's room for all;  
 Yes, there's room, there's room for thee,  
 Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and for all.  
 Yes, there's room, there's room for thee, There's room for thee, and there's room for all.

3 There's room in heav'n among the choir,  
 And harps and crowns of gold,  
 And glorious palms of vict'ry there,  
 And joys that ne'er were told.

4 There's room around thy Father's board  
 For thee and millions more;  
 Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,  
 Yea, come this very hour.

## No. 207. THE ANGELS ARE LOOKING ON ME.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

J. P.

1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;  
 2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are looking on me;  
 3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;  
 4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are looking on me;  
 5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;

REFRAIN.—All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me;

They watch my pil-low— I am blest, The an-gels are look-ing on me.  
 I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are look-ing on me.  
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are look-ing on me.  
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are look-ing on me.  
 With ev-'ry tear and tri-al past, The an-gels are look-ing on me.

All night, all night, The an-gels are look-ing on me.

# No. 208.

# IN A LITTLE WHILE.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

C. H. G.



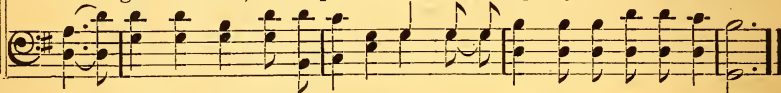
1. We shall see the King, in a little while, 'Mid the splendor of His throne;
2. We shall see the Lamb as but newly slain, A - dor'd by the ransomed throng;
3. Our years on earth have been years of hope; Of the heav'n un-known we've craved;
4. In the lov-ing life in our Father's house, And the jas-per cit - y of gold,



CHO.—In a lit-tle while, just a lit - tle while, We shall know as we are known;



In the cit-y fair—we shall soon be there, Acknowledged and crowned His own.  
In realms of light, and in robes of white, Shall join in the rapturous song.  
But in boundless bliss, may our heav'n be this:—We shall share in the home of the saved.  
No night is there, in its pal-ace fair, And its glo-ry can nev-er be told.



In a lit - tle while, just a little while, We shall meet and be crowned His own.

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# No. 209.

# THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



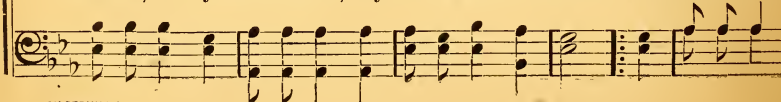
1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and; wide Je -
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin, With
3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n below To feel the blood ap-plied; And



CHORUS.



sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side. } The cleansing stream  
heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within. } Oh, praise the Lord!  
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



BY PERMISSION.



# The Cleansing Wave.

I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;  
it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, [Omit. . . ] yes, cleanseth me.

## No. 210. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 2. { For my cleansing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 { For my par - don this my plea,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

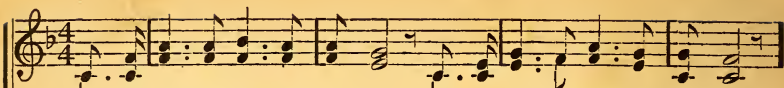
CHORUS.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow,

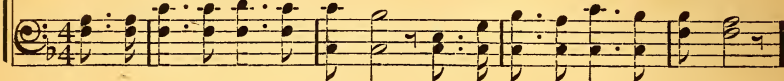
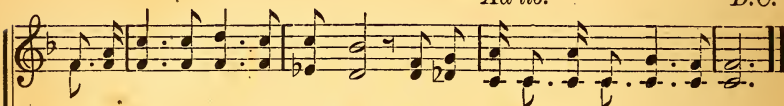
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the Blood of Je - sus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Naught of good that I have done,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

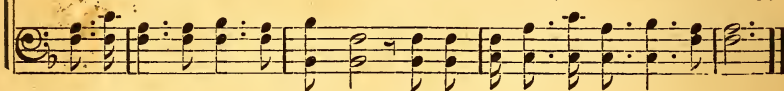
4 This is all my hope and peace—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This is all my righteousness—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.



- |                                                                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing,                                              | I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing,    |
| 2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden,                                             | I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,  |
| 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,                                           | I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, |
| 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry,                                              | He will give me grace and glo-ry,    |
| <i>D.C.</i> Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, |                                      |

*Ad lib.**D.C.*

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.  
 Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

**No. 212. MERIBAH.**

Key of Eb.

1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,  
 Whose love hath gently led me on  
 E'en from my infant days;  
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
 And tell me if I ever knew  
 Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,  
 And followed with a heart sincere,  
 Thy drawings from above;  
 Now, now the further grace bestow,  
 And let my sprinkled conscience know  
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,  
 A stranger to the gospel hope,  
 The sense of sin forgiven;  
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
 Without the inward witness live,  
 That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,  
 Would he not testify of Thee,  
 In Jesus reconciled?  
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
 And boldly, "Abba, Father," cry,  
 And know myself Thy child?

**213. REGENT SQUARE.**

Key of Bb.

1 O thou God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin;  
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,  
 Who hast died my heart to win,  
 I will praise thee;  
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests His pardoning favor;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
 "Glory to the great I AM,"  
 I with them will still be vying—  
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
 Unperceived amid the throng;  
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

# No. 214. I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo - ple known;  
 2. A rest, where all our soul's de - sire Is fix'd on things a - bove;  
 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve and en - ter in;  
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un - be-lief re-move;

FINE.

A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art lov'd a - lone.  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.  
 Now, Sav - ior, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin.  
 To me the rest of faith im - part—The Sab - bath of Thy love.

D.S. The cleans-ing of my heart from sin, The full - ness of His love.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

I rest up-on His prom-ise, sure; I come, I wait to prove

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# No. 215. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Rev. W. B. GORHAM.

1. The world is o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.  
 2. My sins are wash'd a - way in the blood of the Lamb.  
 3. I've wash'd my garments white, in the blood of the Lamb.  
 4. The mar - tyrs o - ver-came, by the blood of the Lamb.  
 5. I soon shall gain the skies, thro' the blood of the Lamb.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glo-ry to the Lamb.

# No. 216.

# WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

J. HART.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh; }  
 { Death, at the farthest, can't be far: Oh, think be-fore thou die. }  
 2. { Re-flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! }  
 { What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account? }

## REFRAIN.

{ We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way,  
 { We are pass-ing a-way, To the [Omit. . . ] great judg-ment day.

BY PER. OF A. S. JENKS.

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence; 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,  
 His time there's none can tell; Shall into dust consume;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence, But, ah! destruction ends not there;  
 To heaven, or down to hell. Sin kills beyond the tomb.

# No. 217.

# JESUS, HIDE ME.

FRED. WOODROW.

C. H. G.

1. O Thou shel-ter from the tem-pest, Hide me till the storm goes by;  
 2. Thou, O Christ, canst still the tempest, Thou canst rule the stormy sea;  
 3. Life and death and tears and trouble, All are in Thy might-y pow'r;

FINE.

D.S.—From the gloomy depths of darkness, Sav-ior, hear Thy servant's cry!  
 And the sad and troubled spir-it Cries a-loud, O Lord, to Thee.  
 O Thou shel-ter from the tempest, Hide me in the try-ing hour.

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# Jesus, Hide Me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Je - sus, hide me, Je - sus, hide me, Hide me till the storm goes by;

No. 218.

## EXHORTATION.

1. Je - sus, Thine all - vic-to - rious love Shed in my heart a-broad;

Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root-ed and fixed in

Then shall my feet no long - - er  
Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root-

Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.....  
God,

rove, Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.  
ed and fixed in God,..... Root-ed and fixed in God.

..... Then shall my feet no long - er rove,

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire<br/>Might now begin to glow;<br/>Burn up the dross of base desire,<br/>And make the mountains flow.</p> <p>3 Oh, that it now from heav'n might<br/>And all my sins consume; [fall,<br/>Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;<br/>Spirit of burning, come.</p> | <p>4 Refining fire, go through my heart;<br/>Illuminate my soul;<br/>Scatter Thy life through every part,<br/>And sanctify the whole.</p> <p>5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,<br/>Shall then no longer move,<br/>While Christ is all the world to me,<br/>And all my heart is love.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

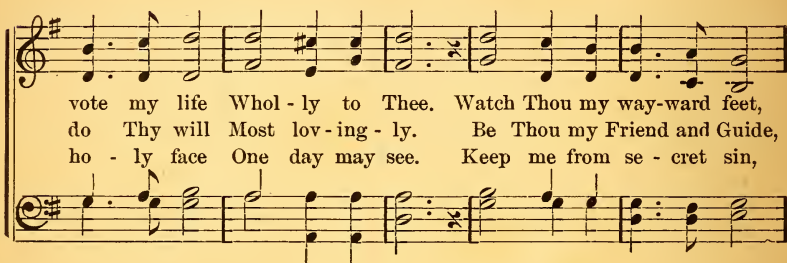
## No. 219.

## PURER IN HEART.

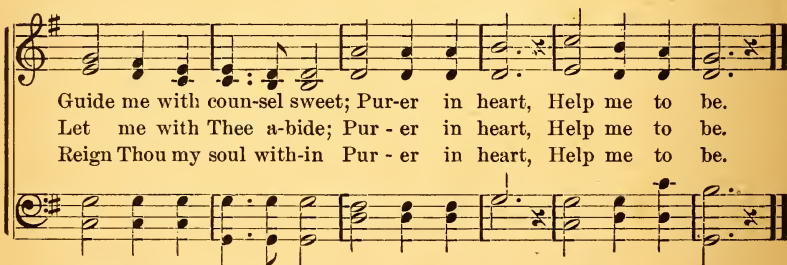
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de -  
 2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to  
 3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy



vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way-ward feet,  
 do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,  
 ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,



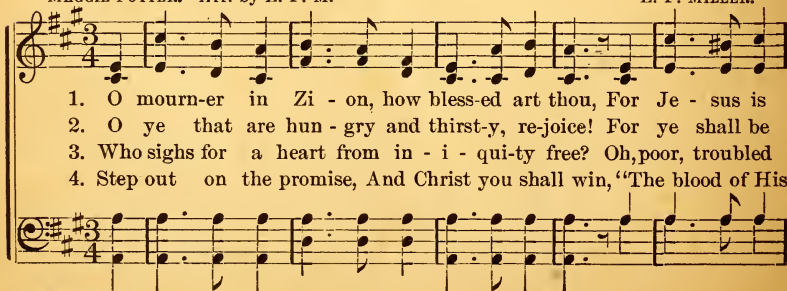
Guide me with coun-sel sweet; Pur-er in heart, Help me to be.  
 Let me with Thee a-bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.  
 Reign Thou my soul with-in Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

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## No. 220. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is  
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be  
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui-ty free? Oh, poor, troubled  
 4. Step out on the promise, And Christ you shall win, "The blood of His

BY PERMISSION.

# Step Out on the Promise.

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the  
Son cleans-eth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.  
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.  
bo - som of God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.  
lu - jah to God! I rest on His prom-ise,—I'm un-der the blood.

## No. 221.

## CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. { O the pre-cious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day,  
Tun-ing all my heart so joy - ous To a heav'nly mel-o - - dy.

CHORUS.

{ Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey He will lead thee;  
Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the [Omit.] way.

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2 But we cannot know the fullness  
Of the Savior's wondrous love,  
Till we see and know His glory,  
In the heav'nly home above.

3 Come and taste the love of Jesus,  
At His feet thy burdens lay;  
Trust Him with thy grief and sorrow,  
Bear this joyful song away.

# No. 222. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;  
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 I am con - tent for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

*D.S.* - What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.  
 of me, of me.

BY PERMISSION.

# No. 223. SATISFIED.

CLARA TEARE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant - ed For a draught from some cool spring,  
 2. Feeding on the husks a - round me, Till my strength was almost gone,  
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - es, Something that would sat-is- fy,  
 4. Well of wa - ter ev - er spring-ing, Bread of life so rich and free,

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# Satisfied.

That I hop'd would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.  
 Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.  
 But the dust I gather'd round me, On-ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.  
 Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has craved!

Je-sus sat-is-fies my longings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

## No. 224. SWEET BY AND BY.

Key of G.

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

### CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore,  
 In the sweet by and by  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
 The melodious songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

- 3 To our bountiful Father above  
 We will offer the tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of His love  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

## No. 225. OVER THERE.

Key of A.

- 1 Oh, think of a home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.

### CHORUS.

Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of a home over there,  
 Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of a home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
 Who before us the journey have trod;  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air  
 In their home in the palace of God.

- 3 I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see;  
 Many dear to my heart over there,  
 Are watching and waiting for me.

1. { I have no mer - it of my own, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
I'm saved by Him and Him a - lone, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

2. { He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
It fills my soul with joy to say, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

3. { When in the Judgment I shall stand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

## CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me,  
Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py on my homeward

Je - sus saves me,  
way! Yes, Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day, Glo - ry to His name!

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## No. 227. LENOX.

Key of Bb.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary:  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me,  
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

## No. 228. ZION.

Key of D.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion, long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive!  
God Himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now is past;  
God thy Savior will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last:  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

# No. 229.

# HE IS CALLING.

F. W. FABER.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than [Omit.] lib-er-ty.  
2. { There is wel-come for the sinner, And more graces for the good;  
There is mer - cy with the Savior, There is heal-ing [Omit.] in His blood.

## CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

# No. 230. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }  
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }  
2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend; }  
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; }  
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease, }  
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

D.C.—Whisper soft - ly, "wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for-e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,  
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

## No. 231.

## OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

## No. 232.

## SESSIONS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## No. 233.

## GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost,  
As it was in the begining, is now, and ev - er shall be: World without end. A-men.



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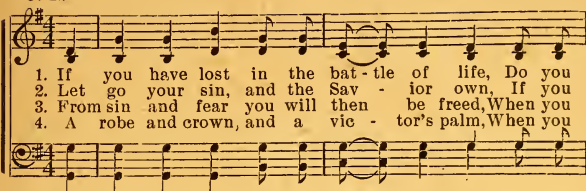




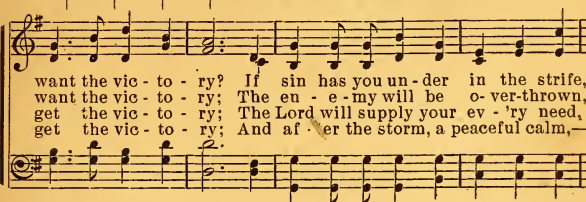
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J. L.

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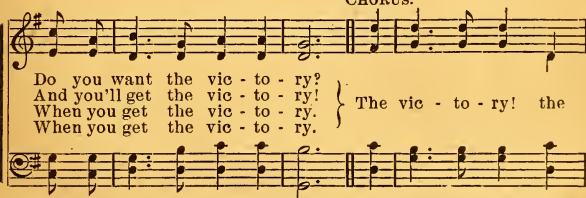


1. If you have lost in the bat-tle of life, Do you  
 2. Let go your sin, and the Sav - ior own. If you  
 3. From sin and fear you will then be freed, When you  
 4. A robe and crown, and a vic - tor's palm, When you

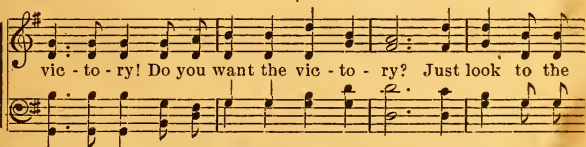


want the vic - to - ry? If sin has you un - der in the strife,  
 want the vic - to - ry; The en - e - my will be o - ver - thrown,  
 get the vic - to - ry; The Lord will supply your ev - 'ry need,  
 get the vic - to - ry; And af - ter the storm, a peaceful calm, -

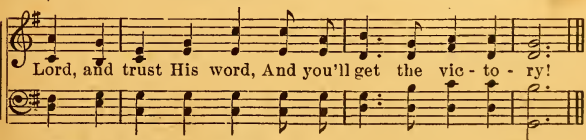
## CHORUS.



Do you want the vic - to - ry?  
 And you'll get the vic - to - ry!  
 When you get the vic - to - ry.  
 When you get the vic - to - ry. } The vic - to - ry! the



vic - to - ry! Do you want the vic - to - ry? Just look to the



Lord, and trust His word, And you'll get the vic - to - ry!

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